

"Vinolia Soap"

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PUREST, SAFEST, BEST.

"Vinolia" Soap is of unquestionable excellence, and is much in favour with the profession.—*British Medical Journal*.

"Odour delicate, and the article of excellent quality."—*Lancet*.

"An Ideal soap, delightfully perfumed, and the skin has a velvety feeling after washing with it."—*Chemist and Druggist*.

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We will supply, free on application, tests for Soaps, with BONA FIDE reports from Medical and other Scientific Journals, together with facts and figures showing "Vinolia" Soap to be the PUREST, SAFEST, and BEST for Skin Irritation, Toilet, Nursery, and Bath.

"Vinolia"

THE CHOICEST OF CREAMS.

For the Skin in Health and Disease, Itching, Chaps, Chilblains, Eczema.

Face
Spots
Face
Spots
Face
Spots

From THE BABY.

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Eczema
Eczema
Eczema
Eczema
Eczema
Eczema

Acne
Acne
Acne
Acne
Acne
Acne

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Skin
Dull
Skin
Dull
Skin

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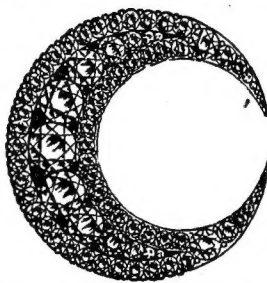
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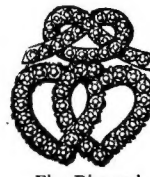
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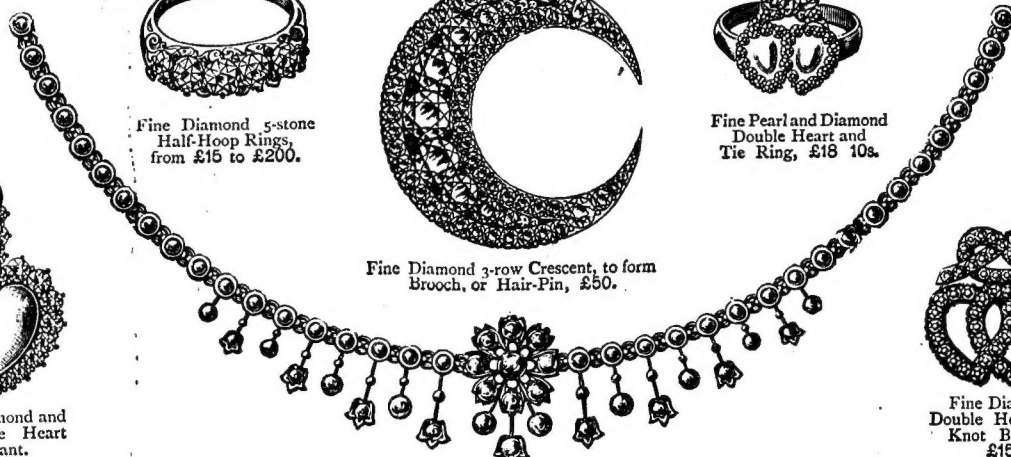
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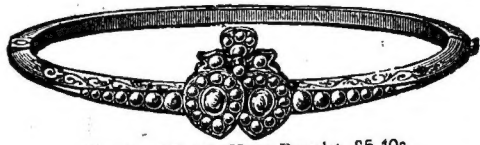
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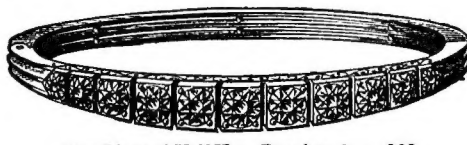
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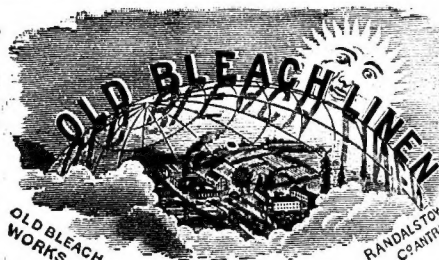
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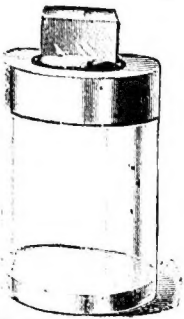
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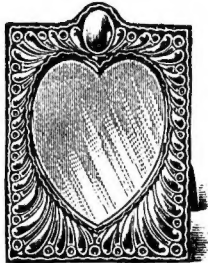
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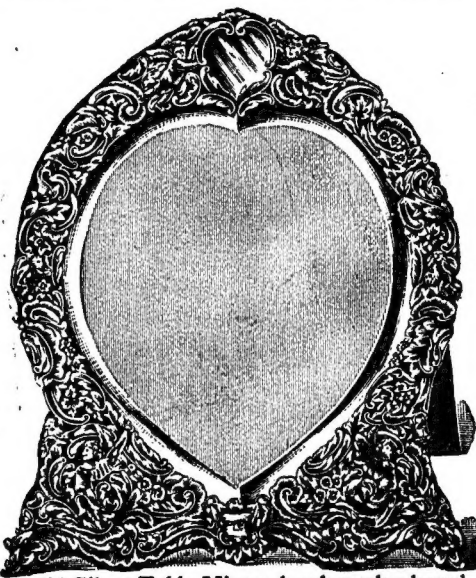
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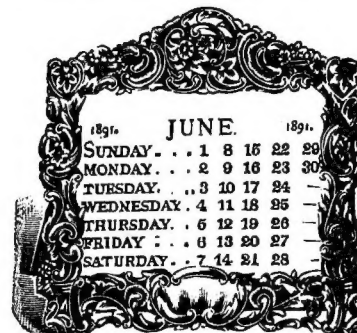
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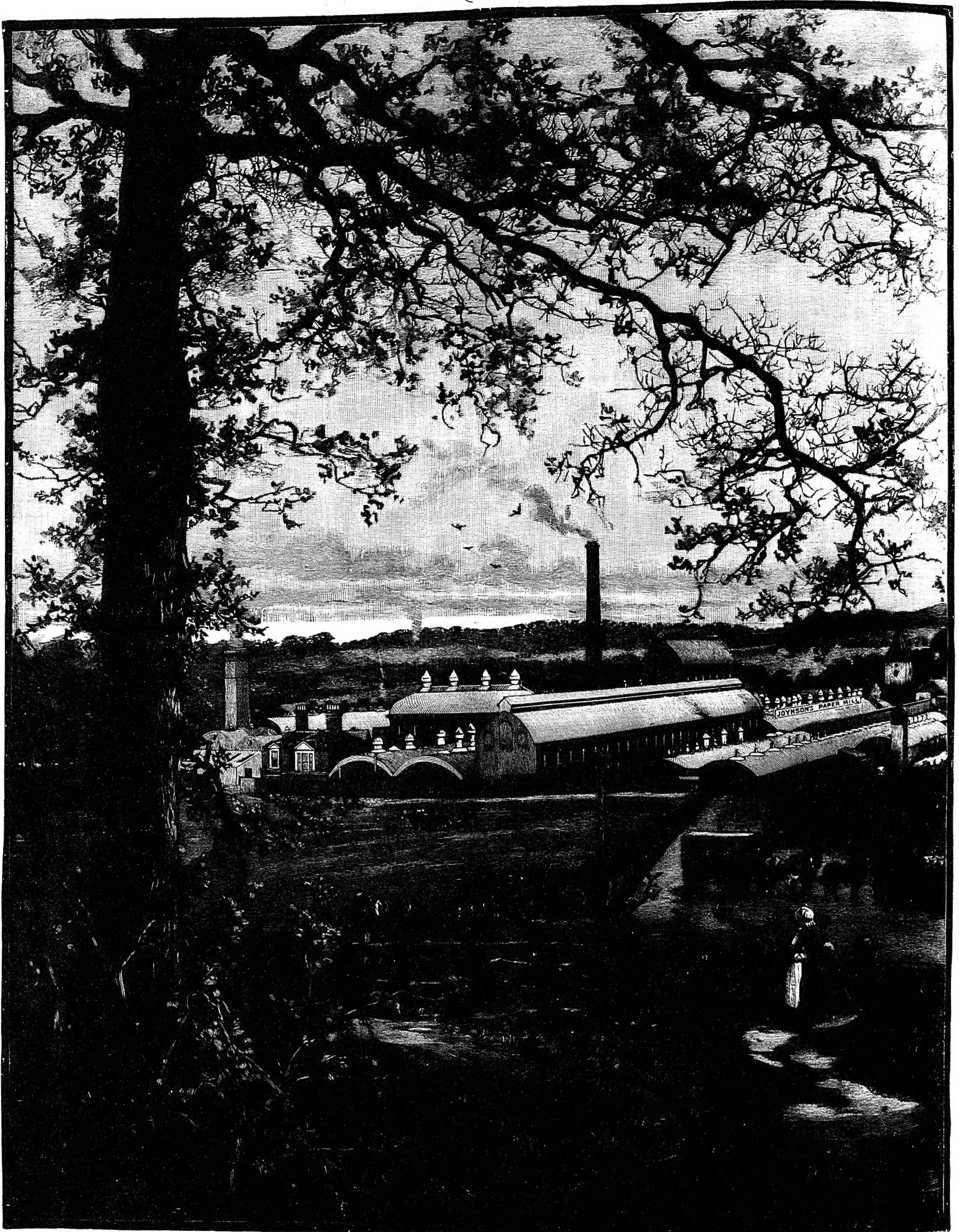
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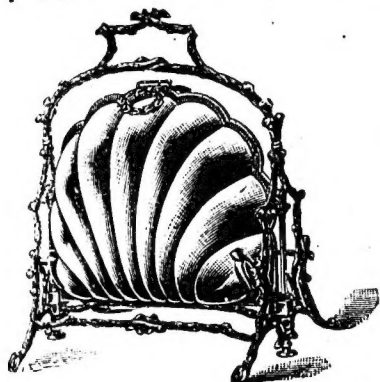
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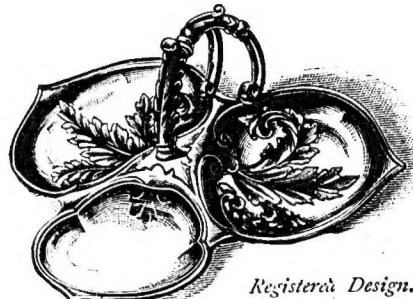
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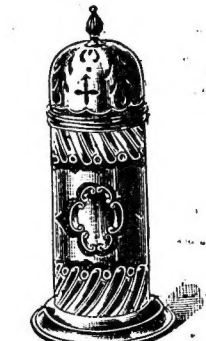
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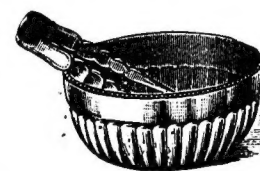
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"characteristic the immense importance of which the public
"have not yet been 'educated up' to realizing. An excess of
"alkali or an excess of fat being alike very injurious, and even
"dangerous to a sensitive skin.

"It is also free from any admixture of artificial colouring
"substances, its well-known dark amber tint being entirely
"due to the natural colour of the materials used in its manu-
"facture.

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"smallest possible piece; there being consequently no waste
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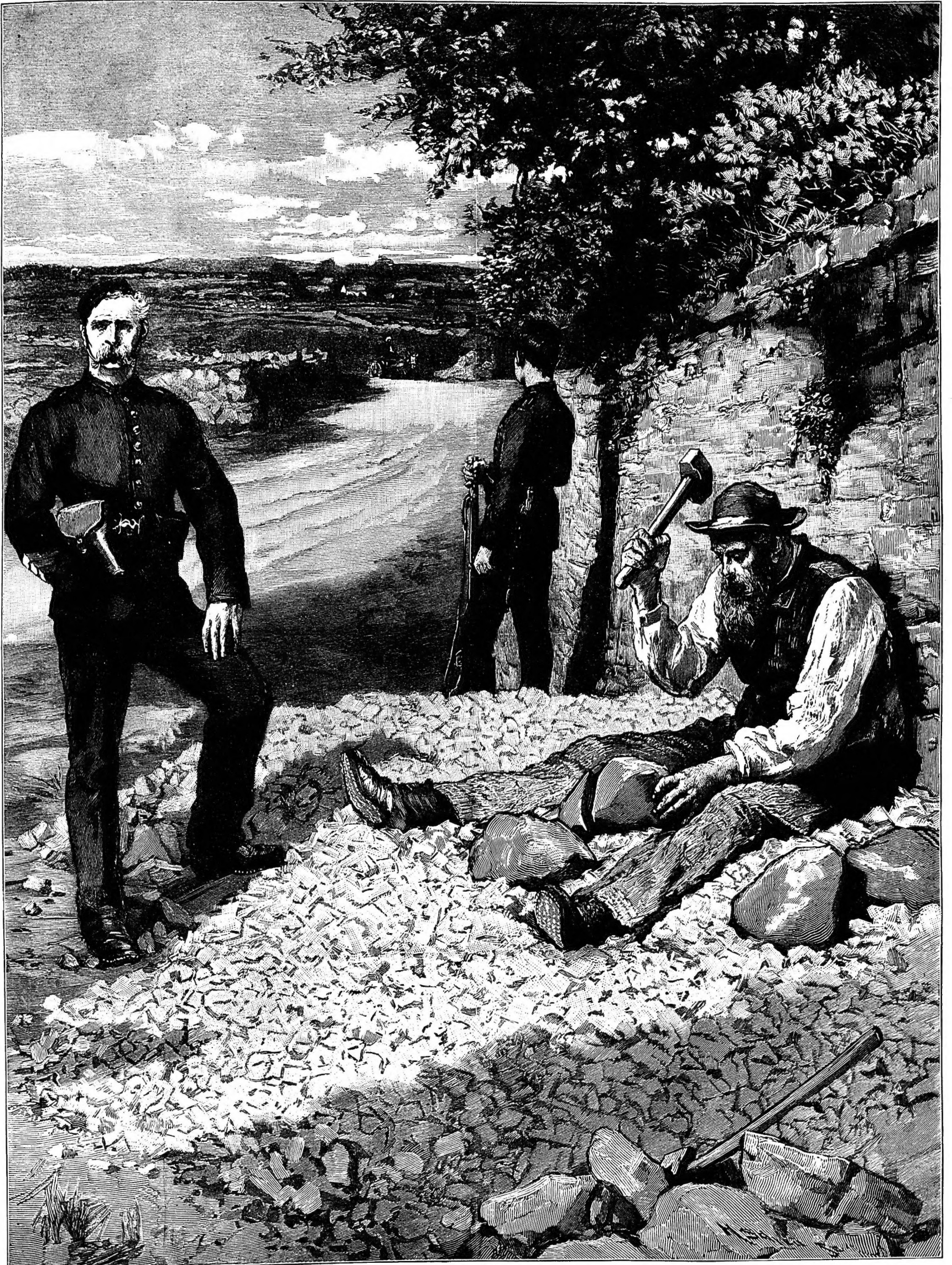
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DRAWN BY W. SMALL

THE COMING OF AGE OF "THE GRAPHIC"

1869 — 1890

NOTICE.—The number issued herewith, although one of the regular current numbers of *The Graphic*, contains more letterpress and illustrations than usual, and presents special features, as a reminder of the fact that twenty-one years ago, on December 4th, 1869, the first number of *The Graphic* was issued. Some of the illustrations and articles, therefore, bear reference to this interesting anniversary. Portraits are given of most of the leading artists connected with *The Graphic*, as well as of some of the literary contributors; illustrated journalism is surveyed in its various aspects in various papers written for the occasion; while other articles deal with the changes which have occurred in politics, in the drama, in novel-writing, and in other subjects of public interest during the twenty-one years which have elapsed since this journal began its uniformly successful career. The conductors trust that in the future they will continue to deserve the good character which they may truthfully say they have earned in the past.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK

MR. GLADSTONE'S SCHEME OF HOME RULE.—That Mr. Parnell acted unfairly in disclosing the secrets of the Hawarden interview, almost all Englishmen agree. He would have been at liberty to speak as he has done only if, before the conversation, he had distinctly stated that he could not absolutely pledge himself to silence. But now that the revelation has been made, it cannot of course be ignored. Mr. Gladstone's denial was expressed cautiously; and we may assume that although Mr. Parnell's report is not perfectly accurate, it represents substantially what was said. It is certain, at any rate, that Mr. Gladstone's idea of Home Rule, when he talked with Mr. Parnell, was very different from the idea entertained by the Irish Nationalists. Yet he allowed it to be supposed that Irish and English Home Rulers would easily come to terms; and it was on this understanding that the battle of the General Election was to be fought. This may be clever tactics from the point of view of an "Old Parliamentary Hand," but whether it is a perfectly straightforward way of conducting great national affairs is another question. Perhaps Mr. Gladstone may now think it necessary to modify his Home Rule scheme in a way that would make it more acceptable to the Nationalists. If not, why should not the Conservatives take advantage of the opportunity to settle the Home Rule Question? In the plan of the Liberal Chief, as expounded by Mr. Parnell, there is nothing to which Conservatives could very seriously object; and it is possible that if a resolute effort were made the two English parties might be able to arrive at an agreement. This would be infinitely the best mode of solving the problem, for if, after the General Election, the Unionists and the Radicals are pretty evenly balanced, the leader of the Irish party, whoever he may be, will be master of the situation, and some scheme may be accepted which will not really commend itself to the judgment of any class of Englishmen.

MR. PARNELL'S LEADERSHIP.—It is manifest that Mr. Parnell cannot be readily ousted from the position to which he has raised himself by his own energy and ability. The majority of the more prominent members of his party have become his opponents; but he has still a number of zealous and resolute followers, and it must not be forgotten that he is far and away the most astute of the Irish Home Rulers. Not one of those who have hitherto acted with him has anything like his power of organisation, his knowledge of the Irish character, or his mastery of the rules of political strategy. The O'Briens and the Dillons of the party have achieved distinction simply because he has led them. Apart from the influence they have derived from their connection with him, they would probably never have had even an opportunity of making a mark in Parliament. It may be said that Mr. Parnell has destroyed his own authority, but that is just what remains to be seen. Who knows the Irish peasantry well enough to be able to say with confidence that they will join the ranks of his enemies? His is the only name with which they are thoroughly familiar, and they may perhaps feel that if the whole truth were known his private character would turn out to be not quite so bad as it seems. Many of them are capable of believing that in some vague way he is the victim of plots of "the Government." Moreover, as the champion of the independence of Ireland's representatives, he will appeal to one of the most

deeply-rooted sentiments of the Irish mind. No doubt the clergy may have a potent voice in the matter, but why should the peasantry be more docile to the priests than the priests have been to the Pope? Altogether, there seems to be solid ground for the belief that Mr. Parnell has at least a chance of ultimate victory, and that he may by-and-by make himself a more troublesome force in our politics than he has yet been at any period of his career.

GLADSTONIAN COERCION.—For several years Mr. Gladstone and his followers have been proclaiming that the Irish ought to be allowed to manage their own affairs. A strange light has now been thrown upon their professions about the matter. Ireland has been passing through a time of bitter trial, and it is obvious that if she was fit for Home Rule the questions at issue were questions for herself alone to decide. And she did endeavour to decide them. The Nationalist members, having duly considered whether Mr. Parnell was still a suitable leader, unanimously agreed that he was; and they even went out of their way to express the warmest gratitude for his services, and to repudiate indignantly the notion that at so great a crisis they could be disloyal to their chief. Can any one doubt that if Mr. Gladstone had left them alone they would have continued to act under Mr. Parnell with all their old fidelity? He did not see fit, however, to leave them alone. He suddenly made an announcement which, although somewhat vaguely expressed, was interpreted to mean that either he or the Irish leader must retire. Surely it is absurd to pretend, as some of his supporters are doing, that this was not to exercise pressure on the Nationalist party. In what conceivable manner could the right of the Irish to settle their own business have been more effectively disputed? The event has shown the real significance of the announcement. Those Irish members who have since turned against Mr. Parnell have done so on the ground that Ireland cannot afford to do without Mr. Gladstone's help. In other words, they have given up their own free choice rather than face the consequences with which the leader of the Liberal party threatened them. On the very first occasion on which the principle of Home Rule could be tested, it must be said to have broken down. The Irish have been made to understand that they are to be allowed to act on their own judgment only so long as their own judgment is that of English Radicals.

THE SIOUX REVOLT.—Our escutcheon, as regards the treatment of semi-civilised or savage tribes, is by no means free from stain; nevertheless, experience has shown that, for many years past, the American Indians to the north of the 49th parallel of north latitude have been better managed than those living on the south side of that line. The simple explanation is that they have been treated with more honesty and more humanity. For a long time that vast region, the Great North-West, was despotically ruled by the Hudson's Bay Company; it was their interest, apart from any higher motives, to maintain friendly relations with the tribes who supplied them with furs, and these wholesome traditions have been maintained since the sway of the Company has been replaced by that of the Dominion Government. On the contrary, across the border, although the Federal Government professes to supervise the Indians, the supervision is often done feebly and inefficiently; the agents who are appointed to deal with the Redskins are frequently men of indifferent character, who owe their position to electioneering intrigues; and it is thus that the unfortunate savages, who have seen their buffaloes gradually exterminated, and have constantly been cheated out of the lands promised to them, are also defrauded of their allotted supplies of rations and clothing. This is the provoking cause of the unrest which prevails, of the rumoured appearance of the Messiah, and of the ghost-dancing. It will be an indelible disgrace to the American Government if they cannot put an end to this condition of discontent except by a bloody and exterminating war. In such a policy there is no statesmanship. Any fool can govern with "a state of siege." What is really wanted is that some honest and capable men (if such can be found) should be sent to Dakota to learn exactly what the Indian grievances are; and with full power, if they are genuine grievances, to alleviate them forthwith.

CYPRUS.—The once-prosperous and still-beautiful island to which Lord Beaconsfield attached such high value as "a

place of arms," remains more of an encumbrance than a safeguard to the British Empire. As Mr. Leveson-Gower showed in the question he addressed to Sir J. Fergusson, Cyprus continues to cost John Bull a round sum every year. He would, however, accept that burden with the same equanimity as he does other drains for either the expansion of his trade or the security of his possessions were there anything to show in return. Cyprus stands still; except for a more scientific method of dealing with locusts, her development hangs fire. Mr. Leveson-Gower attributes this sluggishness to the financial exhaustion consequent upon such a large portion of the net revenue being handed over to Turkey as a tribute. That may possibly have some effect, but we should be more disposed to fix the blame on the conditions of our quasi-ownership. England rules and administers the island, but she does so as a sort of tenant, not as owner. The Anglo-Turkish Convention of 1878 laid it down that under certain circumstances Turkey would be entitled to resume possession, and although there may be very little chance of her ever doing so, the contingency is sufficiently tangible to scare away British capital and enterprise. The Cypriotes themselves are too poor and too unenergetic to develop the resources of their classical native land. If it is to be done, it must be done by England, not out of mere good will, but through self-interest. But while she has plenty of Mackinnons and Mackenzies, of dual Fifes and diamondiferous Rhodeses to plank down their thousands for opening up the African interior, one and all turn away from Cyprus by reason of its still belonging to the Ottoman Empire. Could not the Porte be bought out? The tribute never reaches Constantinople, being intercepted for the service of the Turkish Loan of 1855, which was guaranteed by England and France. It should not be very difficult, therefore, to pay off the holders of that fortunate emission, while the Sultan's reversion ought to be purchasable for a very moderate sum. Were some such scheme as this carried out, poor Cyprus would at last stand some chance of "getting forrader."

MADAME NOVIKOFF AND THE RUSSIAN JEWS.—Madame Novikoff is such a clever woman, and usually presents even a shaky case in such a plausible manner, that one is inclined to suspect, after reading her two recent letters to the *Times* concerning the philo-Jewish indignation meeting convened by the Lord Mayor, that she has a very bad case indeed. For instead of attempting to defend, or even to explain, the treatment accorded to the Jews in Russia, she roundly abuses the English for their hypocrisy and impudence, with the Barttelot-Jameson and various other scandals staring them in the face, in venturing to meddle with Russian domestic affairs. What, she proceeds to say, are you going to do with the 300 destitute Jews who have just landed in England? "Are your purses as widely open for them as your hearts. What kind of help are you ready to offer?" The audacity of this is really amazing, considering that the immigration of these poor creatures is entirely due to the persecution against which the Mansion House meeting is intended to be a protest. Altogether, this clever lady has done more to convince us that the Russian Jews do really labour under severe and exceptional disabilities than all the evidence collected on the other side by Jews and philo-Jews. As for her suggestion that Jews should be prohibited from acting as money-lenders, it is quite true that the business is not one to be commended. It is not a pleasant spectacle to see a man growing wealthy on the follies and extravagances of others. But the reason why the Jews are the chief money-lenders of the world is that persecution and bigotry have shut them out of so many other avocations. Let the Russians give them the same liberty as they enjoy here and in France. The old fable of the sun and the wind will be once more exemplified. The Jew will presently cast off his alien, exclusive cloak, and will gradually, in all except religion, be converted into a patriotic Muscovite.

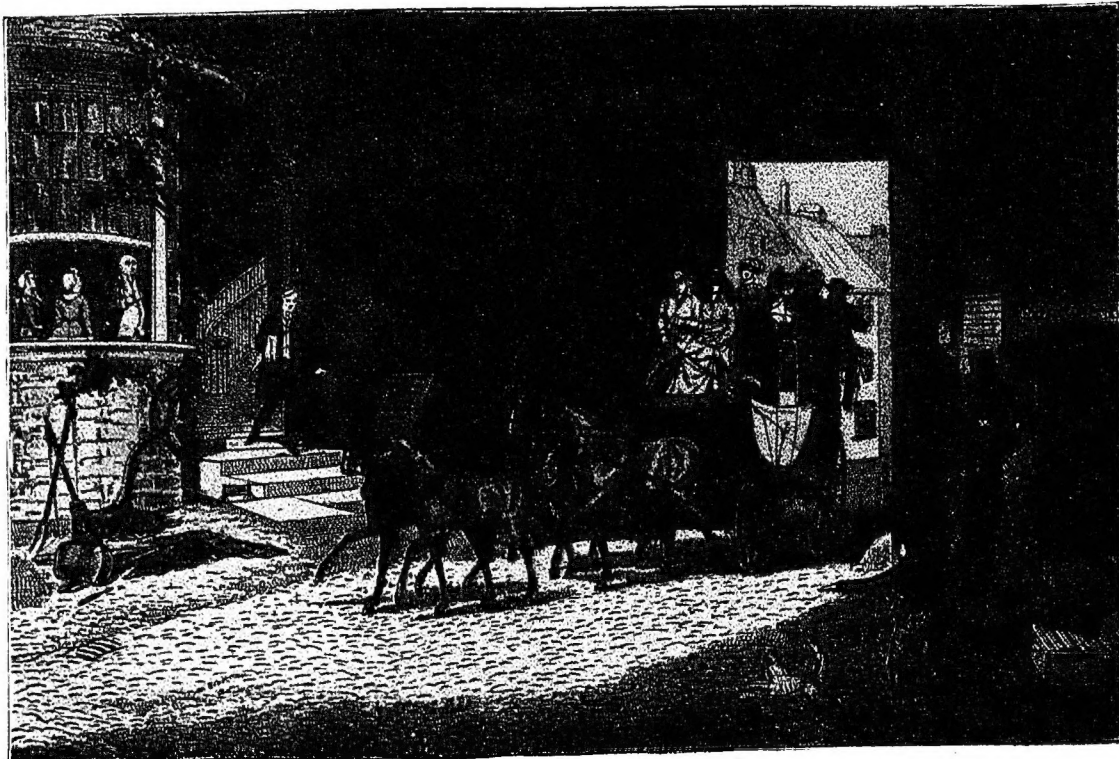
THE PRESIDENTIAL MESSAGE.—It cannot be said that President Harrison's prolix *resumé* of American affairs makes interesting reading. As dry and almost as dull as a Queen's Speech, it has the additional disadvantage of being inordinately long. It is only when the President comes to deal with the McKinley Act that his leaden-winged words catch the attention of the outside world. In spite of the overwhelming electoral disaster which lately befell his party, the



Thomas Rowlandson FOX HUNTING, 1787—THE KILL



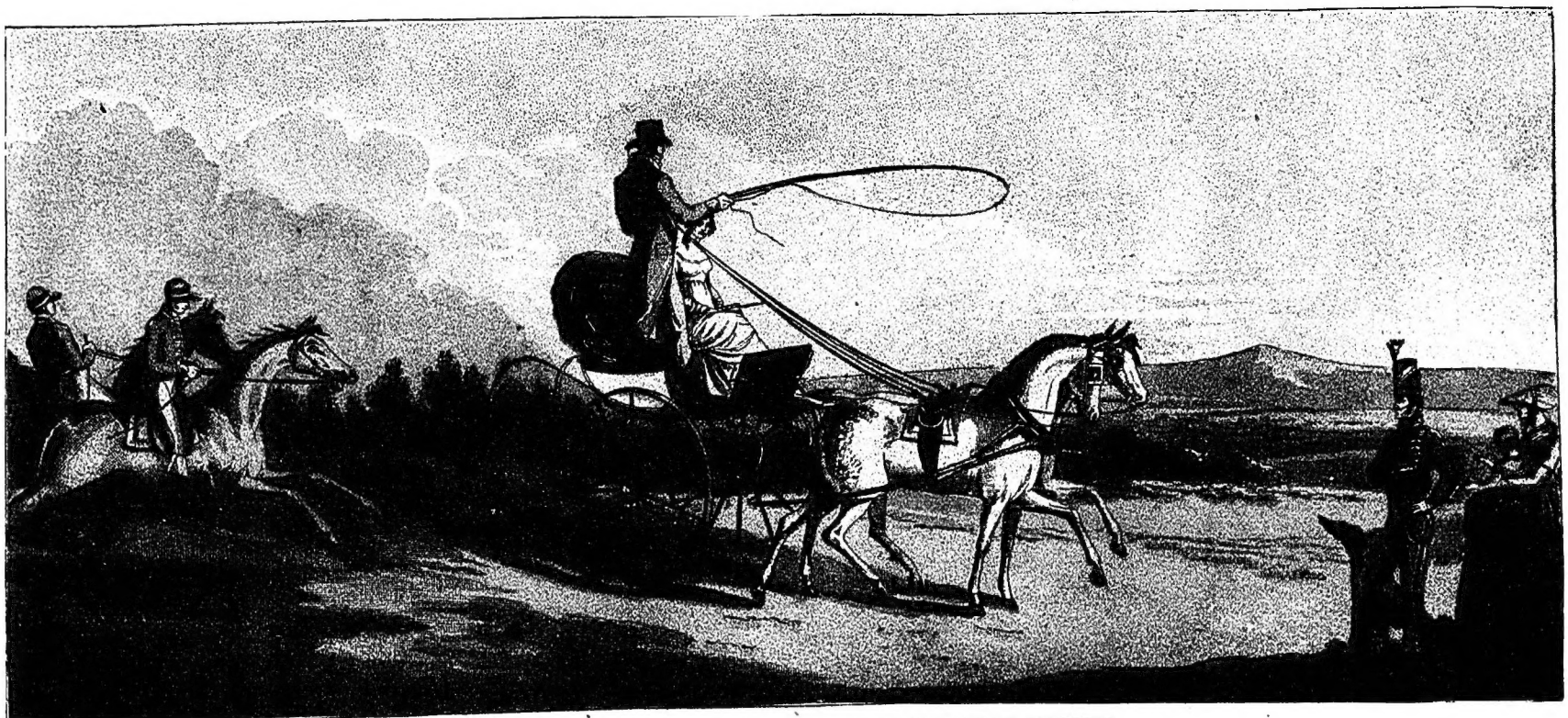
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VICISSITUDES OF THE ROAD IN 1787—THE HIGHWAYMAN—LORD BARRYMORE STOPPED



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H.R.H THE PRINCE REGENT DRIVING MRS. Q. ON THE ROAD TO BRIGHTON

President remains enamoured of the fatal measure which so largely helped to swell the Democratic polls. He believes—or feigns to believe—that the American people will before long recognise the Act as a grand promoter of trade as well as of manufactures. Similarly, he denies that the sudden increase of the cost of living which followed its passing was in any way consequent upon the new tariff. It was the Silver Act which enhanced values, and not the additional duties levied on foreign goods. As a proof of this remarkable theory, President Harrison triumphantly adduces the fact that imports into New York during the first three weeks of November showed an increase of nearly 8 per cent, compared with the same period in 1889. American consumers are not likely to be deceived by such sorry argumentation as this. It will need much closer logic to convince them that the imposition of heavier duties on foreign goods increases the demand. The simple explanation of the growth of imports is that American trade is still expanding, although not at the same pace as between 1888 and 1889. According to the President's own showing, the New York imports in the last three weeks of November increased by 21 per cent. between those two years, whereas the present increase is less than 8 per cent. His object in parading these comforting but entirely delusive statistics comes out very plainly in another passage, where he deprecates any fresh adaptations of the tariff, on the ground that they would exercise a most depressing influence on commerce. Here and elsewhere in the Message, leaks out a fear that the victorious Democrats will make use of their overwhelming majority to rescind the McKinley Act, and thus establish cordial permanent relations with that growing political power, the Farmers' Alliance.

TITHES.—The extremely modest little measure introduced by the Government to diminish in some measure the tithe-friction, stands a fair chance, apparently, of soon finding its way into the Statute Book. The opposition so far offered has not been directed against the Bill itself, but against the tithe system at large, a very much bigger question. All that the Bill proposes is to transfer the obligation to pay tithe from the tenant to the landlord, a change of system which will relieve clergymen from the unpleasant task of collecting their dues. It may be that this is precisely the reason why the Welsh Nonconformists show such hostility to the Bill. It does not wring their withers, but rather the contrary, when a clergyman of the Establishment finds himself under compulsion to distrain for unpaid tithe. That sort of proceeding necessarily tends to render the Church of England unpopular among the Welsh, and we do not think that we shall be doing Mr. Rendel and other opponents of the Bill an injustice by crediting them with a very sincere desire to leave things as they are. The proposal to annex tithe for national purposes is fascinating, but slightly dishonest. Tithe is every bit as much property as land, or shares, or bank-notes, and the fact—if it be one—that the Welsh people refuse to regard it in that light, does not alter its status in the slightest degree. To bring about its redemption by purchase would, undoubtedly, be a good thing, but for the State to confiscate its owners' rights without fair compensation could only be characterised as robbery. The same reasoning applies to the more frank and far-reaching proposal to abolish tithe altogether. In this case, however, another grave objection exists. At present, landlords reckon what tenants have to pay for tithe when fixing their rents, which are made so much the lower. But were it abolished, the landowner would not need to make any reduction on that account, and the only person benefited would be, consequently, himself. The present measure does not, of course, touch the fringe either of nationalisation or of abolition, but merely seeks to re-adjust the collecting machinery on simpler lines.

NIGHT-NOISE IN GREAT CITIES.—Our forefathers suffered from many troubles from which their descendants have gradually been relieved, but they possessed corresponding compensations. For example, if they could be brought to life again, and exposed to the unceasing noise and bustle of modern life, they would be almost driven out of their wits. In the good old times, even in cities, a most enjoyable silence prevailed during the hours between midnight and day-dawn. At present, although asphalt and wood-paving have wrought a certain amount of alleviation, the rattle of the cab (to mention only one form of nuisance) is never absent from our streets. A very brief interval of time separates the journeyings of homeward-bound pleasure-seekers from those of passengers bound for early-morning trains. Then there are the noises caused by businesses which are unavoidably carried on at night. A typical example of this has recently attracted public attention by the report of an action brought by a leather-sealer, resident in the Goswell Road, against the well-known firm of carriers, Carter, Paterson, and Co. (Limited). The judgment delivered in this case by Mr. Justice Kekewich, seems to us so sensible and moderate that it deserves careful examination. In the opinion of the Judge, the mind of the plaintiff himself had been so exacerbated by the annoyance he had undergone that the value of his evidence was impaired by its exaggeration. That, however, of his wife and daughter was straightforward, and, as the Judge held that they had proved their main grievance, namely, the interference with their night's rest caused by the adjacent noises, Mr. Justice Kekewich

granted an injunction against the carriers, to be suspended, however, until after the pressure of Christmas business was over, and only applicable during the night hours, that is, after 10 p.m. We hope that this decision may have the effect of inducing other firms who work at night to try and lessen the noises which they make in the course of their business. Much of this noise is unnecessary, and might be reduced by simple remedies. Our men of science should turn their attention to this subject. With a few notable exceptions, such as thunder, earthquakes, and storms, the mighty operations of Nature are conducted noiselessly; and why should not Man endeavour in this respect to follow her lead?

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H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT IN THE UNIFORM OF THE PRUSSIAN INFANTRY REGIMENT, BRANDENBURG, NO. 8

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT IN PRUSSIAN MILITARY UNIFORMS

THIS engraving, which is from a photograph sent to us by Baron von Sterpeto, Colonnaden 63 1., Hamburg, represents their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Connaught in Prussian military uniforms. The Duchess is Honorary Colonel of the 64th Infantry Regiment, named after Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia (Brandenburg, No. 8). Following an old custom, prevailing among the officers of this corps, the Duchess has unbuttoned the lowest button on the sleeve-facings. The Duke is Colonel of the Ziethen Hussar Regiment, and wears the fur uniform of that corps (Brandenburg, No. 3).

BOYCOTTING IN IRELAND

A STONE-BREAKER PROTECTED BY POLICE

A RESPECTABLE farmer, named Stephen Lyttleton of Shandangan, Co. Clare, took an evicted farm about ten years ago, and thereby incurred the bitter hostility of the League. He and his family were at once boycotted; they were the subject of fierce League resolutions, published in *United Ireland*; and were subjected to a system of persecution which lasted for years, and extended to other persons who had the courage to befriend or sympathise with them. Last year Lyttleton's son married the daughter of a neighbouring farmer and road-contractor, M'Namara, who had sufficient independence to brave the terrors of the League. He was forthwith denounced and boycotted; the result of which was, that he found it impossible to procure labourers.

One man, however, Michael Haddock—the subject of our sketch—had the pluck to stick to him, and, for doing so, his house was fired into on the night of September 3rd, 1889. Two revolver-shots passed through the door, narrowly missing Haddock, who was in the house at the time.

Undeterred by this warning, Haddock continued to work for his employer. On January 10th last, Haddock and M'Namara were fired at on the public road at Enagh, when going home after their day's work. The shot passed close to them, but, fortunately, did not take effect. This second outrage failed to intimidate Haddock, who continued to work for M'Namara. Special precautions were at once taken to protect him. A police-hut was erected close to his house, and a party of police were detailed for his constant protection; two of these constables accompanying him wherever he goes.—Our engraving represents Haddock as he may be seen daily breaking stones on the roadside, accompanied by his guard.

"THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS"

"I WAS crossing Waterloo Bridge a little before sunrise," says Mr. C. W. Cole, from a sketch by whom our engraving was suggested, "when an exclamation behind me caused me to look over the parapet of the bridge, and I saw the body of a woman passing up with the strong flood-tide which was swirling around the arch. By the time I and the other wayfarers present had run across the road, the corpse, with which an old basket had joined company, was well up the stream. Without a word, and in a calm, business-like fashion, as if it was a matter of constant occurrence, the Thames Eolice Boat, hitherto unseen, shot out from the Middlesex shore, hauled the body on board over a sort of stern-roller, and then pulled up diagonally towards Lambeth."

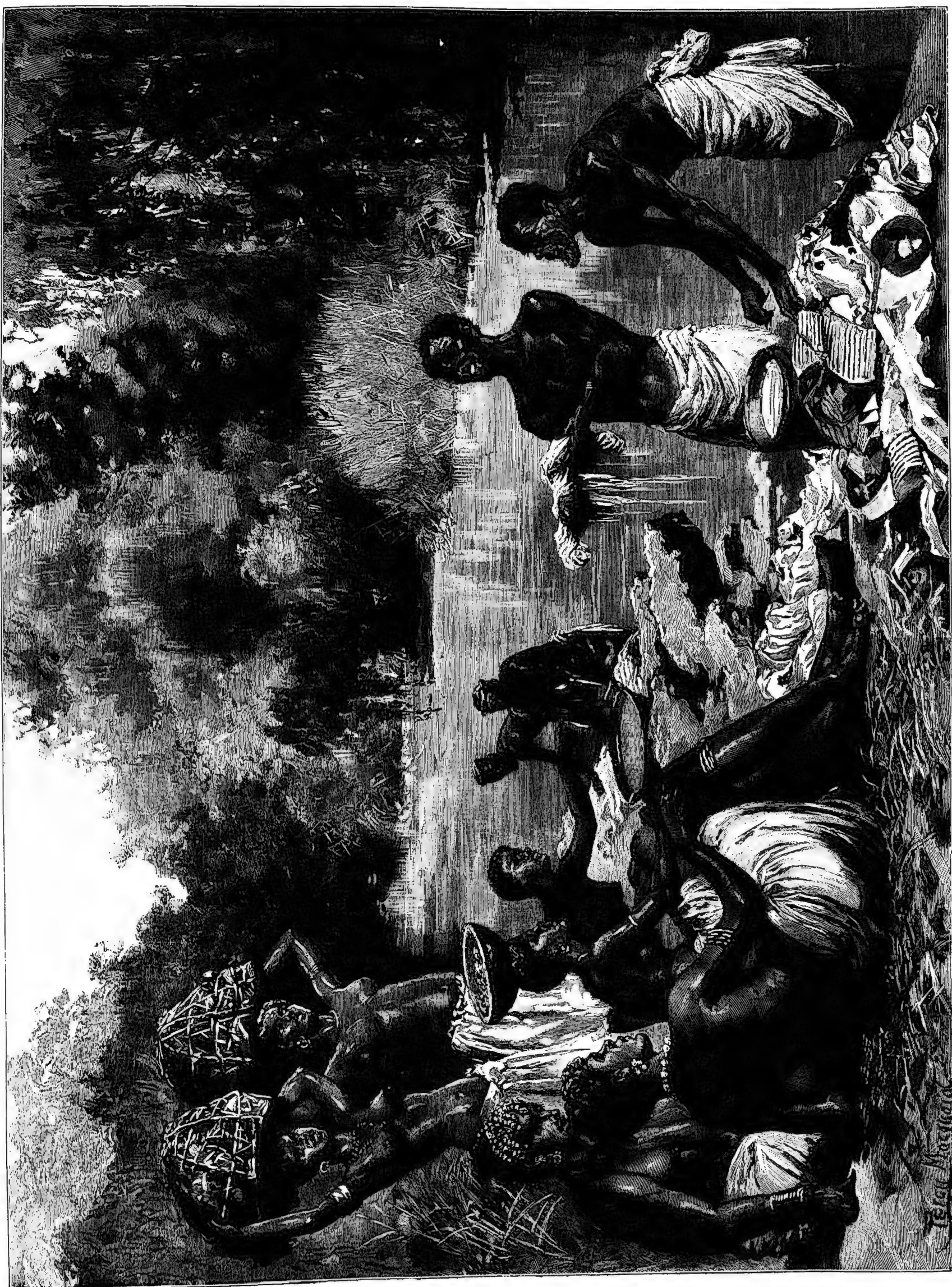
WASHERWOMEN AT MARITZBURG

MARITZBURG, or Pietermaritzburg, is the chief town of Natal, and is picturesquely situated on the Umsindusi, a tributary of the Umgeni River. The population consists mainly of whites and Kaffirs, but there are besides a good many Zulus who have fled from their own country, together

with a certain number of immigrants from St. Helena, and Hindoo coolies, introduced to work on the sugar plantations. For the Kaffir natives, as is well-known, are so indolent, and have so few wants to satisfy, that they are of very little service in farming or industry of any sort, and consequently labour is very scarce. However, the Kaffir ladies will occasionally condescend to do a little laundry work. It is an employment which gives great opportunities of conversation all the world over, and, moreover, in Maritzburg, it is not carried on in the oppressive air of a laundry, but on the banks of a river, and under the shade of trees. And, as may be seen in our picture, the ladies do not work over hard even when they are at it. Nor, unhappily, do they work particularly well. A recent visitor to South Africa says of the native washerwomen:—"Instead of washing the dust *out* they took a savage delight in rubbing it *in*, the result being a lively dark yellow tinge, which looked anything but nice when one was dressed in evening get-up, to say nothing of all the buttons being carefully rubbed off in the scrubbing, the button-holes three or four times their original size, and the edges of the cuffs and collars ruffed up in the most feathery manner."—Our artist has utilised a photograph sent by Dr. Josiah Williams, Johannesburg.

"FIRESIDE FANCIES"

MISS IDA TAYLOR has here depicted a charming young lady, with a very bright, intelligent expression in her face. What her "Fireside Fancies" may be we cannot, of course, guess. She does not seem to be alone; her eyes have an answering look, as if there was an interlocutor present; an interlocutor, too, we may conjecture, who is not much her senior in years, and who belongs to the opposite sex. If such be the case, her "Fireside Fancies" are not likely to be concerned with such a prosaic matter as the probable advance in the price of coals.—For the remainder of "Our Illustrations" see page 654.



AT THE NATAL GOLD FIELDS—OUR LAUNDRY AT MARITZBURG
DRAWN BY PERCY MACQUOID, R.I.



MR. LUKE FILDERS, R.A.

Was born at Chester in 1844. He studied at South Kensington and the Royal Academy, and then began to draw on wood for various periodicals. He illustrated the last books of Charles Lever and Charles Dickens. His first oil-picture "Fair Quiet and Sweet Rest" was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1872. An engraving of it appeared subsequently in *The Graphic*. He was elected A.R.A. in 1879, and R.A. in 1897.



LADY BUTLER

(Miss Elizabeth Thompson) was born at Lausanne, Switzerland. She studied Art in Italy, and then lived with her parents at Ventnor, till the great success of her picture, "The Roll Call," purchased by the Queen, drew her to London. Her inclination has always been towards military subjects. Some of her best works have appeared in *The Graphic*. In 1877 she married Major Butler (now Sir Wm. Butler), distinguished as a soldier both in the Red River and Ashanti Expeditions.



MR. CHARLES GREEN, R.I.

Was born at Hampstead in 1849, and educated at Leigh's School of Art. In 1864 he became a Member of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, and much of his best work has been shown there. But he has frequently exhibited also at the Royal Academy, and in 1876 received a Gold Medal and a prize of 100*l.* for the best oil-painting at the Royal Aquarium Art Exhibition. His excellent illustrations to some of our serial stories will be familiar to our readers. He is an hon. member of the Royal Academy, Vienna.



MR. WILLIAM SMALL

BEGAN life as a wood-engraver, to his thorough knowledge of which craft may, perhaps, be partly attributed the excellence of his drawing. No artist puts more "colour" into his black-and-white work than Mr. Small. In regard to his all-round strength as a draughtsman we need merely say that Mr. Black, the novelist, in a recent article on the illustration of books, remarked that Mr. Small seemed equally at home in every sort of scene from a Highland salmon-stream to a London ball-room.



MR. PERCY MACQUOID, R.I.

SON of Thomas and Katherine Macquoid, the well-known artist and authoress, respectively, was born in 1859, and educated at Marlborough and at King's College, London. In 1879 he entered Heatherley's, and in 1872 was elected a student of the Royal Academy, where he has frequently exhibited. Mr. Macquoid, who began as an animal-painter, and exhibited his first picture at the Dudley Gallery when only fourteen years of age, is a member of the Water-Colour Institute.



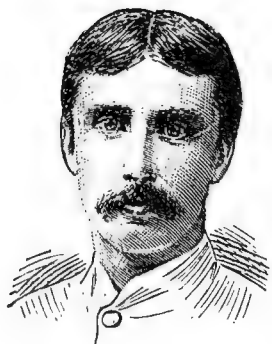
MR. HENRY W. BREWER

SON of the late Professor J. Sherwin Brewer, the historian, was born at Oxford in 1836, educated at Norwich and at King's College, London, and studied Art under G. C. Stott, and William Warren. He first exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1862, he executed water-colour paintings of the Frogmal Mausoleum for Her Majesty, and he is a recognised authority on Medieval Architecture. For *The Graphic* Mr. Brewer has executed many bird's-eye views of great towns, and many illustrated supplements.



MR. SYDNEY P. HALL

SON of Harry Hall, the well-known horse-painter, was born at Newmarket in 1824, and educated at Merchant Taylors'. Having gone up to Pembroke, Oxford, with a Mathematical Scholarship, he proceeded to take a First-Class in Classics (B.A. 1865). As Special Correspondent for *The Graphic* he went through the Franco-German War, and afterwards visited India (with the Prince of Wales), Russia, and Canada (twice). He can wear many foreign Orders, and has painted many pictures for Royalty.



MR. CHARLES E. FRIPP

SON of George A. Fripp, R.W.S., was born in 1854, and, in 1869, went to Nuremberg, where, and at Munich, he received his Art education. Returning to England in 1875, he did black-and-white work for *The Graphic*, whose war correspondence he was during the Kaffir, Zulu, and Boer Wars in South Africa, and again during the Eastern Sudan Campaign of 1885. Mr. Fripp, whose paintings have several times appeared at the Academy, will shortly exhibit his Japanese pictures, the fruits of a recent visit.

GRAPHIC ARTISTS

In looking back over a period of twenty-one years one cannot but feel deeply that this paper has been exceedingly fortunate in having the kindly co-operation of such a distinguished band of artists. Some of our readers may remember in our very first number "Homeless—a dreadful row" by Luke Fildes—a dreadful row of ragged, woe-begone human figures of all ages, wearily waiting admission at the door of the casual-ward for shelter. Surely this was as pitiful an appeal as was ever pencilled by artist, or described by the pen of Charles Dickens. It was followed at intervals by some wonderful drawings by Charles Green, William Small, and Godefroy Durand, each of them in their different manner standing alone, and as yet unrivalled by the hand of any painter, either English or foreign. I may also venture to call to mind the series of "Graphic America" by the late Boyd Houghton, of which Harry Quilter said in the *Universal Review*:—"Probably the best pictorial record of a visit to a strange country which ever appeared in a newspaper, the designs displaying not only extraordinary force of characterisation and dramatic ability, but a strange, half-sad, half-satiric habit of mind, for which I know no parallel in Art."

Next I would direct attention to the sketches during the terrible Franco-German War by Sydney Hall, an artist who not only possessed the valuable power of sketching the scenes before his eyes, but who, being a highly educated man and gifted with brains, had the rare power of selecting subtle subjects for his pencil which would have passed unnoticed by the majority of special correspondents.

His rough notes, made in all sorts of perilous moments, found able and sympathetic translators in the finished drawings by E. J. Gregory, Henry Woods, and Robert Macbeth—all now members of the Royal Academy.

The original drawing of Herkomer's celebrated "Last Muster" appeared in these pages as "Sunday at Chelsea Hospital." It was of this picture that Ruskin spoke as "a most notable, true, and pathetic study." It afterwards was awarded the Grand Médaille d'Honneur at the French International Exhibition of 1878, and has perhaps raised the reputation of the English School on the Continent more than any single picture of this century.

I may further recall to our readers the dashing sketch of "Missed," a Bengal Lancer, by Elizabeth Thompson, now Lady Butler, which appeared long before the famous "Roll Call" made so great a sensation on the walls of the Royal Academy; or the drawings (rather finished pictures) by J. D. Linton, now Sir James Linton, President of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours; or the pathetic pictures giving a charm and dignity to scenes of humble life, by poor George Pinwell. The same kindly feeling for the poor and lowly was displayed with more dramatic force in numerous drawings by Frank Holl, such as "Lost," a burly policeman carrying a baby in his arms on the Thames Embankment, while a woe-begone creature of a mother appears in the background. By Holl, too, were designed "The Railway Station" and "The Deserter"—both notable pictures.

Every one can remember the delicate humour (humour that never wounded, but was always light and gay), of Randolph Caldecott, whose delightful drawings have never yet been approached by any artist since his early death, although we must bear in mind the more downright Scotch fun of W. Ralston.

Everything appertaining to the sea and ships have surely never been handled with more knowledge and skill than by J. Nash and W. L. Wyllie, or architecture with greater ability than has been shown by H. W. Brewer and Herbert Railton.

The fair sex have their champions and worthy exponents in George Du Maurier and Arthur Hopkins. These two draughtsmen can challenge the world to depict beauty and grace with fewer lines, lighter touch, or simpler methods; whilst the children (those most irritating and ever changing models) have been most happily treated in their every mood by the pencils of Robert Barnes, C. J. Staniland, Adrien Marie, and "Mars."

Of all subjects, perhaps, those connected with animals and sport appeal to the largest class of Britons: of these the reader who has time to turn over the leaves of our forty odd volumes will find an abundant variety faithfully depicted by Burton Barber, John Charlton, Frank Dadd, Corbould, Dollman, and Percy Macquoid. Yet most of these latter names can scarcely be confined to these limits, as their owners are able and willing at a pinch to tackle any subject from a Royal marriage to a costermonger's supper, whilst for downright uncompromising faithful studies from life none have excelled the masterly work of Paul Renouard.

The devoted and dashing band of artists who are termed familiarly war-correspondents, who carry their lives in their hands whilst pursuing their occupations, are well known, foremost among them being Sydney Hall, C. E. Fripp, and Frederick Villiers.

Many others who have done, and will yet do, signal service, I have omitted to name, but it would ill become me, myself an old hand at engraving on wood, not to remember that all the work of this band of artistic talent has been translated by the engraver before being seen by the public. It is to their skill, patience, artistic knowledge, and devotion, that we are able to make so fair a show when the weekly issues reach the completed stage. Foremost among a small army of labourers in this field, I should record the names of Charles Roberts, Horace Haral, F. Uhlrich, and the pupils of the Graphic School of Wood Engraving.

WILLIAM L. THOMAS

A ROUND IN A GONDOLA

I BELIEVE there are few greater pleasures to be found in Europe than a round in a gondola on a bright spring or autumn morning after breakfast—such a breakfast as will sustain one's admiration and sympathy for places of interest and beauty until luncheon-time. I have noticed that many English people, who adopt the Continental system of beginning the day on a cup of coffee and a piece of bread-and-butter, get impatient, uninterested, and often thoroughly disagreeable about 11.30. In fact, it is better to give them up altogether from this hour until four o'clock in the afternoon.

Starting from the Great Basin of St. Mark, opposite the Ducal Palace, we turn into the Canal between the Palace and the Prison (the situation has been mentioned before), and dash underneath the Bridge of Sighs. The gondoliers are fresh, and make this gloomy part echo the splashing of their oars. The architecture of the Palace is simply exquisite on this side; in fact, along the whole length of this canal there is beauty enough in variety.

At the top, where we turn, there is a very fine "basso relievo," representing an angel holding an orb. It is set up high in the wall of the house on the right. The gondoliers have their own history concerning everything of this kind in Venice. I inquired of one once concerning this. "Once upon a time," he said, "the Devil was in that house, and the inmates called the rector of the parish to their assistance, who chased him from basement to attic, the Devil finally bolting through the wall, leaving a hole. The owner of the house repaired it with that 'basso relievo.'" I saw a gondolier once telling this "cock-and-bull" story by gesticulation. They are masters of the art.

On we go, round the corner to the right, in the direction of San Giovanni e Paolo. There is a deal of shouting and splashing, as arrangements have to be made in advance with approaching craft round the many corners, to avoid discomfiture. Arriving at the Canal of San Giovanni e Paolo, we are at once struck with the facade of the Scuola San Marco (now the City Hospital), so exquisite in colour and design. We are soon opposite the Campo, and the greatest, possibly, of all equestrian statues—that of General Colleoni, as majestic in the sunshine as he is impressive in the light of the moon; but to appreciate the statue thoroughly bright grey weather is the best, when its wonderful details can be enjoyed in comfort and ease. On the steps of the Campo is the usual man with the boat-hook (*ganzero*), who seems perfectly dumbfounded at our not stopping. He points towards the church, but our front gondolier detaches a hand and shakes a finger—a negative gesticulation that settles and explains everything in Venice.

We are soon out in the Lagune, the aspect is north, and in a blaze of sunshine strong enough to modify the vile impression the brand-new meaningless architecture of the cemetery always makes on right-minded people, when seen close. We turn to the left, along the Fondamenta Nuove, and soon have the Cemetery out of our vision. We have the most picturesque end of the Island of Murano and the mountains beyond; in fact, sometimes we might be in a great lake at their feet. This end of the Fondamenta Nuove is delightfully sympathetic in colour; there is not a new brick or bit of fresh plaster to be seen. I might almost say the same of the canals that turn into the city from here. Between the Ponte Panada and the Ponte Donà we arrive at a spot that should cause emotion in the artistic breast, because here, 320 years ago, we might have saluted the venerable Titian in his garden (there was no Fondamenta Nuove then) where it is recorded he held his August picnics. The working people held theirs every Monday in October on the neighbouring islands, and do so still at the Lido. We can very



MR. HENRY WOODS, A.R.A.

Was born at Warrington in 1846. He was educated at the Grammar School there, and then studied Art in the Warrington School of Art and at South Kensington. For some time he drew on wood for books and periodicals. He was a member of *The Graphic* Staff from its commencement. He first exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1869, and his first important picture was shown there in 1873. Later, he has devoted himself to Venetian subjects. He was elected A.R.A. in 1882.



MR. J. C. DOLLMAN, R.I.

Was born at Brighton in 1851, and educated at Shoreham. He afterwards studied at the Brighton School of Art, at South Kensington, and at the Royal Academy, where he gained a premium for drawing from life, and a money-prize for historical painting. He first exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1872, and three years later began his connection with *The Graphic*. In 1886 he was elected a member of the Institutes of Painters in both Oil and Water-colours. His studies of highwaymen will be specially remembered.



MR. ARTHUR HOPKINS, R.W.S.

Was born on December, 30th, 1847, and educated at Lancing College. For a time he was engaged in commercial pursuits, but having a strong natural taste for Art, he abandoned the City for Heatherley's School of Art, afterwards becoming a student at the Royal Academy, where he has since frequently exhibited. Most of his work, however, has appeared in books and in *The Graphic*, and at the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours, of which he was elected an Associate in 1876.



MR. E. J. GREGORY, A.R.A.

SON of an engineer in the P. and O. Co.'s Service, was born at Southampton in 1850. At first he was in the P. and O. Co.'s Drawing-Office there, but having an artistic bent, came to London, studied at South Kensington, exhibited his first picture at the Dudley Gallery, presently became a regular member of *The Graphic* artistic staff, and in 1873 was elected a member of the Water-Colour Institute. From 1876 he was regarded as an artist of established reputation. He was elected an A.R.A. in 1883.



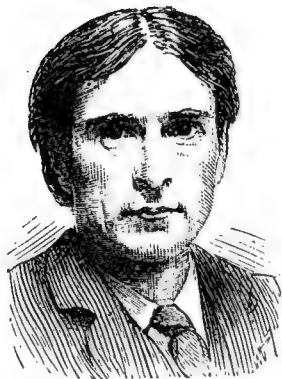
MR. RANDOLPH CALDECOTT

Was born at Chester in 1846. He was at first a bank clerk at Manchester, but showing strong artistic tendencies he abandoned business. He gained a reputation by illustrating Washington Irving's "Old Christmas" and "Bracebridge Hall," and made a great hit with his "Nursery Picture Books," and with the many humorous illustrations which he contributed to *The Graphic*. Though delicate, he was fond of hunting, and devoted to dogs and horses. He died in Florida, February 12th, 1886.



MR. C. J. STANILAND, R.I.

Was born at Hull fifty-four years ago, and received his Art education at the Birmingham School of Art, and at South Kensington, Heatherley's, and the Royal Academy Schools. He first exhibited at the Royal Society of Artists, Birmingham. Mr. Staniland is the enthusiastic cyclist whom our readers know under the nom-de-guerre, "The Skipper." His first drawing for *The Graphic* was made before the paper started, and he has been a regular contributor to it for some fifteen years.



MR. HUBERT HERKOMER, A.R.A.

BORN at Waal, Bavaria, 1849, was the son of a wood-carver, who emigrated first to America, then to England. Hubert was educated at the Art School, Southampton, and at the Dudley Gallery in 1868, and joined the Water-Colour Institute in 1871. His great success, "The Last Muster," painted in 1875, was founded on a drawing of his which appeared in *The Graphic*. He was elected A.R.A. in 1879, and has founded a School of Art at Bushey, Herts.



MR. WILLIAM RALSTON

Was born in 1841, and reared in Glasgow. Leaving school at the age of twelve, he was in turn a warehouse-boy, a gold-digger in Australia, a photographer's assistant, and a labourer in a vineyard, finally returning home to settle down seriously as a photographer, in which capacity he has been employed by Her Majesty. When about thirty, he took to drawing, and after doing some ill-paid work for publishers was introduced to *The Graphic*, for which he has worked hard ever since.



MR. JOSEPH NASH, R.I.

Like so many other draughtsmen, comes of an artistic stock. He is the son of Mr. Joseph Nash, a member of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colour, whose "Mansions of England in the Olden Time" is, perhaps, his best-remembered work. Mr. Nash, *filii*, who is a member of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colour, has been a regular contributor to *The Graphic* from the very first, and his vigorous studies of shipping are doubtless familiar to our readers.



MR. JOHN CHARLTON

Was born at Bamburgh, Northumberland, in 1849, and learned to draw at the Newcastle School of Art. About 1875 he came to London, and received lessons in painting from Mr. J. D. Watson. Mr. Charlton, who is a member of the Royal Society of British Artists and the Institute of Painters in Oil, has exhibited at the Royal Academy (chiefly equestrian portraits) since 1870. He painted the Great Jubilee Review, 1887, and is now engaged on a companion picture of the Jubilee Procession—both for Her Majesty.



MR. C. W. WYLLIE

Like his brother, represented in the next portrait, is one of those artists who go down to the sea in ships, and is more at home afloat than ashore. Many of the nautical pictures which have appeared in *The Graphic* during the last few years are from Mr. Charles Wyllie's spirited brush. His river-scene "Twilight" at this year's Academy may also be remembered. Like his brother again, Mr. Wyllie has, we believe, earned other honours, having saved life, at sea on at least one occasion.



MR. W. L. WYLLIE, A.R.A.

The well-known marine-painter, was born in 1851, in Albany Street, London, and received his Art-education at Heatherley's School of Art, Newman Street, and at the Royal Academy Schools. His first Academy picture was exhibited in 1868, and in the following year he gained the Turner Medal. At the Paris Exhibition of 1889 he received a Gold Medal for water-colour, and a Silver Medal for etching, and in the course of the same year he was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy.

easily fix where Titian's garden was—about a hundred yards from the Ponte Donà. That which at the present time represents his house, stands about the same distance over the buildings in front, but I don't suppose there is much of the original about it; a little of something, perhaps; they use up a deal of old material rebuilding in Venice. The well in the little courtyard must have seen Titian often. The neighbourhood has changed a good deal since Titian's time, but the view that he must have enjoyed of his native mountains has not changed. At the Ponte Donà rises the Monastery and Church of the Gesuiti, the *façade* of which is surmounted by a crowd of boisterous emblematic figures that don't improve on closer acquaintance—a rowdy lot.

The Fondamenta abruptly ends a little further on at a large sheet of water which makes a sort of harbour for plank rafts and heavy timber. It answered the same purpose in Titian's time. The rafts are broken up here, and the planks taken to the many magazines in Venice. They are made up far away in the River Piave, which communicates with the Lagoon by a canal in the north-east. Making our way round the rafts, we enter the canal of Madonna del Orto—one of these very interesting waterways, which run parallel to the Lagoon for some distance, and turn into it near the railway. This Madonna del Orto Canal has some pretty palaces along its single side-walk (Fondamenta)—there are gardens and poor fisher-folk on the other. At the church we turn off into the middle canal. The church of Madonna del Orto has a very pretty Gothic *façade*, and a guide-book informs visitors that it is "much extolled by connoisseurs." The campanile is certainly one of the most beautiful in Venice. Entering the middle canal we are soon amongst Venetian outdoor life—the people are poor enough, work very hard, and seem happy over it. The bead-stringers sing glees; the voices are a little rough perhaps, but they keep excellent time.

Here is a spot, perhaps more interesting than the site of Titian's garden because we are opposite Tintoretto's house, with nothing to build up or pull down in our imagination. If he could see it now, perhaps it would occur to him to have it "done up." It has survived many a neighbouring palace; its immediate neighbours now are but poor dwellings. At Tintoretto's death it passed from son to daughter, and her descendants (according to Dr. Tassini, in his "Curiosità Veneziane") own it at the present time. At one corner is a quaint Eastern figure with an immense turban. There is another close by, at the corner of the Campo dei Mori, dressed in Greek costume. These figures are well-known all over Venice—the Greek one as Sior Antonio Rioba, and the one at Tintoretto's as Fatti e Paroli. The cause of Sior Antonio's name being handed down to posterity has been very likely forgotten some hundreds of years. Certainly he is a joke the Venetians are never tired of. He is known to have been one of three brothers who came to Venice at the end of the fifteenth century from one of the Grecian islands. They were wealthy and settled in this neighbourhood. Antonio must have been a very popular man in the parish. On that great festival, All Fools' Day, victims are sacrificed in Venice as in England, and many a green countryman has been sent with a neat-looking parcel containing rubbish, addressed to "Sior Antonio Rioba, Fondamenta dei Mori," and received by the whole neighbourhood with acclamation. "Fatti e Paroli" (Deeds and Words) must have been christened by some local wag who kept the joke to himself.

A not at all unpleasant smell of boiling tar in the neighbourhood discloses a barge-mending yard. Its blackness sets off the colour about. Beyond this, on the Fondamenta, the destroyer many years ago spared two very beautiful Gothic doorways—one is bricked up in the wall, the other forms the entrance to a courtyard. This is

rather a sad neighbourhood altogether, as there is a large amount of good Venetian architecture in all its exquisite variety in ruin. Some buildings were never finished, others converted to strange uses—the Abbazia, containing a fine old courtyard with a *loggia*, and until a year or two ago a refuge for poor families, is now a small-pox hospital. The great Church of the Misericordia is a flax-store. With one exception—the Small-pox Hospital—the much abused present generation of Venetians have no responsibility for these changes; but all this part of Venice must sooner or later undergo a great change. It has been waiting for it at least a hundred years. It is a pleasant part, in which one's thoughts can run wild. I think gondoliers are ashamed of it. They certainly will not go there unless ordered. One was heard to say that "It was not a part for ladies or gentlemen." Such an admission will always excite the wildest curiosity in the artistic mind. We are very soon in the Grand Canal, described in a little English guide-book, written by a Venetian, as "The finest street in Venice, and one of the finest in the world, paved with water, with a row of palaces on each side of it." A very correct description.

One cannot help feeling sorry that the penny steamers are now a necessity, and pay well. In this neighbourhood the ordinary ones are supplemented by one that runs from the Rialto to the mainland. Notwithstanding the assurances of the gondoliers "that it is the steamer's business to keep out of the way," one cannot help feeling a desire to participate in the responsibility. The turn at the Rialto is a nasty, fidgety spot when in a gondola. The steamers are still assailed with volleys of abuse at every ferry they pass, as fresh as on the day of their inauguration. Gondoliers are slow to take in a new thing—they have adopted nothing new this century.

From the Rialto there are two short cuts to the Piazzetta, at the mouth of the Grand Canal, but it is amusing to take out a guide-book, and read out the names of the palaces on the Grand Canal, and still there will be a little time to spare before luncheon.

HENRY WOODS

RURAL NOTES

THE SEASON.—Weather of arctic severity came upon us just before the close of what would otherwise have ranked as one of the mildest of Novembers. The arrival of intense cold was reported from Eastern Russia as early as the 8th of the month, but it is only occasionally that the westward march of winter proceeds so rapidly as it has done this year. The cold reported in North Russia, 23 degrees below zero, has not been rivalled here, of course, yet we have had some severe records, including 11 degrees of frost in London, 15 degrees at Cambridge, and 9 at Oxford. Snow has fallen in a very irregular fashion, but little being reported in Russia, while in Scotland, in the North down to Derbyshire, and in Kent and Sussex, a heavy snow-fall has been recorded. The Yorkshire Wolds are almost impassable, and many hundreds of sheep have been frozen.

THE BIRDS have felt the weather very severely, as they always do when the cold arrives without much warning. Luckily it is a good year for berries. Several flocks of seagulls, driven inland by the severe weather along the coast, have come as far up river as Battersea. Others have been seen at Windsor, and hundreds of plover, snipe, and ducks may be seen along the upper reaches of the Thames, the minor waters, such as ponds, marshes, and rivulets, being closed to them by snow and ice.

FARM-WORK is naturally at a standstill, but the November sowings previous to the 25th had been brisk, and October-sown grass was almost too forward. Heavy land was in excellent order

before the 1st, and farmers it is to be hoped embraced the opportunity which no longer exists.

PLOUGHING MATCHES have been a feature of November in the country. It is a good sign that these contests, which are at once of extreme antiquity and of the most modern utility, seem to be flourishing. The *Hereford Times* last week had six columns devoted to them in the four counties of Hereford, Worcester, Gloucester, and Monmouth. The gatherings interest the peasantry, are being watched by farm bailiffs as well as by their masters, and come at a time also when the local gentry are "at home" for hunting, and are consequently able to attend. At Ludlow ploughing-match, a good type of the whole class, there were nine entries for single ploughs and two horses abreast, and others for three horses and a driver. Some of the prizes were for men, others for boys; and in addition to these, prizes were awarded for the best crop of Swedish turnips of not less than six acres, the quality of the soil and the way the whole crop had been managed being also taken into account by the judges.

DEEP-CULTIVATION, that is to say subsoil ploughing, is, says Mr. H. Evershed, a dangerous deceit. He quotes Sir John Lawes in his favour, and he also has the countenance of the *Field*. "In the days of profitable corn-farming, many people were ruined by the expenses of deep-cultivation. Even if it increased the active plant-food of the soil instead of burying it beyond reach, the same result might be more economically produced by direct manuring of the land. Plants feed chiefly at the surface, and even in the case of open soils, abundantly aerated, the mass of roots, alike in pastures and in arable land, diminishes rapidly from the surface and for that reason dung should be ploughed under with a shallow furrow." In ordinary farming, however, a deep furrow in autumn is desirable for obtaining sufficient tilth in the fallowing of heavy land.



MR. HERBERT JOHNSON

Was a student of the Royal Academy, where he won seven prizes and a life-student-ship, when, some twenty years ago, he began to draw for *The Graphic*. As Special Artist he accompanied the Prince of Wales to India, receiving the Indian Medal at the Prince's hands, and afterwards painting several Indian pictures for the Prince and his friends, which were hung at the Academy. In 1884 he went to Egypt as one of our Special Artists, and he designed the War Correspondent's Memorial in St. Paul's Cathedral.



MR. FREDERIC VILLIERS

MADE his name and fame as War Correspondent for *The Graphic* during the Russo-Turkish War, when his coolness in jotting down in his note-book the salient features of a fight raging round him was quickly remarked. He was afterwards present on our behalf at the Bombardment of Alexandria, and accompanied the Expedition to King John of Abyssinia and the March to Khartoum. Mr. Villiers has of late years taken to lecturing on his experiences, and has been very successful in his undertaking.



M. G. DURAND

Has been continuously connected with *The Graphic* from the beginning of its career. In its very earliest number one of his drawings appeared, and he has been a constant contributor to its pages ever since. Perhaps his strongest point is his able delineation of State ceremonies, in which his power of graceful grouping is utilised to the full. M. Durand has painted several pictures for Her Majesty.



MR. FRANK HOLL, R.A.

Son of Francis Holl, A.R.A., the eminent engraver, was born in 1845, and became a student at the Royal Academy, where his first picture was exhibited in 1864, while in 1869 he gained the travelling studentship for painting. His earlier pictures were chiefly of a sad or pathetic cast, but latterly he confined himself to portrait-painting, in which he obtained the highest distinction. Some admirable drawings by him have appeared in *The Graphic*. He was elected A.R.A. in 1879, and R.A. in 1883. He died Aug. 11th, 1888.



M. ADRIEN MARIE

Whose delicate drawings constantly appear in our pages, resides in Paris, and his work is well-known in the leading French newspapers and magazines. He is indebted to his excellence, as paid by M. Blowitz in his article upon French illustrated papers, printed in another column. M. Marie was a pupil of M. Emile Bayard, whose style he frequently recalls in his drawings.



MR. FRANK DADD, R.I.

Was born in London in 1851, and studied Art at the South Kensington and Royal Academy Schools, at the latter of which he gained a Silver Medal for drawing from the life. He first exhibited at the Dudley Gallery in 1871; in 1884 he was elected a member of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colour, becoming a member of the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours four years later. His regular connection with *The Graphic* dates from 1884.



MR. BURTON BARBER

Is one of the most popular of English animal-painters. For some years the print-shop windows contained little else than reproductions of his charming studies of children and animals, together with those of his numerous imitators. One of his best-known pictures in this connection was his "Order of the Bath," which was reproduced in the Christmas Number of *The Graphic*, 1885. But Mr. Barber is by no means limited in range to subjects of this character, as his pictures at the Academy and elsewhere indicate.

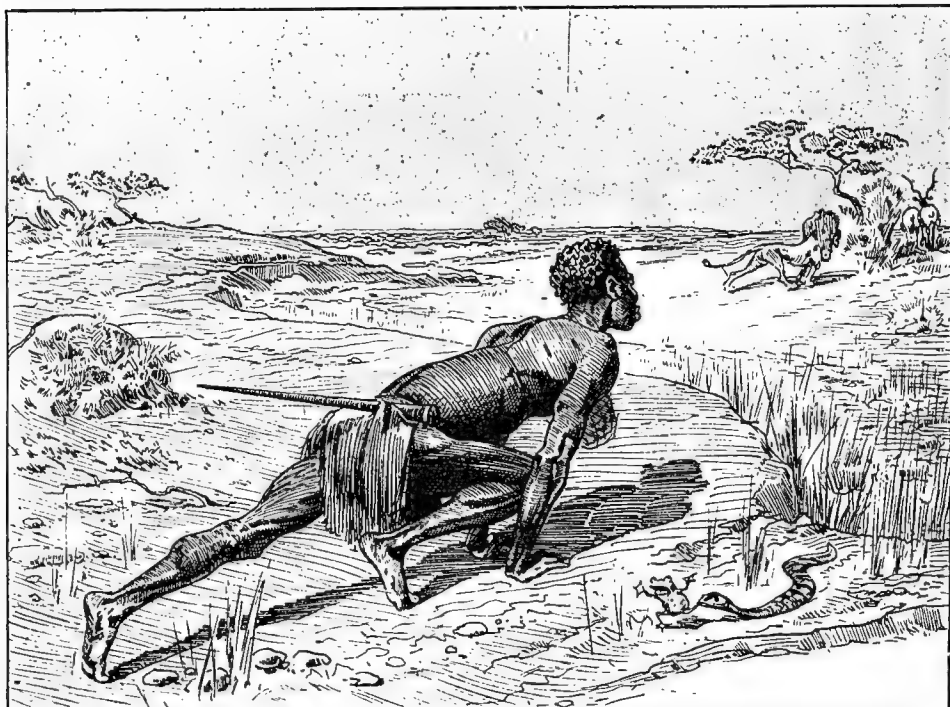


MR. R. BARNES, A.R.W.S.

Was born in 1840, and educated at St. Thomas's, Charterhouse, at Leigh's School of Art, Newman Street, and under Mr. W. L. Thomas, to whom he was apprenticed in 1856. The illustrations to "Margaret Denzil's History" in *Cornhill* were his first published work, and he first exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1875. Three years later he became an Associate of the Royal Water-Colour Society. His work met with recognition at the Edinburgh Exhibition, 1886, and the Adelaide Exhibition, 1887.

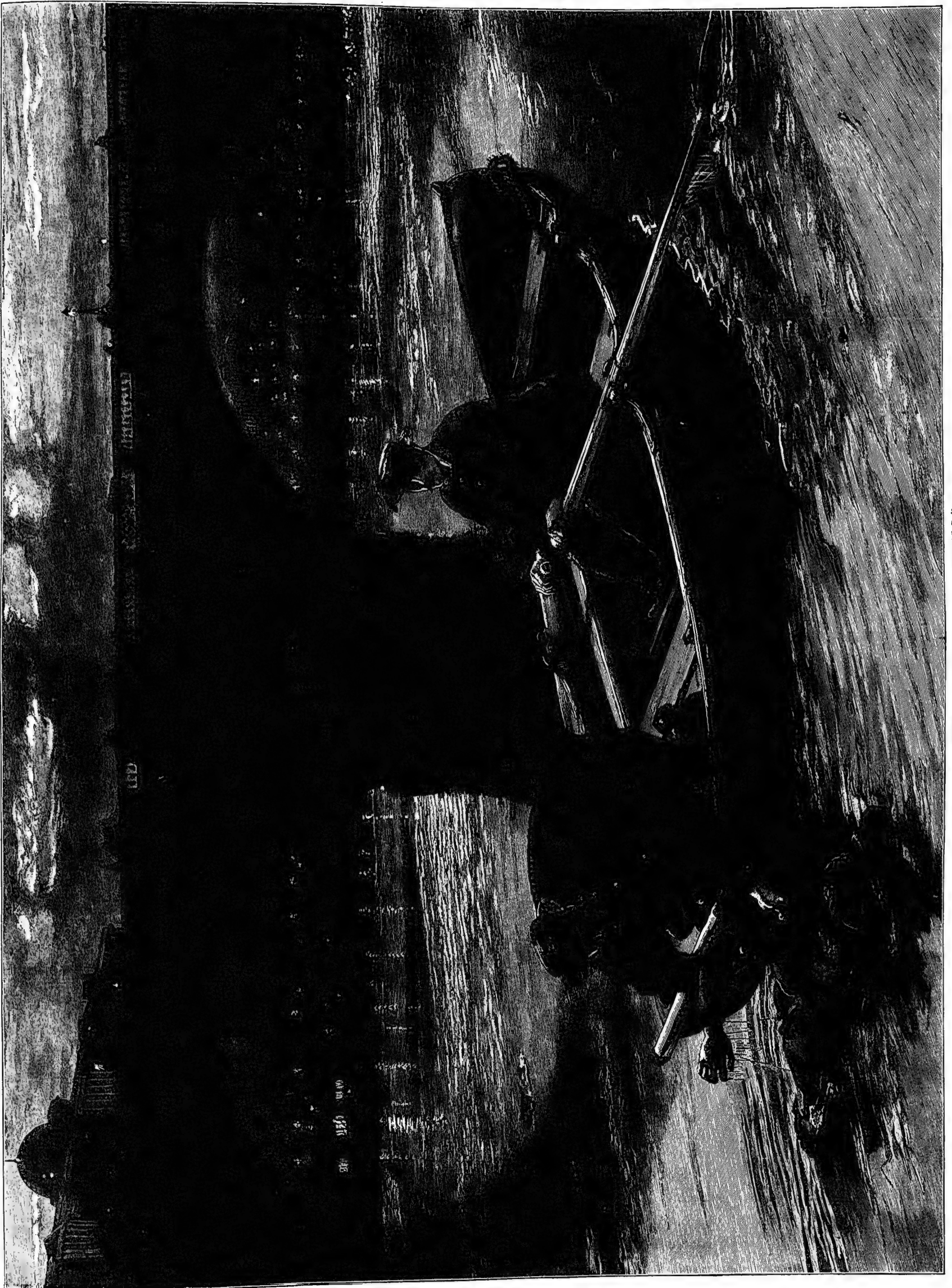


THERE is a story current in Cape Town that on a certain occasion a passenger—probably of an exceptionally verdant type—believing that because he was on African soil lions must be plentiful, immediately upon landing from the steamer took his gun into the flats around the city, under the impression that he could easily get some lion-shooting. It was to a visitor of this sort that the farmer depicted in the first sketch is narrating a lion-yarn, for the truth of which, however, we do not vouch. A diminutive Bushman, having resolved to go lion-hunting, prepared his weapons, which consisted of a pointed stick and some clay. He then proceeded to the desert, got on the "spoor" (track) of a lion, and had the satisfaction of seeing the King of Beasts about to spring upon an unfortunate antelope. [N.B.—The reader will observe the "side-show" of a puff-adder



swallowing a frog.] As soon as the lion had eaten his fill, he laid himself down to sleep under a stunted thorn-tree. Presently the watchful little Bushman crept alongside of the sleeping beast, noiselessly made a hole in the earth with the pointed end of his stick, and gently inserting the tuft and tip of the animal's tail into the cavity, made it fast by stamping it firmly down with the clay, well-driven home by the butt-end of the stick. The diminutive man of nerve now wound himself up for a fearful yell, which he delivered full into the ear of sleeping Majesty. The lion, springing up scared and alarmed, at once dislocated his spine, and fell a helpless prey to the delighted Bushman.—Our engravings are from sketches made by Major-General H. G. Robley.





"THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS"

DRAWN BY WILLIAM SMALL

One more Unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Come to her death !

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care ;
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young and so fair !—*Thomas Hood*

AN EDITOR'S VISITORS

THE EDITOR probably suffers more than any other professional man from the visits of people whom he has no desire to see, but who are eager for a personal interview with himself.



MR. ARTHUR LOCKER

In this respect, therefore, his ideal of bliss lies in the two polysyllabic words, inaccessibility and invisibility. In the case of an extensive and highly-organised concern, it is possible to achieve the first of these two substantives. Let us give an example. You want to see the editor, or one of the editors, for in such an establishment there are often several of them. But you have learnt from private sources that the name of the particular editor whom you wish to see is Marmaduke Johnson, and so, with your manuscript either in your hand or somewhere concealed about your person, you climb a steep narrow staircase until your progress is arrested by a sort of sentry-box, wherein sits an under-sized, but preternaturally intelligent, youth. He has a manner as if the name of Johnson was entirely foreign to his ear; nevertheless he is fairly civil, and after inspecting your card, and holding a colloquy with an invisible person through a flexible tube, he hands you over to a commissionaire. The military hero, after conducting you along several passages, suddenly says, "In here, sir," and ushers you into a small room containing nothing but a desk, two chairs, and a rather ancient map of London. You inspect the map for about five minutes, when the door again opens, and in comes an elderly gentleman in spectacles, who asks you to be seated, and listens to your statement with patience and courtesy. You say to yourself, "What a nice fellow Marmaduke Johnson is!" Unfortunately, however, this is not Johnson at all, but only his deputy, for presently the elderly gentleman says: "Your manuscript shall have Mr. Johnson's best attention." He then bows, touches a bell, the inexorable commissionaire appears instantly, like an Arabian Nights' genie, and in another two minutes you are politely marched off the premises, without having even seen the great man's coat-skirts. This is a specimen of the Inaccessible Editor, and a very enviable mortal he is, in this respect.

But, as spacious premises and a large and well-trained staff of subordinates are required to render an editor triumphantly inaccessible, some editors, who do not possess these advantages, strive, often with indifferent success, to render themselves invisible. Some accomplish this by notifying to their would-be interviewers that they are to be seen on Fridays between 4 and 6 P.M., and by taking care always to be absent on those afternoons; while others have a couple of doors to their den, and when they hear in the outer office the voice of a well-remembered bore they bolt inconspicuously through the inner doorway down the staircase, and hide themselves until the bore's patience is exhausted, and he reluctantly departs.

Such subterfuges as these, however, are, as above hinted, of little avail, and the writer of these lines can fairly say that for many years he was one of the most accessible editors on this planet. This easiness of access was not due to his personal amiability, but to the force of circumstances. When *The Graphic* was first started, and for years afterwards, the office space for the editorial staff was very limited, the premises being largely occupied by engravers, and, as there was only an outer-office between the staircase and the editorial sanctum at the back, anybody could march up from the Strand—which is not a very secluded thoroughfare—and get at all events within earshot of the unlucky editor. Consequently, it has been his lot to confabulate with a multitude of people whom he had no wish to see at all.

Though usually a bit of a bore, through being the slave of an overmastering idea, the inventor was by no means the least interesting of an editor's interviewers. He had discovered an infallible aerial machine, or a simple apparatus for saving life at sea, or an automatic piece of mechanism for checking the alleged delinquencies of omnibus conductors, and, as he often brought models with him, which worked most satisfactorily (in the office), he used to get a little crowd of admirers round him, and be the innocent means of wasting a good deal of the office time. A far commoner and less welcome visitor was the literary aspirant. Sometimes he was of a breathless and impatient disposition, expecting the much-enduring editor to decide instantaneously on the merits of a portly MS., which it would take an hour to gallop through. Sometimes "he" was a "she," and brought poetry, which she insisted on reading aloud, and occasionally grew so friendly and confidential as to request the editor to suggest emendations. Ladies often say that in their efforts for literary recognition they are handicapped by their sex. This is a mistake: it is all the other way. Women, if fairly good-looking and pleasant-mannered, can get an editor to bestow favours on them which, the circumstances being the same, he would not bestow on a man. He will sit up at night reading their novels in MS., and, when conscientiously compelled to reject them, will very often get no thanks for the trouble he has taken.

Then, besides the literary aspirants who desire to add to their incomes by contributing to his newspaper, the editor is wont to have a good many visitors who have no special object in calling, save that they find themselves in his neighbourhood, and want to kill an idle half-hour. As these are people with whom he has more or less private acquaintance outside the office, he is loth to refuse them admission, and yet sometimes they prove to be bores of the first magnitude. It is a bad sign when they begin:—"Now, I know you're a busy man, so I won't detain you five minutes." This was the invariable formula of a most genial and courteous old gentleman who rarely stayed less than half an hour, and who once endeavoured to impress the editor with a sense of his personal attractiveness by saying, "It isn't every day you meet a man who was third cousin to Lord Byron, and who went to school within a stone's throw of Sir Walter Scott." Another terrible bore was an estimable old Indian officer, who, when the exhausted editor rose from his chair, hoping that his visitor would take the hint and depart, used to rise also, and advance upon the editor, talking all the time with deadly fluency, till that poor man was literally pinned into a corner.

Thus far, the people mentioned, though they might be bores and time-wasters, have all been quiet and respectable. But more objectionable characters sometimes penetrate within the office precincts. Only a few weeks ago a middle-aged lady of eccentric aspect came upstairs, saying, "Want shee editor." She would not be satisfied with subordinates, she declared. When at length the editor made his appearance she had gone off into an alcoholic doze in an arm-chair. Being aroused, she stared at him, insisted that he was not the editor, and after some altercation stumbled grumbling down the stairs into the Strand. She was last seen zigzagging along Essex Street, followed by an admiring posse of small boys. On another occasion, a man, who appeared both sober and respectable, got into the office, but while there was seized with an attack of *delirium tremens*. He howled and shrieked at the snakes

and the demons which he saw round the walls, and was got rid of with no small difficulty.

These two are exceptional cases; but there is one class of visitor which is common enough, that is, the class of semi-genteel askers for alms. They send in notes to the editor, neatly written and well expressed, setting forth how they have been in the journalistic profession, but that their health has broken down, they have been in hospital, and now need a few shillings to enable them to return to their native place. These poor wretches do not come boldly forward, they remain in the half-light of the passage. Their dress is usually decent, but rather shabby, and truth compels the statement that often, but not always, they emit that unmistakable wine-vaults odour which betrays the habitual soaker. They depart with a suspiciously cheerful alacrity upon the presentation of a very small piece of silver, thereby suggesting that they are following an habitual avocation, rather than entreating for aid in a special emergency. It is curious, too, that they form a sort of brotherhood. If you relieve a distressed Scotchman, a series of distressed Scotchmen will successively make a similar appeal within the course of a few weeks, and the same with the other nationalities. Sometimes their manner is so plausible, and their get-up so respectable, that the editor is completely taken in. A gentleman speaking with a strong American accent once sought an interview. The editor imagined from his opening words that he was the representative of some Transatlantic publisher who wished to negotiate the simultaneous publication of a novel. By degrees the cloven foot came out. The visitor spoke of pecuniary difficulties and pressing want, and eventually quitted the office the possessor of Mr. Snagsby's invariable remedy in such cases—half-a-crown.

ARTHUR LOCKER

THE WORLD IN 1869 AND 1890

DURING the last twenty-one years, the Western World has passed through one of the most striking and momentous periods of its history. Movements which had begun at an earlier time have led to decisive results of vast significance, and we have seen the uprising of new forces, the full meaning of which cannot yet be precisely determined.

By far the most important landmark of the period is the wars between France and Germany, which broke out in the summer of 1870, and went on during the greater part of the following winter. The immediate occasion of this tremendous struggle was one of slight importance, but its real causes lay far below the surface, and it was inevitable that sooner or later they should provoke a conflict. For more than a century there had been growing up in the most active minds in Germany a desire for the unity of their country—a unity which should at once gratify patriotic sentiment and serve as a guarantee for the maintenance of the highest national interests. By the war of 1866 this wish had in part been fulfilled, and the Germans looked forward with confidence to the time when their aspirations would be completely realised. Their success aroused the jealousy of France, which felt that her position as the leading Power on the Continent was being seriously threatened; and the war of 1870-71 was undertaken because she was resolved that her supremacy should, if possible, be asserted and made secure. The result was such defeat and humiliation as France had never before experienced. She lost Alsace and a part of Lorraine, Germany became a united Empire, and the centre of gravity in the political affairs of Europe was shifted from Paris to Berlin.

The only other great war of the period was that which Russia carried on with Turkey in 1877-78. This struggle marked a most important stage in the series of events connected with the Eastern Question. By the Treaty of San Stefano Russia imposed on Turkey conditions of peace which were regarded as inadmissible by various other Powers, especially by Austria and England. These conditions were seriously modified by the Congress of Berlin, through whose labours Europe was saved from the horrors of fresh international strife. Serbia was wholly emancipated from Turkish suzerainty; Bosnia and Herzegovina, while remaining nominally subject to the Porte, were really transferred to Austria; Bulgaria became a tributary Principality; and Eastern Roumelia was made a semi-independent province, with a Christian Governor appointed by the Sultan. Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia have since been united, but their union was effected irregularly, and has not received the sanction of the Russian Government, which has done everything in its power to check the development of the Bulgarian nationality.

Russia was deeply aggrieved by the part played by Germany in the Congress of Berlin, and her hostility became so marked that Prince Bismarck, fearing lest his country might be attacked simultaneously on its eastern and western borders, began to look about for new means of defence. Happily, in the war of 1866 his counsels had been so moderate that mortal offence had not been given to the defeated State; so that there was nothing to prevent the growth of intimate relations between Austria and Germany. An alliance between them was concluded in 1878, and it has not only continued to exist, but is even more firmly rooted to-day than it was twelve years ago. With the cordial approval of the mass of the Italian people, who dreaded French aggression, Italy was induced to associate herself with the Central European Powers; and the Triple Alliance has been for some years one of the most potent guarantees for the maintenance of peace.

It cannot be said that the effects of the two great wars of the period have exercised a tranquillising influence on Europe. France still broods over the memory of her losses; and Russia watches for an opportunity of recovering the advantages of which she was deprived by the Treaty of Berlin. The consequence is that the world is constantly being alarmed by rumours as to impending conflicts; and every important nation feels itself bound to be as strong as the strongest of its neighbours and rivals. Never in the history of mankind have there been such enormous military and naval forces as those which are now kept in readiness for action. The existence of these forces is in itself a peril, for even war may some day come to be regarded as a less intolerable evil than the endurance of crushing financial burdens.

As the period has advanced, the institutions of the German Empire have been firmly consolidated. For some time the "Culturkampf" excited bitter animosities, but it was found to be profitless, and peace between the secular and spiritual authorities was gradually restored. Of infinitely more importance than this noisy struggle has been the steady advance of the Social-Democratic party, which has secured a remarkable hold on the working classes in the leading centres of German industry. In the increasing power of Socialism Prince Bismarck saw the most formidable danger of the future, and he tried to meet it by a policy of stern repression on the one hand, and by far-reaching social reforms on the other. During the lifetime of William I. the supremacy of the great Chancellor was almost that of an absolute ruler, and it was not shaken during the brief reign of the Emperor Frederick; but William II., a man of strong individuality and abounding energy, found it impossible to share his authority even with the statesman who had played so commanding a part in the accomplishment of national unity. Prince Bismarck had, therefore, to withdraw from public life, and the young Emperor became virtually his own Chancellor. William II. is dominated by the ideas and sympathies of the new generation, and the world waits with interest to see what use he will make of his splendid opportunities.

France had scarcely emerged from the war with Germany when

she became involved in the short but terrific struggle between the regular army and the Communists of Paris. During the war the Empire had been overthrown, and after the suppression of the Commune the country turned to the task of providing itself with new institutions. Notwithstanding the resolute opposition of the Royalists and Imperialists, the Republic was established. It has not been a conspicuous success, and a year ago many observers were of opinion that it would be destroyed by General Boulanger. Events have proved, however, that France prefers the Republican to any other form of government, and that it depends chiefly on the Republicans themselves whether they shall continue to exercise power. They have devoted much attention to the educational needs of the people, and the results attained by them in this direction are perhaps the most solid and useful of their achievements.

During the Franco-German War the Italian Government seized the opportunity to complete the work of Cavour and Garibaldi by taking possession of Rome. The Papacy has never ceased to denounce what seems to it a wicked act of spoliation; but its complaints have excited little sympathy in Italy or elsewhere. The Italians have found out that national greatness is not without its disadvantages, since it has imposed upon them the necessity of maintaining a powerful army and navy; but even the pressure of excessive taxation has not led to any dangerous outburst of popular discontent.

In Austria-Hungary a profound emotion was stirred by the mysterious death of the Crown Prince, but no other single event—apart from Austria's relation to the Eastern Question—stands out very prominently. The Dual System, which was established shortly before the beginning of our period, has, upon the whole, worked remarkably well, thanks mainly to the high personal qualities of the Emperor. The Czechs of Bohemia have been a constant source of trouble, but elsewhere much progress has been made towards the adjustment of the claims of the various nationalities of the Monarchy.

Next to the war with Turkey, the assassination of Alexander II. has left the deepest mark on Russia. That event threw a painfully vivid light on the forces which were agitating Russian society. The present Czar, who has lived as much as possible in seclusion, has striven to crush the revolutionary party, and he has so far succeeded that comparatively little is now heard of the Nihilists. But he has not been strong enough to reform the administrative system, the abuses of which are the source of most of his difficulties; nor has he had sufficient confidence in his subjects to foster among them the spirit of freedom. The evils of the system of which he is the head have never been more strikingly displayed than in the revolting persecution of the Jews, against which the entire civilised world is now protesting.

Twenty-one years ago Spain was in a state of violent commotion. Queen Isabella had been compelled to fly from the country, and Don Carlos had taken advantage of the confusion to raise his standard in the Basque Provinces. Amadeo, the son of the King of Italy, was raised to the Throne; but he soon became tired of his thankless task, and returned to his home. Then Republican institutions were tried, but no good came of the experiment, and, in 1874, Alphonso, Queen Isabella's son, became King. During his reign the Carlists were overcome, and the nation gradually accustomed itself to the methods of a constitutional Monarchy. Since King Alphonso's death, Spain has been wisely ruled by the Queen, who acts as Regent during the minority of her son.

In 1869 the United States had already almost recovered from the shock of the Civil War; and during the intervening time nothing in the political history of the country has excited more general interest than the recent passing of the M'Kinley Bill, and the swift punishment which overtook the party responsible for it. In South America there have been many small Revolutions, and one of some importance—the Revolution which led to the transformation of the Empire of Brazil into a Republic. A struggle between Chili and Peru, if it served no other useful purpose, at least gave experts an opportunity of studying the effects of various applications of physical science to naval warfare.

In Asia the most striking events have been those associated with the sure and rapid extension of Russian power. In the history of India the period has been made memorable by the war with Afghanistan, the annexation of Upper Burma, and the gradual strengthening of the belief that England has little or nothing to fear from Russia's progress towards her northern frontier. Japan has so steadily appropriated Western ideas that in spirit she is now a European rather than an Asiatic Power, and even China has become more accessible to the influences of the modern world.

If we look back upon the period as a whole, perhaps the most remarkable of its characteristics is to be found, not in mere political changes, but in the extraordinary development of what is often called the Social problem. In no previous age has so much interest been manifested in schemes for the improvement of the material conditions of life among the poorer classes; and this feeling has been displayed with constantly-increasing strength, not in one or two countries only, but all over Christendom. Workmen demand that the profits of Capital shall be more equally divided, and almost everywhere the demand leads to frequent misunderstandings and quarrels between employers and employed. It has led, too, to the rapid spread of Socialism, which is represented in every great community by an enthusiastic, and more or less powerful, party. It is in some degree due to this movement that the idea of colonial expansion has begun to have an irresistible fascination for many European statesmen. France has practically taken possession of Tunis, and has forced China to acknowledge her hold over Tonkin. Italy has planted herself firmly in Abyssinia. Germany has seized territory in many different parts of the world; and both with her and with France England has concluded agreements as to "spheres of influence" in vast regions of Africa. These changes do not merely indicate the working of a restless and adventurous temper—they show how strong and how general is the conviction that new outlets must somehow be found for energy and labour.

JAMES SIMS

MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT. — On Monday last, December 1st, Messrs. Reed and Grain produced a new entertainment, entitled *Possession*, written by Walter Browne, the music by Alfred J. Caldicott.

WEDDING-PRESENTS have become such a tax in the United States that efforts are being made to check the burden. When a fashionable couple were married at Washington lately their cards of invitation to the wedding contained the injunction "no presents," distinctly inscribed in the lower left-hand corner.

THE COCO-DE-MER OF THE SEYCHELLES ISLANDS is growing at Kew, after repeated efforts. Nuts were planted in June, 1889, in a bed of cocoanut fibre, and kept at a high temperature till four shoots appeared. Two of these are healthy, and prosper well. The Kew cultivators will have some time to wait for the fruit, as the tree rarely yields before the age of forty years.

RUSSIAN ATHLETES do their utmost to attract public notice by eccentric walks or rides on horseback and bicycle. Now a M. Balaboukha has just left Kiew to walk across the Balkans to Greece and Constantinople, thence to Jerusalem and through Syria to Morocco, whence he will cross to Spain, and return home by France and Germany. He expects to occupy nearly three years in this task.

THE "ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS"

FIFTY YEARS AGO the pictorial Press was not represented in the ranks of the Fourth Estate. There was no illustrated newspaper, properly so-called—that is, a newspaper that relied upon its pictures as the chief attraction. There were newspapers that made titful attempts to illustrate the news of the day; but on such occasions they mainly selected the criminal records for subjects, and their choicest efforts were employed on such sensational cases as the Cato Street Conspiracy and the murder of Mr. Weare. Now and again there was an attempt at higher things when opportunity offered; but nothing seemed so attractive to those pioneers of the pictorial Press as a good murder, or a great prize fight.



THE LATE W. H. INGRAM

The *Observer*, *Bell's Life in London*, the *Sunday Times*, and the *Weekly Chronicle* had been the chief representatives of illustrated journalism up to this period; but they were only working out and helping to develop an old idea—the idea of illustrating current events, which existed long before the birth of newspapers. In these early breathings of the pictorial spirit it is curious to observe how the modern journalist followed in the footsteps of his predecessor of the seventeenth century. The old writers delighted in storms, floods, and murders, and their tracts, or "news-books," were often illustrated with rough woodcuts. Out of these "news-books" came the newspaper, but it was a thing of gradual growth. During the reign of William III., when newspapers multiplied greatly, the reign of William III., when newspapers multiplied greatly. But there was no illustrated news save, perhaps, an occasional attempt to represent an eclipse of the sun, or a fiery apparition in the air.

The *Times* illustrated Nelson's funeral, and thus forms a connecting link between the illustrated news of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. The *Observer* then took up the running, followed by the *Weekly Chronicle*, and, at the opening of the Victorian era, it was hard to say which of the two would beat the record. The *Observer* still flourishes, but is no longer illustrated. The *Weekly Chronicle* has long been defunct.

In 1837 the atrocious crime known as the Greenacre murder was elaborately illustrated in the *Weekly Chronicle*, and while the excitement lasted the paper had a weekly sale of 130,000. At this time, the late Mr. Herbert Ingram, the founder of the *Illustrated London News*, was in business in Nottingham as a printer, bookseller, and newsagent. He was so much struck with the extraordinary demand for the *Weekly Chronicle* when it contained engravings, that he conceived the idea of starting a paper whose chief interest should be its pictures. He thought if he could combine *Art* and *news* together, he would be adding greatly to the ordinary attractions of a newspaper, and would probably secure a widely-extended circle of readers. As his project extended, he began to see that he had a much wider field before him than had yet been touched by the *Observer* or the *Weekly Chronicle*. He had noticed that his customers at Nottingham often asked for the "London news" when anything of interest was afloat in the metropolis, and he was led to conclude that this would be a good name for his paper. He accordingly called it the *Illustrated London News*, and under that title the first number appeared on May 14th, 1842.

It was not at first a success—few newspapers are—but by the time it was a year old it had reached a circulation of 66,000. Sir John Gilbert, then at the beginning of his career, did the best things in the first number, and he continued for twenty years to supply it with its most telling and effective illustrations. The late George H. Thomas was also one of the numerous band of artists who have helped to found the pictorial Press of this country.

It was Mr. Ingram's wise policy to employ the best talent, and to pay for it handsomely. Kindness and liberality marked his dealings with the artistic and literary world, by whom he was sincerely respected. As the founder of a new kind of journalism, he has done much in diffusing a knowledge and love of Art amongst the people.

During a visit to the United States in 1860, Mr. Ingram was drowned, together with his eldest son, while on an excursion up Lake Michigan. His body was washed ashore near Chicago, and brought home to England. At the time of his death he was member of Parliament for his native town of Boston, and the people of Boston honoured him with a public funeral, and erected a statue to his memory.

Since the decease of Mr. Ingram the proprietorship of the paper has remained in the family of its founder. Mrs. Ingram is still living and the surviving sons, William and Charles, have been for many years associated in the management. They were educated at Winchester, and Mr. William Ingram was called to the Bar in 1870. For some years he represented Boston in Parliament as a Liberal. At the University he took a first-class degree in Applied Science, and shortly after assuming the direction of the *Illustrated London News* he began to turn his attention to the improvement of machinery for printing newspapers. This resulted in the invention of a rotary machine for printing cheap illustrated newspapers. By the old system the engravings were printed on one side of the sheet, and, by a second printing, the type on the other side. The *Penny Illustrated Paper* is printed by the Ingram Rotary Machine at the rate of 7,000 an hour. It prints both sides of the sheet at once, cuts each number to its proper size, folds it, and turns it out complete. Of course, a high class illustrated newspaper cannot be produced at this rapid rate. It takes fifteen



MR. CHARLES INGRAM

machines to produce 5,000 copies of the *Illustrated London News* in an hour, and the folding-machines turn out fifty sheets in a minute. The folding-machine completes its work by inserting the paper in its cover, and then the cutting and wiring-machines come into play. Every copy of the paper is cut and stitched with wire, and reaches the hands of the reader ready for perusal without the preliminary use of, perhaps, an ill-cutting paper-knife, and the consequent waste of time and temper. These arrangements are common to other papers.

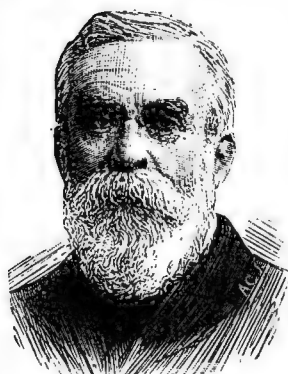
The literary editor is Mr. John Latey, whose connection with the paper dates from the very first number. He has an able coadjutor in Mr. Roger Acton.

The *Illustrated London News* has originated a very numerous race, but only one paper can claim positive relationship to it. This is the *Penny Illustrated Paper*, which was started in 1862 to supply the masses with a weekly pennyworth of Art and news. It leans with affectionate reliance on its elderly relative, and has been successfully conducted from its birth by Mr. John Latey, jun. With it is incorporated the *Illustrated Times*.

The historians who shall record the doings of the Victorian era will find in the pages of the illustrated newspaper a wealth of materials for their use. They will see pictorially represented not only the exploits of war and the triumphs of science, but the every-day life of the times, the signs of its taste and intelligence, its public monuments and leading men, its festivals, institutions, amusements, and the very reflection of its living manners and customs. To the *Illustrated London News* belongs the credit of beginning, in its full and complete form, this valuable record of the past.

MASON JACKSON

Mr. Mason Jackson is the Art editor of the *Illustrated London News*, and was invited to join the staff of the paper at the time of Mr. Ingram's death. Mr. Jackson is the author of a history of the pictorial Press, in which he traces its origin and progress from the beginning of the seventeenth century to the present time. His literary and artistic tastes, and practical knowledge of engraving, which so well qualify him for his position, find a congenial field of exercise in the manifold concerns of a pictorial newspaper. When Thomas Bewick revived wood-engraving, he helped indirectly to create the illustrated newspaper, which has done so much to develop the resources of the Art. Mr. Jackson's interest in its application to the embellishment of newspapers may have been stimulated by the fact that he is a native of the Tyneside parish where Bewick was born. He is well versed in Bewick traditions, and is familiar with the life and the localities that figure in so many of his vignettes.—ED. *Graphic*.



MR. MASON JACKSON

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

A PLEASANT little volume of verse is Mr. Charles Newton-Robinson's "Tintinnabula" (Kegan Paul). Amongst the rest we have "A Ballad of the Battle of Crécy," a very fair imitation of the Macaulay manner in the "Lays of Ancient Rome." The poem is full of vigour and spirit. Occasionally the poet's foot slips. For example, we take leave to doubt if one can speak of "marshland acres" as foundering, because they are overflowed by the sea, and we are quite certain that the Muse was nodding when it passed—

It was a sign of battle dour,
Where blood should freely shed!

Still, after all failings are taken account of, we have a vivid picture of one of the most popular of our historic frays. Here is a passage describing what happened upon Philip's Genoese cross-bowmen, showing that their wet bowstrings had spoiled their efficiency:—

But when these foreigners had felt
The limit of their tether,
Up rose our English archers,
All silent, all together,
And each man took one step in front,
And each to ear drew feather:
My God!—the arrows from their bows
Flew thick and white as fly the snows,
In wild and wintry weather!

Some of the author's lyrics show considerable promise, noticeably one full of life and movement entitled "Harig of Horn," dealing with an heroic episode in the famous Siege of Haarlem. Nor must we omit to mention a few graceful renderings from the French of De Musset, Gautier, Ronsard, Villon, and Victor Hugo.

We have from the pen of Lady Lindsay a volume of "Lyrics and Other Poems" (Kegan Paul). Most of these compositions appear now for the first time, though some few have already seen the light in the pages of *Atalanta*, the *English Illustrated*, and *Macmillan*. The poetess concerns herself mostly with simple themes, with those hopes and fears, joys and sorrows of life which are perennial, and appeal readily to the sympathies of everybody and are felt in every time. There is no pretence at profundity, and yet a whole wealth of pathos in this little poem, headed "Fireside":—

Gazing into the fire,
With baby on my knee,
Ere the crimson coals expire,
How many things I see!

Into the future peering,
To read what life shall be;
How much I'm hoping—fearing,
For the babe upon my knee!

A wide circle of readers will doubtless reward Lady Lindsay's lyrical efforts with their appreciation.

We have received a new and revised edition of "First Poems" (*Aldgate Monthly Office*), by Claud Vincent. Most of these effusions might, with advantage, have been left in the "Poet's Corners" of the local newspapers from which probably they were culled for this publication. They are prefaced, however, by an "Introductory Sonnet" to the author, by Alfred Wood, author of "Freaks of Fancy," and by a warmly eulogistic note written by Mr. Capern, the "Devonshire Poet." There are also laudatory quotations from the *Salisbury Journal*, the *Frome Times*, the *Warminster Herald*, and the *Bideford Gazette*. We may quote two verses from a poem headed "Shadows":—

I must sit, and think, and think,
I must sit and think alone,
Sit in the chair of manhood,
And think of the shadows long I know.
The holy, whose lives yet haunt us,
And the wise, whose lives yet grow.
I have sat, and wept, and wept,
I have wept for many a day;
Tearless I now would fathom
The teaching of hearts passed away,
The lives that sublime our spirit
And the glory of tenement clay.

This weeping, sitting, and thinking is bathos, but there is plenty more of the same sort of thing in the forty pages of "First Poems."

GERMAN ILLUSTRATED PAPERS

IN Germany there are two illustrated weekly papers which mainly divide the attention of the reading public—the *Illustrirte Zeitung* (of Leipzig) and *Ueber Land und Meer*, which is published at Stuttgart. Of these the former is more to the taste of English readers, being devoted, as it is, to the illustration of current topics and events; while the latter claims to be more in the nature of what the Germans call a *belletristic* (*à belles lettres*) journal, and is not so much concerned with contemporaneous actuality as with the domain of beauty and interest in Art and Nature. One ministers to the public desire for the presentation of the leading news and topics of the day in concrete and objective form; the other to the popular love of Art and æsthetic culture; and in Germany it is remarkable to what an extent the latter craving dominates the nation in the choice of its leisure-hour amusements. To judge, indeed, from the comparative circulation of their favourite picture-papers, one is almost forced to conclude that the Germans prefer to be cultured first, and practical students of the present afterwards. But in spite of the fact that *Ueber Land und Meer* now enjoys a very much larger number of readers than its rival, or rather contemporary, the *Illustrirte Zeitung* had the honour of being first in the field, which it still all but monopolises in its own particular line. Its founder—whose portrait we append—was an energetic and accomplished Swiss, Jean Jacques (or, in its Germanised form, Johann Jacob) Weber, who was born at Basle in 1803, and, after devoting himself to all the branches of the book and publishing trade, both in his native country and in France, settled at Leipzig in 1832, as the agent of the well-known Paris firm Bossange Père. It was about this time that Charles Knight, under the auspices of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, issued his *Penny Magazine*—an epoch-making event in the history of popular literature; and Weber was quick to follow with an imitation of the enterprise, which at once rushed into a circulation of 60,000 copies, an unheard-of number for Germany. As the *Penny Magazine* had thus stimulated his ambition, so the appearance of the *Illustrated London News*, and its congener the *Illustration* of Paris, left him no rest until he attempted something on similar lines, and thus in July, 1843, he published the first number of his *Illustrirte Zeitung*, with the help of the celebrated wood-engraver, Kretzschmar, to whom, and to his school of pupils, the new venture owed much of its immediate success. In August, 1862, Weber celebrated the appearance of the thousandth number of his *Illustrirte Zeitung*, on which occasion, among other honours, it was made the subject of a "Jubilee March;" while, on the completion of its fiftieth volume, its founder and proprietor was presented with the Francis Joseph Order by the Emperor of Austria, in recognition of the delicate consideration with which its artists and writers had treated Austrian subjects in spite of the War of 1866. Owing, in fact, to his extraction and travels, Weber had in him much of the cosmopolite, and could, therefore, accord to readers of all nations congenial treatment and entertainment. In the volumes of the *Illustrirte Zeitung*—which have been served in turn by the pens and pencils of such artists as Carl Beck, Ludwig Bürger, Kaiser, and Lüders—lies embedded a mine of pictorial wealth for the future historian of Germany; but, indeed, this mine has already been rendered more get-at-able by such interesting reprints as the "War Chronicles" of 1849, 1864, 1866, 1870-71, and 1876-78. Weber himself, after a long career, which had been as successful as it was energetic, died in 1880, leaving three sons as heirs and managers of the enterprise he had founded. Of these George Hermann Weber died in October, 1889, and was followed to the grave a few weeks later by his brother, John Conrad, bequeathing the *Illustrirte Zeitung* to Dr. Felix Weber, who, while living himself in Leipzig, is content to have his journal mainly directed from Berlin.

Our other portrait is that of Eduard von Hallberger, who in the year 1858 founded *Ueber Land und Meer* with the view of ministering to a popular taste, which was not altogether gratified by the *Illustrirte Zeitung*, with its more exclusive instinct for actualities. Unlike the latter journal, which sprang at once into an assured existence, its Stuttgart contemporary had at first to struggle for life, and would probably have failed altogether to establish a firm footing had not its owner, determined to win or lose his all, reduced its price by a half, and thus offered a high artistic and intellectual treat at a comparatively low cost. The venture proved successful, and *Ueber Land und Meer*, with its world-wide range of æsthetic and historical interests, its presentation in wood-cut form of the masterpieces of modern German and European Art (a great feature), its entertaining *feuilletons* and serial publications of the works of some of the foremost German novelists (Georg Ebers, for example), all combined to make its circulation a very large one. It was a rich vein in the popular taste of his culture-craving countrymen which Eduard von Hallberger had struck; and when he died, in 1880, he died very rich. His brother Karl von Hallberger conducted *Ueber Land und Meer* with equal success till his own demise, ten years later, when its ownership devolved on a shareholding company, and its management on Herr Joseph Kürschner.

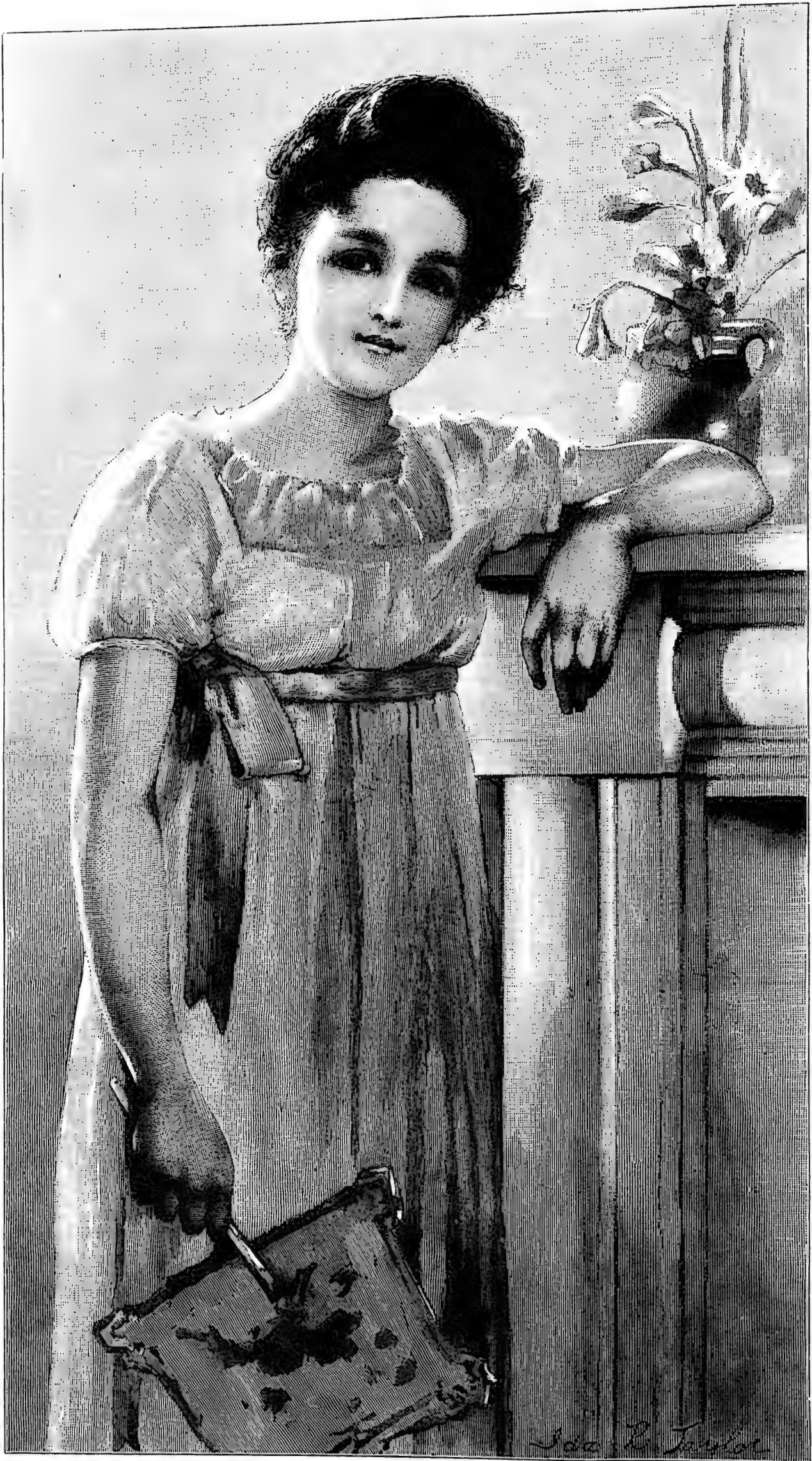


HERR E. VON HALLBERGER

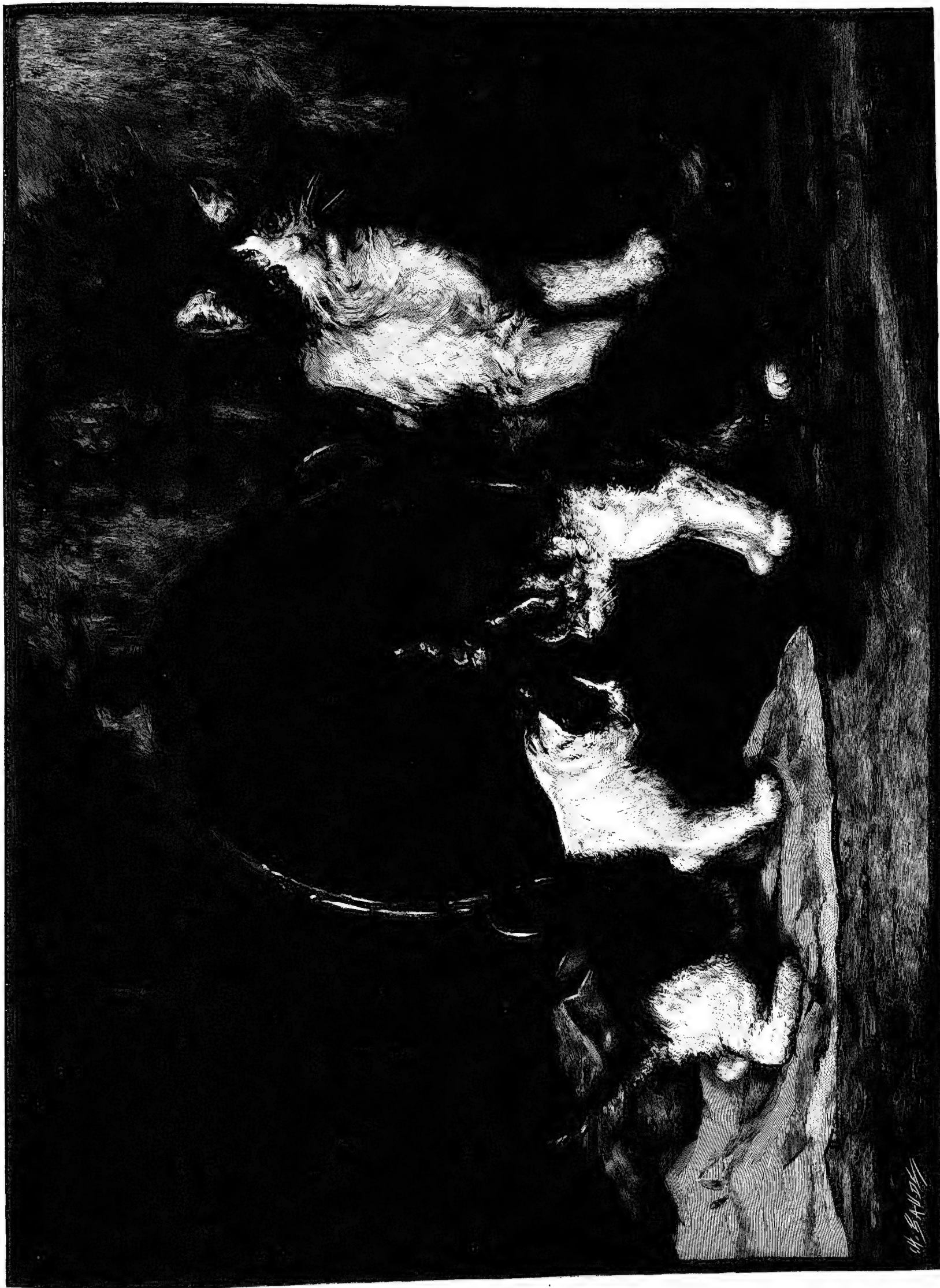
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UNIVERSITY HALL, Gordon Square, was formally opened last Saturday, at a meeting in Portman Rooms. The chair was taken by the Rev. Stopford Brooke, supported by Dr. Martineau, Dr. Drummond, the Earl of Carlisle, and others of similarly "advanced" theological views. The authoress of "Robert Elsmere," Mrs. Humphry Ward, read a paper explaining the aims of the new institution, which has now eleven residents engaged in Charity Organisation and other social missions.

THE LATE OBERAMMERGAU PASSION-PLAY produced the satisfactory receipts of 33,000*l.* After all expenses are paid the net profits reach 18,000*l.*, but as the money is divided amongst a large number of actors, the individual shares are small, particularly as the Commune levies a heavy income-tax. Mayer, the Christ, received 100*l.*; the Burgomaster Lang, who enacted Caiaphas, 65*l.*; and the same sum was given to his daughter for representing the Virgin Mary. Further 2,000*l.* will be devoted to the New Hospital, 1,500*l.* put aside as an endowment for Nurses, and other funds spent on the new drainage system and various expenses connected with the theatre.



"FIRESIDE FANCIES"
FROM THE PICTURE BY MISS IDA R. TAYLOR, EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY



"A DISCUSSION"
FROM THE PICTURE BY E. LAMBERT, EXHIBITED AT THE CHAMP DE MARS EXHIBITION

FRENCH ILLUSTRATED PAPERS

It is no exaggeration to say that the English illustrated papers have served as models and stimulus for the French. The Christmas Number is in Paris of quite recent creation, and its appearance is a witness to the constant rivalry going on in all branches of human production on both sides of the Channel. In this continuous and fertile rivalry lies the explanation of many strange phenomena not otherwise explicable. Rivalry produces diametrically opposite effects according to the minds imbued by it, and while some Frenchmen have a hatred for England, whom they consider a rival; others have an admiration and passion for her as a competitor who stirs them up, and impels them to constant improvement.



M. RENÉ BASCHET
"La Revue Illustrée"

The conductors of the few French illustrated papers worthy of mention may be said to belong to the class of enthusiastic rivals. The *Illustration*, the *Monde Illustré*, the *Univers Illustré*, the *Revue Illustrée*, by happy exception of agreement, are generally friendly to England. They acknowledge her as the great initiator of illustrations at the service of ideas, and these four journals may be praised in the columns of *The Graphic* without abusing its hospitality.

The *Illustration*, which is the oldest and most unquestioned of great illustrated papers in France, was established in 1843 by MM. Dubochet and Charton. It was edited by M. Paulin from 1848 to 1863, and then by Auguste Marc, who was succeeded in 1886 by his son, the present editor. During this long period the *Illustration* has had the assistance of a great many artists and writers who have gained celebrity, among them being Gavarni, Toppfer, Godefroy Durand, Worms, Emile Bayard, Adrien Marie, Paul Rénouard, De Haenen, Pannemaker, Francisque Sarcey, Jules Claretie, and many others not less eminent. One great element of success of the *Illustration* is the great illustrated romances published by it as special supplements, which have been popularised by the admirable sketches of Emile Bayard. These novels, bearing the signatures of the greatest names in French contemporary literature, such as Alphonse Daudet, Paul Bourget, G. Ohnet, François Coppé, and Pierre Loti, are always new works, and the accompanying engravings are published only in the *Illustration*, and do not appear in book form. The circulation of the *Illustration* has been steady for many years, and, I believe, exceeds 20,000. Its present editor, M. L. Marc, is excellent company, enjoys great esteem, and devotes himself with untiring perseverance to the undoubted success of his undertaking.

The *Monde Illustré* was started in 1857, by M. Jacottet, head of the "Librairie Nouvelle," which was then in great favour, and was patronised by all the famous writers of the time. Most of these writers, Théophile Gautier, Auguste Vitu, Armand Baschet, Pierre Véron, Charles Yriarte, Alexandre Dumas, George Sand, Méry, Léon Gozlan, Paul Féval, Louis Ulbach, Jules Noriac, Louise Collet, became his assistants. The *Chronique* was written by Jules Lecomte, who speedily earned a reputation, the recollection of which is not yet effaced. The early engravings, however, though carefully done, were not by men of equal standing. Notwithstanding such a staff, the enterprise did not pay. Not till two years later, in the hands of MM. Haentjens, Pointel, and Bourdillard, did the new journal make a leap, and gained one of the first places among the, as yet, few illustrated periodicals in Europe. M. Charles Yriarte was then editor, and gave a strong impulse to the artistic portion. In 1869 the *Monde Illustré* passed into the hands of M. Paul Dalloz, publisher of the *Moniteur Universel*, a man of spirit and initiative. M. Charles Yriarte retiring on the war of 1870, M. Dalloz entrusted the destiny of the paper to M. Edouard Hubert, who had for several years been his secretary. Formerly a teacher, handling pen and pencil with equal ability, M. Hubert was certain to enter into his views and give the paper new life. The *Monde Illustré* then asserted itself as the journal *par excellence*. A new galaxy of artists, such as Vierge, Scott, Lix, Adrien Marie, Bodmer, Lhermitte, Jules Lavée, Albert Duvivier, G. Virillier, had arisen. It was a real revolution in the art of modern illustration, which was assisted by the invention of new chemical processes for the direct reproduction, without intermediary, of original drawings. Since last August the *Monde Illustré* has twenty-four pages in lieu of sixteen. It prints about thirty thousand copies. It still belongs to the Société de Publications périodiques, presided over by M. Desfossés-Dalloz, heir of M. Paul Dalloz, who died in 1888. Since that date M. Edouard Hubert has taken the title of "Director," and under his own responsibility, with twenty years' experience, continues the traditions of his predecessors, adding a constant and considerable personal influence.



M. EDOUARD HUBERT

The *Univers Illustré*, with eight pages of illustrations and eight pages of letterpress, belongs to the great publishing house of Calmann-Lévy, the powerful support of which has made this large-size illustrated paper one of the most popular and widespread. It costs only eighteen francs a year, giving carefully executed illustrations, articles signed by the most influential names, and displaying a



M. LUCIEN MARC

frequently happy knack of subjects of immediate interest. The paper is under the direct management of M. Calmann-Lévy, a brother of M. Michel Lévy, who founded it nearly thirty years ago. The *Revue Illustrée*, was started in December, 1885, by a group of printers, stationers, and engravers, in concert with M. Ludovic Baschet, who in 1887 became sole proprietor, and placed it under the management of his son, M. René Baschet. Like all new publications, it has had to achieve by considerable losses the success which it has been enjoying for two years, and which is more and more decided. It prints twelve thousand copies, and sells twenty-five thousand of its Christmas Number. This is not much compared with similar publications in other countries, but in France, as a publisher remarks to me, people are not great readers, and it is no easy matter to extract thirty-six francs from the pockets of a bourgeois.

The *Revue Illustrée* has an excellent reputation abroad, and has had the compliment of being imitated. What makes its success, apart from its literary articles, is its wood-engraving, which Florian has brought to rare perfection. Of attractive appearance and interesting to read, it has speedily taken honourable rank among illustrated periodicals, and has unquestionably a brilliant future in store.

TWENTY-ONE YEARS OF NOVEL-WRITING

THE best way of realising the effect of one-and-twenty years of the world's real life upon its fiction—and, to a greater degree than people suspect, the stronger influence of fiction upon the real life of the world—is to imagine oneself upon a distant height which it has taken just twenty-one years to reach and climb. We take a backward look, and many of the objects (if we may call authors "objects") which, when we were among them, were so familiar and important, require a telescope for their recollection: the horizon, to the unaided sight, is marked by, perhaps, so few that they may be counted on the fingers. There have been times in the history of fiction— which, observed from twenty-one years' distance, would look like a desert, without a single palm-tree to break the line, though they, too, had their shrubs and bushes, perhaps their flowers and their fruit also, for us while we still sojourned there. This cannot, however, be said of 1869, even when viewed from the distance of 1890. Dickens had not yet bequeathed the whole English-speaking world an unsolved mystery; the birthday of *The Graphic* preceded that of Edwin Drood by a month or two. George Eliot had not yet written her masterpiece, as "Middlemarch" is now almost universally acknowledged to be. Bulwer was still the *doyen* of the craft, with his latest works still to come; and the author of "Vivian Grey" in 1825 had not yet written the still more youthful story of "Lothair." Both the Kingsleys were living. Charles Reade, Anthony Trollope, and Wilkie Collins were in full tide of work; Harrison Ainsworth, whose first romance had been praised by Sir Walter Scott, had not laid down his pen; nor was the authoress of "John Halifax" to lay down hers for many another industrious year. Mr. George Meredith, Mr. Blackmore, Miss Braddon, Mrs. Oliphant, and Miss Yonge had fully established their widely differing reputations—so much so that they belong rather to that period than to this; Mr. Hardy was already representing promise; Mr. Black was on the eve of winning his spurs; Miss Rhoda Broughton and "Ouida" were revelling in the first flush of their parts of *enfants terribles*. It was not a bad or barren time; and it could easily have included Thackeray without his passing middle age, and still more easily Mrs. Gaskell, had she not died at the zenith of her power only four years earlier. Would it be easy to find any period of the history of British fiction fuller of more varied genius, or more singularly like the season of complete maturity which, in all mundane affairs, has proved the grand symptom of imminent decay?

The pages of a paper which has but just come of age are certainly no fitting place for praise of the past at the expense of the present. And if they were, there is no real occasion for any invidious comparison. If, of the tallest trees of 1869, some have fallen and few, if any, have grown taller than they then were, the average growth is unquestionably improved in quality as well as quantity. A great publisher, who was also one of the finest and most experienced of critics, used to maintain, when people scoffed at the trash of the fiction-market, that it was an "immensely" (only he used a stronger adverb) "clever thing to write a novel at all." Accepting the authority, the number of clever people in the United Kingdom must be unprecedented; and if this conclusion be suspected of sarcasm, I shall be sorry indeed. Perhaps it is that universal novel-reading has led to the discovery of the tricks of the craft (for it has its tricks like any other); perhaps an immensely wider public has relaxed literary laws and lowered critical standards; but it is assuredly a fact that every day it becomes harder and harder for work which would once have been the talk of the time even to attract attention, much less to make its mark, despite the perfection attained by fiction's sister-art of advertising. I am, of course, not taking into account all the trash, refuse, and waste of production—which has no more to do with a retrospect of fiction than a review of science would be concerned with the statistics of the humming-top trade. On the whole, then, it is safe enough to take a complacent view of the present state of fiction at the close of our nonage, whatever may be the prospects of the unguessable future. If we have no trees taller than our ancestral oaks and elms, we possess well-grown plantations covering many more acres of ground.

One result is, unquestionably, infinitely greater variety, and a further result of this is the constant craving for more variety still. The novel-reading public is certainly less faithful to established favourites than it used to be; with true democratic impatience, it will rush a name or a novel into fashion for a week, and then grow cold with equal rapidity. It makes one feel as if this were our grand climacteric, instead of our coming of age, to run over, in memory, the tastes and the schools that have followed one another, leaving scarce time for drawing critical breath between them, during these one-and-twenty years. We started in the age of "sensational"—then a freshly-invented word—when the surest way to that short span of golden gossip which we hurried moderns must be content with in lieu of fame, was to dangle one's hero or heroine from the edge of a precipice, or put him or her in some equally uncomfortable situation, without any purpose beyond exciting a reflection of physical terror. The professors of this art are now mostly found among the humbler class of practitioners. Then there was the supremacy of the detective school; and a very interesting one it was, until the superiority of imported wares, helped, perhaps, by the discovery that, where crime is concerned, truth is infinitely superior to fiction, made readers of home newspapers and French translations a little scornful of "criminal secrets" which "experience soon enabled the veriest bungler to detect with a precision and an acumen that would have done honour to Scotland Yard. Psychology came to the rescue, and showed how much more interesting the criminal may be than his crime, and the sinner than his sin. Still fiction—regarded as a general fashion—had hitherto, on the whole, occupied itself with the affairs of this world. Then—how like a dim dream it seems now—the whole world suddenly found itself talking of one Hugh Conway; who (it may be requisite to remind some novel readers who are not also diligent playgoers) wrote a novel entitled "Called Back," and was claimed to have thrown open the gates of the unseen to a generation which had forgotten "Zanoni." Perhaps the



M. CALMANN-LÉVY

taste for the occult and the mystical had been growing till it was hungry for food; at any rate, during his short career, he achieved what had all the appearance of a chronic revolution. The whole event was never quite accountable; it had many of the phenomena of fever. But more unaccountable still was the actual popularity, not the mere success, of a novel like Mr. Shorthouse's "John Inglesant," with no popular wind to fill its sails—a historical novel when history (in fiction) was never less cared for; a monument of style when style and fiction seemed to have parted company for good and all; a course of controversial disquisitions, an atmosphere of knightly romance. Well, one begins to perceive, even from the experience of only one-and-twenty years, the law of action and re-action in operation. After the long reign of seriousness, or sham seriousness, the world, which had lost Dickens, began to want to laugh, and Mr. Anstey began to write—happily for himself and the world. Then, pure adventure and the fighting-instinct having been long without indulgence, began the reign of Mr. Rider Haggard; in the midst of which, but for the operation of this same law of sharp and sudden contrast, would have looked for the nine days' wonder of "Robert Elsmere?"

The affairs of the world of fiction are for the moment exceptionally unruled. There is no all-pervading taste or fashion. Every school has left its impress and its disciples; and there are so many of them, each with its divisions and sub-divisions, that to enumerate them would be no easy matter, especially as it might be invidious to make a less than exhaustive catalogue of names. In a general way, however, the year 1890 may divide its gallery into the romance of adventure, which seems likely to flourish until somebody has planted the Union Jack at the South Pole, carried thither by an electrically-steered balloon; and its closely related prophetic school, derived from the "Coming Race," which promises, or shall I say threatens? to last longer still. Not far remote is the occult, engaged with real or affected seriousness, upon the solution of all mysteries, not always suitable for the exercise of an art whose influence over the vast majority of people is infinitely greater than all the rest of literature put together. The humbler, but really more interesting, and far more difficult work of reflecting actual life is scorned by these ambitious schools; perhaps actual life has become a trifle dull, and unpicturesque, and pleasant to escape from into dreamland—perhaps newspapers and reminiscences make ample enough provision for the study of reality. When, however, fiction does condescend to real life, there is no mistake about it—it is taken in grim earnest. Philanthropy must have its mirror; so must social reform; so must even the Irish Question; so—above all things—must the rights of spinsters and the wrongs of wives. I wish it had been possible to close the list short of the last; for it is certain that if posterity judges our character from our fiction, as we judge our ancestors from theirs, it will conclude—at any rate from the great bulk of novels written for ladies by ladies—that the Divorce Court was, even more than the hunting-field, the grand institution of the close of the nineteenth century; as to which idea I can only say, as the old lady said of the Darwinian theory of the descent of man, "It can't be true; and if it is, let us say nothing about it." The one change for the worse that strikes our twenty-one-year-old eyes is that, while the pens of English men remain conspicuously pure (there is no exception worth mentioning) those of too many English women seem to delight in scratching about subjects which require the utmost masculine vigour to become so much as excusable.

Were this list a *catalogue raisonné* instead of a rough comparison, it would be still more without excuse to make a retrospect of English fiction without a long list of special commemorations. Twenty-one years ago nobody had, with Mr. Stevenson, visited Treasure Island, or, with Mr. Clark Russell, doubled Cape Horn. Has ever a national fiction been wider than that which, contemporaneously, includes all the secrets of the universe, all the subtleties of woman, and all the simplicities of the able seaman; the routine of the barrack-room, and the vindication of the Book of Daniel? It is only possible to draw a comparison of the roughest kind; and the general result of twenty-one years of change—according to these rough data—appears to be very much the counterpart of what has been going on in other departments of activity. The once well-marked, if indefinable, distinction between the novelist by profession and the amateur has been confused almost to vanishing point; profits have been distributed till the prizes of the calling are at once fewer and less worth having; notice must be attracted by startling effects rather than by the representation of Nature; and simply to entertain without at least the pretence of some moral, social, or scientific purpose is considered an unconscientious proceeding. Finally, the growing transfer of fiction—comparatively unknown twenty-one years ago—from a few special publishing houses and magazines to the columns of newspapers, and especially of country newspapers, has made a much larger, less critical, and more independent public the bestowers of success and popularity. To say whether this is for the worse or better would be to pass an opinion upon all the tendencies of the world at large; and whether any giants of the old-world style are growing, whose genius knows nothing of conditions and can compel acceptance in the teeth of taste and tendencies, remains to be seen—by the time we are forty-two years old we shall doubtless know. If the changes of the next period rival those of the last in thoroughness and in rapid activity—but this is prospective, not retrospective. It may be that another Dickens or Thackeray, or, perhaps, even another Scott, to restore the almost extinct historical novel, will upset all calculations based on experience before we are a year older.

R. E. FRANCILLON

SMOKELESS POWDER having been so widely praised and adopted of late, it seems rather odd to hear of a machine for producing artificial smoke on battlefields. As, however, smoke is sometimes necessary to conceal military operations, a Berlin Professor has invented an ingenious apparatus to solve the difficulty.

PARIS WILL HAVE TWO RIVAL SALONS again next year. M. Meissonier's inaugural venture at the Champ de Mars last season was so successful that he proposes to take a long lease of the galleries, while all his followers are working hard to make this exhibition superior to the first. M. Gervex will send a colossal fresco intended for the Hotel de Ville ballroom, and representing the History of Music from the time of the ancient Egyptians to the eighteenth century.

MR. BANCROFT, the eminent American historian, feels the burden of his ninety years so much that he has given up all further literary work. He had written half the closing volume of his chronicle of the United States, intending to finish the work this winter, but now he does not seem equal to the task. He told a friend that while he enjoys a retrospective view of the long past, "the scene is without the sharp lines of detail which younger faculties of mind bring out in interesting relief."

LIGHT IN THE DEPTHS OF THE SEA has often been asserted to result from the self-luminosity of the marine inhabitants themselves, and positive proof of this belief was produced during the recent voyage of the Indian marine survey vessel *Investigator*. The naturalist on board found that a large prawn dredged up from a great depth was shining brightly as it lay in a bucket of sea-water. On being seized, it sent out such clouds of phosphorence that Mr. Alcock could see the position and shape of all the animals in the bucket, besides his own hands, though perfect darkness prevailed around. Other crustaceans were luminous, but in a lesser degree.



EVENING AT BALMORAL CASTLE

FROM THE PICTURE BY CARL HAAG, GIVEN TO THE PRINCE CONSORT BY H.M. THE QUEEN, AUG. 28, 1884

ST. NICHOLAS'S CAKES*

ON returning, twenty years ago, from India to England, nothing chilled me more than the almost complete absence from the working life of the English people of those popular ritualistic customs and observances that give its varied outward interest and colouring, and its deep inward joy, to the daily life of the Hindus.



SIR G. BIRDWOOD, K.C.I.E., C.S.I.

The explanation of the contrast presented in this respect by these two branches of the same Aryan race was not far to seek. The Hindus believe that man and all Nature are one with God, and, therefore, their whole life is religious, and marked in all its hourly phases and duties by rites and ceremonies illustrative of its spiritual significance. Christians, on the other hand, believe that man and Nature are fallen away and alienated from God, and, therefore, they have from the first separated the religious from what they have stigmatised, by distinguishing, as the secular life.

Hence the growing secularisation of society and all its institutions in modern Europe, particularly in Protestant countries; until now there is scarcely a red-lettered day or direction left effective in the calendars of the United Kingdom, unless Catholic Ireland provides the exception. And this is necessarily to the great detriment of the State, for there is nothing that can take the place of the religious sentiment in refining and elevating men above themselves, and giving a moral force and influence to nations beyond their material resources and strength. Even though a religion may, in its superficial aspects, be open to intellectual scepticism, we ought always to cherish an emotional and artistic faith in it.

One of my first shocks was when, on going to buy a Twelfth Cake, I found that the only figures provided for it were a ballet-girl in the centre of a number of young mashers of sorts ogling and grimacing all round about her. I could nowhere obtain the old figures of the Holy Family and the Three Kings of my youth before I went out to India. I appealed to the late Mr. William Buszard to put a stop to this degrading innovation, and to restore the traditional ritualism of the Twelfth Cake before the following year; and he fully sympathised with me and took infinite trouble, and went to considerable cost, to oblige me, importing the correct decorations from France and Germany. But no one would have them except myself. In a higher effort, which was to give a religious character to the cheap stoneware and china mugs, and cups and platters manufactured for birthday, and other occasional presents, I equally failed. I was told, as when later I suggested the institution of Primrose Day:—"Your idea is unpractical," and "un-English," and "childish," and, worst of all, that "it does not mean business."

Since then I have been trying, equally vainly, for years past to revive the old practice of providing St. Nicholas's Cakes on the 6th of December. The failure in this case is a little remarkable, as on the Continent these cakes are to be seen everywhere, filling up the confectioners' windows from St. Nicholas's Eve all through the following week. Somebody has only to once import a shopful of these figured cakes into Regent Street or Oxford Street to create the demand for them, as has been so successfully done in recent years in the case of the *Chefs de Pique* of the Continent, the Paste Eggs of old English writers. St. David's Cakes, or Taffies, and St. Michael's Bannocks have scarcely died out of Wales and Scotland, and it is strange that there should be any hesitation in resuscitating in England the commemorative confectionery of St. Nicholas, the patron saint of children, whose anniversary is the harbinger of the young scholar's Christmas holiday. Cakes very like them have in recent years appeared here and there in the streets of London under the name of *Tin d'Alsace*; and now that an opportunity has been given me of advocating their claims to redemption from oblivion in the columns of *The Graphic*, I hope by St. Nicholas's Day next year to find them in the bakers' shops all over London.

The greatest interest in truth attaches to the subject. Of all the old-fashioned cakes and buns still made in England very few have a wholly secular history. I should not like to enumerate any in this category beyond Queen's Cake, Madeira Cake, Sally Lun's Cake, Cracknels, Jumbals, Marchpane, and possibly Cookies, Nun's Cake, and Maids of Honour (Richmond). Possibly the list should include also Banbury, Shrewsbury, Coventry, Eccles, Whitstone, and Marlborough Cakes, and Ridgeway (Plymouth St. Mary's), and Bath Buns; although it is certain that Eccles Cake is a very old form of "Souls' Cake," or oblation to the dead; and that the Ridgeway Bun, having, with the rest of Cornish and Devonshire folk confectionery in which saffron is used, a Phœnician pedigree, is beyond doubt of sacramental origin.

It is not only from Greek and Roman literature and the remains of Egyptian and Roman art that we learn the true nature and meaning of the historical confectionery of modern Europe, but, above all, from the elaborately ritualistic social usages of the people of India. The cake offered by the Hindus to the dead is called *pinda*, meaning literally "a heap," but it differs slightly in shape; the *pinda* offered to the spirit of a female resembling the *mulloi* of sesamum and honey dedicated by the Greeks to Demeter, and identical, in form, and the meaning of its name, with the *fatireh* of the Levant; while the male *pinda* closely resembles our own Cockle Bread. The essential ingredients of the *pinda* are rice and sesamum-seed, butter and honey, frankincense being sometimes added. In our Seed Cake and Eccles Cake, both in their ultimate sources Soul's Cakes, caraway-seed and currants respectively take the place of rice-grains and sesamum in the Hindu *pinda*. The symbolism of the pomegranate, with its innumerable pips, in the myth of Persephone and Dis, cannot be overlooked in this connection. The *pindas* are for the *bhut*, or "ghost" (Manes) of the deceased to feed upon until it becomes a *pitri*, or deified "father" (Lar), and if the offering of them is neglected or left incomplete, the *bhut* remains a *preta*, or hobgoblin-like spirit (Lemur), intermediate in nature between a *bhut* and a *pitri*. The *sradha pinda* is offered only to the deified spirit of the deceased relative or *pitri*, and this ceremony is not at all funeral, but altogether festal, being analogous to the *Feralia* of the Romans, and the *Mukta*, or *Favardagan*, festival by the Parsees of Bombay.

At the *sradha* ceremonies the deceased is represented either by a pebble, or by an image made up of green grass, which, after consecration, is given to a cow to eat. It recalls the "manie," or cakes, made in the figures of the hobgoblin ghosts of dead men, with which Roman children were teased. This moulding of cakes in the shapes of men and animals arose out of the practice which gradually grew up in ancient times of substituting them for men and animals, as offerings to the gods. Thus, Herodotus states that the Egyptians, who were too poor to sacrifice live pigs to Isis, offered "pigs of dough," the cakes referred to in Jeremiah vii., 18, and xlv., 19. Hot Cross Buns, although directly

derived from the *eulogia* of the Greek Church, are similarly to be traced, indirectly, to the cake with bullocks' horns symbolically represented on it, which in classical Greece took the place of an ox at the sacrificial altar. Our Yule-Doughs, St. David's Cakes or Taffies, and the St. Nicholas's Cakes of the Continent, representing St. Michael standing by a tub with three children in it, all have an analogous history.

There is scarcely a Greek or Roman cake known to us that had not a sacrificial, or otherwise sacramental, significance; and they were mostly confected of exactly the same ingredients, and probably of the same fanciful, and always mystical shapes as the vernacular cakes sold to this day in the bazaars of India. It is obvious, also, that nearly all of our national English cakes are of the *sradha-pinda* type: that is, are aboriginally Souls' Cakes. Such are the Arval Cakes, still eaten, or until very lately, at Arval Suppers, or Wakes, in Yorkshire; in their very etymology, the exact analogues of the Hindu *sapindana* (*perideipnon*), or sacred feast of a deceased relation's kith and kin.

Short Bread and Scotch Bun are both of this stamp; as are Crowdie, Hockey Cakes, and Symnel Cakes; and the currant and seed cakes, still known as Soul Cakes and Soul Mass Loaves in Yorkshire, Lancashire, Shropshire, Northamptonshire, and Wales. Of these, Symnel Cakes, like Tazies and Hot-Cross Buns, having in process of time become especially associated with the solemnities of Easter week, still retain something of their former sacred character. This has, however, altogether departed from all our Christmas confectionery, even Yule-Doughs. They have all degenerated into a mere hodge-podge of juvenile gluttony. The same desecration has befallen the Bride-Cake, representing at once, but so unworthily now, the elegant *sesame* of the Greeks, and the austere "panis farreus," or spelt cake of the Romans, presented by the bride to the bridegroom in the marriage ceremony "by confarreation," than which, according to Pliny (xviii., 3), "nothing was held more holy."

We happily retain, even to superfluity, the "properties" of the ritualistic "cakery" of the ancients, and it is only needed that we should use them with a closer regard to their primitive derivation, and their historical applications both pagan and Christian; or with something at least of the ceremonial that gives picturesqueness to life, if indeed without the faith in the spiritual ideas they symbolise, which for countless ages have brought its highest peace to the human soul.

St. Clement's Day.

GEORGE BIRDWOOD

THE NEW YACHTING

SINCE, some eight or ten years ago, *The Graphic* sent one of its artists with the *Ceylon*, to make a pictorial chronicle of her voyage round the world, the experiment of transforming a big sea-going steamer into a yacht has been repeated again and again and greatly improved upon, and now promises to become an established system when the public shall have grown fully acquainted with its wide opportunities and advantages. Ordinary yachting, as every one knows, has numerous drawbacks. It is very expensive, to begin with. Then you have many anxieties thrust upon your shoulders, in deciding what is to be done or not done, especially if your skipper should chance to be rather timid; while a quarrelsome crew, or a steward whom you suspect of tipling, makes your life on board a burden. And again there is the choice of companions. Why, choosing a yachting party is a far more serious business than choosing a wife: for one thing, it generally happens that your wife chooses you—and so relieves you of all responsibility; whereas if you discover when it is too late that you have brought dog and cat on board a yacht, you have the dismal consciousness that it was all your own fault. Now when you step on to the deck of one of these big steamer yachts, you have no such anxieties or responsibilities to encounter. You have left the world and all its cares behind you. If you are wise, you will have absolutely forbidden the forwarding of any letters or newspapers. Serious books, too, should be shunned. Vacuity of mind is the chief good to be aimed at during an ocean-voyage; and towards that end you can play cricket (with a fair gallery looking on), or chess, or rope-quoits, or cards, or join in any of the innumerable occupations and amusements that get started among a lot of idle folk. These are no scrambling at railway-stations; no long and dusty journeys; no constant packing and unpacking of portmanteaus: you are entering into a region of undisturbed rest and quiet—unless, indeed, your stateroom steward should happen to have an elephantine tread fit to shake the realms of Asia, and, in that case, if he does wake you at an unholy hour in the morning, you can amuse yourself by lying placidly still and calculating how much you are going to dock off his tip at the end of the voyage. Nor have you, as in ordinary yachting, to bother about charts, or harbours, or quarantine, or pratique—you have not even to think of fresh vegetables; all that is done for you; you surrender yourself—to be taken about and shown the world. You need not even go ashore at any of the places of call: indeed, seaport towns are always best seen from the deck of the ship. Take any of the panoramic cities—Constantinople, for example, or Algiers, or Palermo, or the smaller Yalta in Southern Russia: it is from the water that these look imposing; when you land you find yourself among commonplace wharves and streets, or, worse still, in the obnoxious slums of Galata.

Now there are two points on which people who may be contemplating some such voyage are apt to betray a little solicitude and doubt; and these two points are, first, sea-sickness (coupled with the name of the Bay of Biscay), and, second, the possible manners and customs of their fellow-passengers. This latter is certainly a serious consideration. Fancy having to sit opposite, thrice a day for six weeks, some creature, more or less in human form, that talks with its mouth full, or twiddles its thumbs, or tears bread and butter with its teeth, putting the remaining fragments back on the table: assassination—or a piteous appeal to the purser for another seat—must inevitably ensue. Even in short voyages—on the Atlantic liners, for example, where the commercial traveller abounds—the presence of one or two loud and demonstrative persons may make existence far from an unmixed joy. Now my personal experience of these ocean steam yachts is limited to the recent voyage of the Orient s.s. *Chimborazo* to the Mediterranean, the Greek Archipelago, and the Black Sea; and, as regards that expedition at all events, I can fully testify that a pleasanter company of folk, brought together in this promiscuous fashion, it would be simply impossible to imagine. At the end of the long-extended cruise, one lady informed me that what she had observed all the way through had immeasurably raised her estimate of human nature (which of itself is something), and a younger lady, amongst the various testimonials then being got up, boldly suggested that the passengers should draw out and sign a memorial to themselves, complimenting themselves on their admirable behaviour, their excellent cheerfulness, friendliness, and unflinching good-humour. No doubt there is safety in numbers. There were about eighty passengers on the *Chimborazo*; and very soon, in a voyage of this kind, "fits find others," as they say in Yorkshire. But really the spirit of good-will and mutual helpfulness that prevailed was most marked. People who could not play cricket played chess, to make up a side; people who could not play chess played chess to make up a handicap; people who danced play chess played chess to make up for Sir Roger de Coverley but indifferently could at least stand up for Sir Roger de Coverley—on those magical moonlight nights, when the swish of the sea intermingled with the music on deck. People who had their own

dragoman lent him freely about, to assist in chaffering for silks in the bazaars; those who got first on shore, hired carriages for those coming after them; while, ashore and afloat, Mr. Purser—and this was the greatest of all these triumphs of good-nature—answered the most idiotic questions with bland equanimity, and changed money, and stamped letters, and sent telegrams, and got up dances, and ordered birthday cakes—all as if it were part of his regular duty. Indeed it is probable that those who signed a memorandum that was drawn up towards the end of the voyage, thanking the Captain and officers for their unvarying courtesy and consideration—it is quite probable that they were not aware—and could not be aware, through never having been on a long sea-voyage before—how much they had been petted. For example, if there was any festivity taking place on shore, the ship's boats were kept coming and going until midnight. And when we could not, on account of the surf, land at Tangiers, the Captain (though this formed no part of the planned route) simply altered his course, and carried us on to Algiers—which shows how good and how pleasant a thing it is to be unencumbered with cargo.

And now about sea-sickness. I have heard of people who were always and incurably ill at sea; but I have never come across any such; while, on the other hand, in yachting, I have seen many an indifferent sailor gain redemption, and in longer voyages I have beheld many a hapless creature rescued from the depths of his or her woe by a very simple means. Women-folk are the most difficult to deal with, for they almost instinctively fly to starvation; and starvation is fatal. Hardly less so is brandy, because of its nauseous odour. The chief precaution against sea-sickness—and it is easier to stave off sea-sickness than to cure it after it has set in—is to have the system properly stimulated before the ship gets into lumpy water; and that is only to be done by taking food and drink, and sending a sufficiency of blood to the brain. Half a glass of dry champagne to begin with; then a bit of biscuit—brown, granulated biscuit, for choice; then some more champagne; from that, when the languishing person has plucked up a little courage, he or she may go on to cold beef or anything else that may be fancied; while the wine-glass need not yet be removed. Thereafter a seat on deck should be chosen as near the middle of the ship as may be, where the motion is least; walking up and down to be avoided, until all these vague apprehensions have vanished away into the *ewigkeit*. One thing it is important to note: the larger the ship the more probable the immunity from this particular peril. Most people dread the sea simply because they have been pitched about in the little boats crossing between Dover and Calais. Now the *Chimborazo*, of which I speak as having made the most recent of these ocean cruises, is a vessel of nearly 4,000 tons; and during the whole voyage, to the Crimea and back, I don't remember noticing a single seat at table vacant. But then, it must be admitted she was favoured with exceptionally fine weather; the stormy Euxine swayed no more than a baby's cradle; and the wind-swept Aegean shone like a mirror. With regard to the Bay of Biscay, it is difficult to determine how it came by its bad name—except perhaps in this way, that the worst storms come from the west, and vessels going either north or south must of course get into the trough of the waves. An officer in the Orient service, who has crossed the Bay over forty times, tells me that in eight out of ten of these voyages it was comparatively smooth. I have myself crossed only four times: the first time we were in a full gale for two days, with the ship rolling heavily; the second time was as quiet as any reasonable Christian could desire; the two last times the sea was like a mill-pond. After all, if one wishes to know something of the world outside the limits of these small islands, one must expect to encounter a little discomfort now and again; and, for my own part, I would rather twice cross the Atlantic, with an accompaniment of continuous gales, than take once that maddeningly monotonous railway-journey to Strassburg, or Munich, or Vienna. Looking back over this most recent expedition of these steamer-yachts, it would be hard to point out one single direction in which it could have been amended or made pleasanter—and that is much to say. As regards the future, there are plenty of new routes to be mapped out; and these no doubt will be carefully considered by the various companies; but I fancy there were a good many on board the *Chimborazo*, on this her last trip, who, if they had time and opportunity for another long sea-voyage, would be quite content to "take the good old way," if only to have another look at Yalta and her vast amphitheatre of hills shining grey in the moonlight.

WILLIAM BLACK

THE "TOLSTOVTZY COLONY" in the Russian province of Tver are trying to put into practice Count Tolstoi's doctrines of equality, are closely watched by the police lest any Nihilist or treasonable movement should arise. These Tolstoi disciples belong to the wealthy upper classes, and they live on the property of a rich landowner who has divided his acres into equal shares for the members. All occupy themselves with agricultural pursuits like ordinary peasants, the ladies going barefoot, and wearing the peasant dress.

THE FREQUENT QUARRELS BETWEEN HINDOOS AND MAHOMEDANS in India over their religious ceremonies have inspired some influential followers of the Prophet to propose that their fellow-believers should give up sacrificing cows. The leader of the movement is a learned man just returned from Mecca, and his friends, after searching Islamic law, argue that the sacrifice of kine is not requisite to the due and proper fulfilment of Mahomedan ritual, nor does the will of the Prophet impose any such heavy burden either on poor or rich.

THE CADET CORPS MOVEMENT in New South Wales is being carried on most energetically. Recently the cadets from all parts of the colony went into camp at Sydney, and enjoyed three days of practical military exercises, acquitting themselves remarkably well. About 1,300 provincial recruits were under arms, the ages ranging from ten to fourteen, and on the closing day of the camp they were joined by the Sydney cadets for a review by the Governor, raising the total force on the field to 4,800. Lord Carrington was much pleased with the lads' marching, and their steadiness in the ranks, and Lady Carrington presented the Corps with the colours which had been subscribed for by the female teachers of the colony. The Queen's colours are a Union Jack, with a gold crown on both sides, while the regimental colours are of Australian blue silk, with the New South Wales coat of arms, the Union Jack quartered in the upper corner, and the regimental motto and badge in gold embroidery.

SOCIALISTS IN BERLIN have not yet abused their restored privileges since the Socialist Law expired, and their meetings and speeches are of decidedly moderate tone. Their chief exploit has been christening one of the new streets "Bebelstrasse," after their leader. The street had long been nameless, but now the police are horrified to find "Bebelstrasse" stuck up at each street corner, and though the name was printed in the night, it is so well done that the authorities cannot succeed in erasing the obnoxious title. Herr Bebel, by the bye, is being censured for indulging in too great luxury, as he lives in a fine new house, with stone balconies, and even keeps a porter to answer the door. Naturally the Socialist leader has been interviewed, when he gave his opinion of the German Emperor very freely. Herr Bebel thinks that Emperor William is an inflexible Monarchist through family tradition, but his mother's more liberal views lead him to value and propitiate public opinion. Just now His Majesty holds philanthropic views, but he is a man of highly nervous temperament, who may become severe as he grows older.

* December 6th, the day on which the twenty-first birthday of *The Graphic* is being celebrated, is St. Nicholas' Day.

WAR ARTISTS

MY instructions from the editor were that I should write an article on "War Correspondents and War Artists." I have ventured to leave the correspondents undealt with, and to concern myself exclusively with the artists.



MR. ARCHIBALD FORBES

Such a restriction of subject appears seemly and fitting in an article appearing in the coming-of-age number of an illustrated journal which owes no little of its world-wide fame to the genius, the exertions, and devotion of its war artists. Another incentive to exalt the horn of the war artists is their personal modesty and bashfulness. The war correspondent for the most part is not oppressed with these characteristics. He does not forget to set forth his own dangers and his own fine disregard of deadly missiles rained upon him by the venomous batteries over the way. The war artist never sends home a sketch depicting himself in the character of target-in-chief of a hostile army. He goes into the fire and stays there, drawing away with as much coolness as if he were "doing" a sham-fight on the "Devil's Jumps" or a dress parade in Hyde Park. It is the appreciative manager at home, not the modest artist in the field, who affixes to the designation of the battle picture the legend, "by our special artist, Mr. Frederic Villiers," or, "by our special artist, Mr. Melton Prior." These bashful knights of the pencil blush to find their identity thus promulgated to the world. Under the oppressive sense of publicity, the former ages before his time; the melodious laugh of the latter is hushed, and the capillary fluid perishes from his erstwhile hyacinthine tresses.

The earliest professional war-correspondent, Mr. Grüneisen, who represented the *Morning Post* with De Lacy Evans's Spanish Legion in 1837, is long since dead. But the earliest war artist, who saw his first service in the Crimean War, and who was already a veteran of his craft when *The Graphic* came into the world, is still with us after decades of dangers and of wanderings, full to-day of alert vitality as of matured lore in divers recondite and abstruse fields. Veteran of many campaigns as William Simpson is, he is still ready at the word for service in any part of the habitable globe. He and I have bivouacked together under a hedge before Metz, and have slept under the same blanket in the Khyber Pass. I have watched him with admiration on the day of Ali Musjid, as he stood sketching the Afghan fortress and the round shot and shell it was pouring forth. But although I have spliced the mainbrace and dealt in horseflesh with handsome, sweet-natured Tom Landells—have crossed the Danube with Matthew Hale—have ridden a race into Ulundi with Melton Prior, my closest associations in campaign have ever been with war-artists of *The Graphic*.

I was wandering among the dead and wounded of the fierce battle of Champigny on the east side of Paris, watching the wholesale interment of slaughtered French soldiers in the huge trench by the fork of the road, wherein 800 gallant men sleep their last sleep under the long mound which still marks their resting-place, when I fell into casual conversation with a tall Englishman who carried a large sketch-book under his arm. By and by we found each other out. My new friend announced himself as Sydney Hall, the artist of *The Graphic*. We had all heard something of his adventures and misfortunes in the early days of the war—how he had been the inmate of a squalid prison for several weeks, after having narrowly escaped being shot on suspicion of what, at this distance of time, I do not precisely remember. With that quiet resolution which is his chief characteristic he had overcome all difficulties and obstacles, and had finally reached the haven of the German headquarters in Versailles. The wide expanse of battle-field on which we met furnished him with innumerable ghastly and pathetic subjects. He accompanied me to my quarters in the Forest of Montmorency, and spent the few days during which he remained my guest in elaborating the most effective of the battle-field scenes which he had sketched on the spot. That remarkable series of highly-finished full-page campaign-pictures which Sydney Hall sent to *The Graphic* in 1870-71 can never cease to be remembered by any who once saw them. Hall was fastidious in regard to effective titles for his finished sketches of the Champigny battle-field. After pondering and long discussing he chose the caption, "The Last Bivouac of All," for a picture representing a detachment of dead men whom we had come upon by moonlight, and found lying just as if in bivouac. There was still greater difficulty in finding a name for a sketch depicting a picquet of live Prussians ensconced up to their shoulders in a deep shelter-trench, all around which lay dead soldiers who had fallen in the battle. At length he accepted the title of "The Buried Quick and the Unburied Dead," which occurred to me as telling and effective.

It was in the early days of the Serbian War of 1876, while a handful of us correspondents were living in the squalid village of Paratchin, that a young fellow who had just arrived handed me a card bearing the name "Frederic Villiers," and a letter from the manager of *The Graphic* bespeaking my good offices on his behalf. The short conversation which ensued, while the young and hungry neophyte on the war-path was rapidly putting a beef-steak out of sight, was the beginning of a long and cordial comradeship. Villiers very soon developed that cool courage and constancy which has given him so great advantage in his profession. After a week in Alexinatz of constant bombardment and slaughter, as no mails were being despatched to Belgrade, I had to be my own courier and his down to that place, leaving Villiers in Alexinatz with instructions to remain there until my return. One evening during my absence there was a panic in Alexinatz. The Turkish infantry were certainly very close to the open town, and the cry arose that they were "at the bottom of the street." Red Cross Knights, surgeons, and correspondents hurriedly abandoned their dinners, and bolted from the place with great precipitation. Villiers was urged to accompany the fugitives, and called a fool because he declined. But the young fellow quietly went on with his dinner, remarking that he had known the Turks to be quite as near previously without getting in, and that he meant to stay till I should return. This I did on the following morning, having met Tchernaieff and his army, heading the entire civil population of Alexinatz en route for Deligrad, having evacuated the former place. I found Villiers in occupation of the now lonely inn, the sole civilian inhabitant of the town; there was a detachment of troops left behind in the defences by Tchernaieff, with orders to keep the Turks out of the place as long as possible. At the battle of Saitchar, a few days later, a party of which I was a member accompanied General Doukoff to the extreme front on the errand of extricating a belated Serbian battery. As we rode back we found Villiers seated on a little hillock on the plain, calmly sketching, quite heedless of the Turkish shells which were falling and bursting all around him. Thus—and thus only—at the imminent risk of the artist's life, although this fact is not realised by the

student of the illustrated paper who sits at home at ease—thus only, I repeat, are veracious pictures of battle obtained.

We—Villiers and I—were together during the Russo-Turkish War until I broke down. Continually he had to sketch in desperate haste under fire, for no sooner was the fighting over than I was off *entre à terre* to the telegraphic base at Bucharest, and unless he was content to have his work linger indefinitely in Bulgaria, he had to consign it to me, finished or unfinished, to post it in a few hours *vis à vis* Bucharest. Urgency such as this teaches the war artist the value of quick execution, and it becomes a habit with him to utilise every moment of his time, regardless of danger. All day long, as from the fire-swept ridge of Radischevo we looked down into the Gehenna of slaughter on the lower ground about Plevna on July 30th, the artistic pencil followed the ebb and flow of the fierce battle, in the hurricane of the shell-fire amidst the cries and groans of the wounded and the dying. I left Villiers at nightfall with his sketches in my wallet; by what mere hair's-breadth he later in that night of horror escaped, or, rather, was saved, from falling into the hands of the butchering Circassians, there is no space here to tell. Such another day for him of industry and danger befell us on the shelterless saddle of the Shipka Pass, constantly exposed to the Turkish cross-fire, foodless and waterless, from the rising of the sun till the going-down of the same. But if the *Graphics* of the period are referred to, there will be found in the true and honest work of its war artist at the front no suggestion of nervousness or weariness, no revelation of hunger or thirst. The last time Villiers and I met on the war-path was in the throat of the Khyber Pass in the beginning of 1879; but since then the pages of *The Graphic* testify to the variety of his work—from Bulgaria to Burmah, from Tel-el-Kebir to Abu Klea and Abu Kru.

Not being a bird, to use Sir Boyle Roche's formula, Villiers could not at one and the same time be with Cavagnari in Afghanistan and with Evelyn Wood in Zululand. In the campaign against Cetewayo's *impis*, *The Graphic* was represented by a skillful artist of an independent nature, who, although wholly unaggressive when unmeddled with, had a will of his own. Further, he was fond of bathing, and he thought proper one day to enjoy this pleasure in the clear water of the Umvaloosi, regardless of the circumstance that a party of Zulus occupying a *kopje* on the river's brink were using him as a target. Orders came to withdraw the British picquets, which also were under fire, and the supervision of this evolution was in the hands of a couple of staff officers, attired in extremely shabby civilian attire. They considered it their duty to order the artist out of the river, and enforce his retirement with the picquets. The artist repudiated their control over him, and remained in the bath accentuated by bullets. Finally, the officers waded in and drove him out, using a good deal of main force, for they were irritated by his stubbornness. Some little time later the artist joined a group in which I sat, and, burning under a sense of wrong, asked whether any one could tell him who "an ugly man with a long red nose" was, as he desired to complain against him to superior authority. "Why, there he sits!" he suddenly exclaimed; the officer whose personal appearance he had so frankly described was none other than Sir Redvers Buller. Buller's companion, it turned out, was Lord William Beresford, with whom subsequently, on challenge given, the artist engaged in a pugilistic encounter, in which, to say the least, he held his own. It was quite plain that he was an artist with his fists as well as with his pencil. And, as Mr. Whistler remarked of Sir Frederick Leighton, "He paints, too!"

ARCHIBALD FORBES

THE READER

The deciphering and publishing of old records is one of the most useful tasks that the clergyman and churchwardens of a quiet country parish can well undertake. The Rev. J. E. Stocks and Mr. W. B. Bragg have published the "Market Harborough Parish Records to A.D. 1830" (Elliot Stock), and in so doing have made a most valuable contribution to English social history. Mr. Stocks, in a scholarly introduction, brings out in detail the history of the church, and of the Scropes as Lords of the Manor, with much new material from the registers and other muniments at Lincoln, and in so doing gives a vivid picture of the life of the little town before the Reformation. It is impossible to praise a work of this kind too highly, for it sets an example which every ancient parish in England should follow without delay.

In his "Household Dictionary of Medicine" (Swan Sonnenschein and Co.) Dr. F. R. Walters has produced a complete manual of domestic medicine in alphabetical order. It will probably be of great use in families, for it describes the various ills to which flesh is heir, and gives simple remedies for their cure, when there is no absolute necessity to call in a medical man.

"Blackie's Modern Cyclopaedia of Universal Information" (Blackie and Son) has now reached its seventh volume. It is a most excellent Cyclopaedia for everyday use, being handy in shape, and concise in its information. The illustrations are frequently very useful in elucidating the text.

From the life of an apologist of the sacred institution of Slavery, we pass to the works of one of its most uncompromising opponents. We have heard a good deal of late of H. D. Thoreau, and of the significance of his life, and so "Anti-Slavery and Reform Papers," by H. D. Thoreau, selected and edited by H. S. Salt (Swan Sonnenschein and Co.), may have some chance of being read. Thoreau was an eccentric creature, who neither lived nor thought like anybody else, and as the subjects on which he wrote have long since become matters of history, the interest in his essays can at best be purely academic.

There is a pleasant flavour of antiquity about any book that "vindicates" the rights of women. In this fag-end of a century we have become accustomed to many things that would have astonished our fathers, but perhaps the evolution of the girl would have surprised them as much as anything. It is now nearly one hundred years ago that "A Vindication of the Rights of Women," by Mary Wollstonecraft, was published, and now Mr. T. Fisher Unwin has come forward with a new edition, beautifully bound, and edited by Mrs. Henry Fawcett. Mary Wollstonecraft lived in a day when it was considered indelicate in a female to be other than feeble and gentle, and naturally she did not foresee that before another hundred years were over there would exist a society of women having for its sole aim and object the abolition of those tyrannous rules and regulations which in civilised States prevent women from adopting male dress, or any other form of dress they please, and actually boasting a journal of its own to vindicate its views. But he who reads Mary Wollstonecraft must forget these things, and remember what the condition of women was at the time she wrote. Mrs. Henry Fawcett has a double right, in that she is herself and the wife of the late Professor Fawcett, to introduce this new edition of the "Rights of Women," but she writes a little too much as if the average woman were on the same level as herself.

An amusing little gift for a hunting-man is "A Lay of the Love-Sick," by W. J. Hodgson (Fred. Warne and Co.). It is a story told in verse, and illustrated with coloured and tinted plates, of a fascinating widow who invaded a hunting country, and captivated all the men in the neighbourhood. It would be unfair to tell how the wooing of the love-sick sportsmen prospered, for, as a theatrical manager used to say, the interest is sustained until the fall of the curtain. The verses and the drawings are above the average of books of this description.

"HARPER'S WEEKLY"

THE first number of *Harper's Weekly*, *A Journal of Civilisation*, bears the date of January 3rd, 1857. It was forty years after the establishment of the publishing house of "J. and J. Harper." The style of "Harper and Brothers" was not formally adopted until 1833, but the four brothers—James, John, Joseph Wesley, and Fletcher—were actually united in partnership as early as 1825, the date of the accession to the firm of the youngest brother, Fletcher, whose portrait, with that of James, the senior member of the house, accompanies this article. The four brothers had carried on the publishing business together for a quarter of a century before issuing any periodical, when in 1850 they began the publication of *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*. But during this period the books published by the house were of a popular character, especially adapted to home reading, and in the "Harper's Family Library" had taken a serial form, constituting a kind of periodical publication.



MR. JAMES HARPER

The desire of reaching the homes of the American people grew with the habit of doing it. The *Magazine*, though it had within three years reached a circulation of over one hundred and fifty thousand copies, and had so far developed American literary and artistic talent as to give up its eclectic character, was inadequate to a full expression of this desire. It could appear but once a month. It could not discuss political questions. The *Weekly* became necessary. It was established just after the conclusion of the Crimean war, and the exciting scenes of that struggle must have suggested the advantage which an illustrated weekly paper would have over any monthly publication in the full and picturesque treatment of such events. We were entering upon the most critical period of our own national history. The first number of *Harper's Weekly* shows into what field of grave solicitude it had come. The opening paragraph is a statement of the results of the national election of 1856, by which Mr. Buchanan became President; and the entire first page is an appeal to the great belt of Middle States to maintain and strengthen their resistance to the extreme Northern and the extreme Southern faction, consolidating their pacific intervention. Another essay is devoted to a consideration of the Family, the Church, and the State. These were the watchwords of the four brothers.

My grandfather, Mr. Fletcher Harper, was especially associated with the foundation, the conduct, and the fortunes of the *Weekly*. I was a mere boy when the paper was first issued, taking more note of what this man and his brothers were in their own homes than of their business life. Later I saw that the cheer and vitality which enlivened the domestic circle became the energy and courage of the publishing house. The early numbers of the *Weekly*, as I look over them now, disclose the intimate thought and feeling which I so well remember as characteristic of my grandfather's conversations with his partners and chosen friends, whenever his mirth gave way to a graver mood. The writers whom he gathered about him reflected his spirit because they were in sympathy with it, and this was the ground of their association with the paper.

It seems strange that these early numbers of a periodical which has so largely won its way and effected its work through its pictures should have been so sparsely illustrated. For several weeks its first page contained no picture. But this fact is only another evidence of the faith of the brothers in "good literature." Stories by Dickens, Thackeray, Reade, Lever, and Collins, and by such American writers as were at that time eminent in fiction, were secured for serial publication in the *Weekly*. Among these serial novels was "Trumps," by George William Curtis, already for some years the writer of the "Editor's Easy Chair" in the *Magazine*.

The *Weekly* was being conducted in the shadow of a great revolution which the conservatism it represented could not avert, and very soon its conservatism meant counter-revolution for the preservation of the Union. Long before the firing on Fort Sumter it had declared that "peaceable secession is organised anarchy." When the war came it found the *Weekly* not only ready in spirit, but fully equipped with a corps of trained artists, who followed our armies on land and sea, and enabled the publishers to fulfil their promise "to give a well-drawn, well-engraved, and well-printed illustration of every important event."

At the beginning of 1864, Mr. George William Curtis became the editor of the *Weekly*—a position which he still retains after twenty six years of more effective and beneficial influence upon public action and opinion than has probably ever been exercised by any other American journalist. Of his editorials, the *North American Review*, at the close of the war, said:—"The articles upon public questions which appear in the paper from week to week form a remarkable series of brief political essays. They are distinguished by clear and pointed statement, by common sense, by independent breadth of view.

They are the expression of mature conviction, high principle, and strong feeling, and take their place among the best newspaper-writing of the time."

The cartoons of Mr. Thomas Nast, calling a keen perception and powerful imagination to the aid of serious purpose, were the products of genius, and wrought miracles. These cartoons, says Mr. Frederick Hudson, in his "Journalism in the United States," "during the late Presidential campaign (that of 1872) were among the most effective weapons against the Democratic party, and his masterly attacks on the Tammany Ring in the pages of the *Weekly* contributed largely to the overthrow of that corrupt clique."

The opposition of the *Weekly* to Copperheads during the War, to the Tweed Ring, to the inflation fallacy, to the spoils system, and to the continuance after the War of the sectional conflict which had brought it on, was as vigorously directed against dangerous evils within the Republican party. The *Weekly* has constantly preserved this independent attitude, advocating civil service reform, ballot reform, and the tariff reform, and co-operating with any movement that has seemed most likely to be successful in the accomplishment of these ends.

The purpose of the founders of the paper has been maintained through the thirty-three years of its existence. The importance of good and wholesome literature in its influence upon the popular mind and heart is fully appreciated, and its power has been reinforced by the best illustrations. J. HENRY HARPER



MR. FLETCHER HARPER

The Illustrated Papers of the World

A LOVE OF PICTURES is, perhaps, the most widely-developed feeling which mankind possesses. The Baby in its cradle evinces this feeling by crying out for picture-books, and, perhaps, shows his dawning powers of criticism by

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endeavouring to tear them up as soon as he has finished with them; for children's picture-books, until Caldecott discerned the infinite possibilities latent in them, were for the most part exceedingly inartistic productions. The Schoolboy is not exempt.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

No. 2670.—VOL. XXVII. SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1890.

Witness his admiration of the scrawls with which his more gifted playmate caricatures the head-master. And the Man pays his shillings to visit Academies and Museums, and talks vaguely about what he sees there. The savage carves rough pre-entments of familiar objects, such as bows, spears, tents, or oxen, upon log or stone, and turns the rude creations into gods



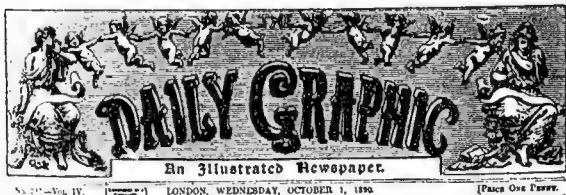
No. 170—NEW SERIES. SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1890.

or fetishes. The somewhat more sophisticated man translates the symbols into letters, and evolves an alphabet from his divinities. The civilised individual of this "so-called nineteenth century," contents himself with being an assiduous buyer of illustrated papers. The desire for pictures being so strong, the wonder

The Pictorial World

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER
No. 412. NEW SERIES.—(VOL. XXVII.) JULY 14, 1890.

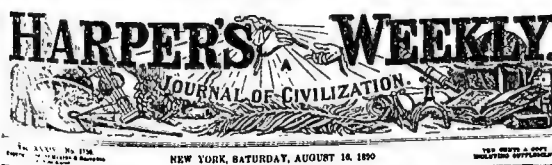
is, not that there are so many illustrated papers, but that there are, comparatively speaking, so few. The last decade has witnessed an enormous increase in the number of papers of all kinds. Very many of them, too, are illustrated. That is to say, they occasionally contain a certain number of more or less



roughly executed "cuts" to elucidate their text; but of "illustrated papers" in the narrower sense of the word—papers in which the illustrations are really artistic, and take the first place—there is still by no means a large number. Nearly all those which are entitled to rank in this category are represented on this page by their



fa title-pages, and there are only twenty-three of them. The fact is, we suppose, that such an amount of labour and skill is necessary to produce a really high-class illustrated newspaper that few men care to engage in the adventure. In London there are perhaps a hundred papers which are more or less illustrated,



but in most of them the illustrations only play a secondary part, and in others the claims of high Art are not too severely insisted upon. For example, the *Illustrated Police News* enjoys, we doubt not, a circulation inferior to none of its contemporaries, yet it would hardly come under our definition of an illustrated paper. In fact there are only five such which we have deemed worthy of inclusion here. Of these the *Illustrated London News* claims the first place, by reason of its



No. 111. New York. For the Week ending AUGUST 10, 1890. Chicago. No. 10.

seniority. An excellent account of its rise and progress, by Mr. Mason Jackson, its Art-editor, will be found elsewhere. Here it will suffice to say that it was founded in 1842, and that it rapidly became a success. So successful was it that disaster was prophesied when, in 1869, a competitor to it was brought out under the title of *The Graphic*. But the prophecies were quickly falsified, and the new venture soon established its position as at least the equal of the older journal. In the year 1874 two more high-class illustrated



No. 423. MELBOURNE, FRIDAY, AUGUST 1, 1890. PRICE SIXPENCE

papers made their appearance. The *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News* deals exclusively with the subjects denoted in its title, and is much read by the classes interested in them. The comments and sketches of its "Cautious Critic" and the "Circular Notes" of "Rapier" are specially worthy of praise. The *Pictorial World*, founded in the same year, met with less success. Reconstituted in 1882, however, it now enjoys a considerable measure of popularity, being, perhaps, most read for its Cycling and Chess



columns. Last, but, we may perhaps be pardoned for saying, not least, comes *The Daily Graphic*. This paper, which is now nearly a year old, and is firmly established as a popular favourite, is the first serious attempt ever made to produce a daily illustrated journal. The difficulties attending the venture were enormous. New machinery, capable of printing illustrations at high speed, had to be specially invented; a new race of newspaper reporters, men capable, as it were, of writing a sort of pictorial shorthand, had to be brought into being; and the methods of reproducing their

L'ILLUSTRATION

Paris le Samedi 23 AOUT 1890

sketches had to be immensely quickened, in order that the paper might give the public what the public wants—the latest possible intelligence coupled with illustrations "up to date." The difficulties have been successfully surmounted, and to-day *The Daily Graphic*, besides containing all the news of the day, is fairly entitled by its illustrations to be admitted into the category of illustrated newspapers. It is, besides, what few, if any, of the other morning papers are, so carefully edited that nothing unfit *virginibus puerisque* is ever found in its pages.

LE MONDE ILLUSTRÉ

ABONNEMENT POUR PARIS ET LES DÉPARTEMENTS
1^{re} Année — N° 1713 — 25 Août 1890

So much for English illustrated papers. England beyond the seas has not been slow in this matter to follow the example of the old country. As early as 1855, *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Paper*, which is credited with a circulation of 50,000 copies weekly, was brought out in New York, to be followed next year by *Harper's Weekly*, of which an interesting account appears elsewhere, and which is now the leading American illustrated paper. Several other papers, more or less deserving this title, are published in the

L'Univers illustré

JOURNAL HEBDOMADAIRE

ABONNEMENT PAR ANNEE
1^{re} Année — N° 1854
2^e Année — 4 Octobre 1890

Empire City, and a few others in other cities of the Union; Chicago, with the *Illustrated American*, being among the cities thus represented. Australasia has several illustrated papers, but for the most part they are of no great artistic merit, the *Illustrated Australian News*, published in Melbourne, being one of the exceptions. Canada is somewhat backward in this department of newspaper enterprise. The pictures in the *Dominion Illustrated*

301-SEPTEMBRE 1890 — N° 417

LA FRANCE ILLUSTRÉE

JOURNAL UNIVERSEL

have little merit, being for the most part only "process" reproductions of photographs.

If numbers be the test of merit, France is the leading country of the world in the matter of illustrated journalism. About a dozen of the Parisian papers are described in Sell's invaluable *Dictionary of the World's Press* as "illustrated." Of these the oldest is *L'Illustration*, which first saw the light in 1843. *Le Monde Illustré* is about fourteen years younger; but we need say no more regarding these

Le Journal illustré

journals, which are more fully treated of elsewhere by the well-known Paris correspondent of the *Times*, M. Blowitz. *L'Univers Illustré* is in its thirty-third year, while *La France Illustrée* is also well established. Of *Le Journal Illustré* we need say no more than that it is credited with a circulation of 120,000 copies weekly. Germany does not boast nearly so many illustrated papers, but its representatives make up in quality what they lack in numbers.

Of two of them, at least, it may be said that they are the most artistic productions published outside the United Kingdom—a fact not remarkable when the proficiency of Germans ever since the days of Albert Dürer in the sister-arts of wood-engraving and black-



No. 2460. 95. 62. Leipzig am Freitag, den 23. August 1890.

and-white drawing is borne in mind. Curiously enough, neither of these is published in Berlin. *Über Land und Meer* ("Over Land and Sea") is published in Stuttgart, but circulates all over the Empire, to the number, it is said, of more than 130,000;



while the *Illustrirte Zeitung* ("Illustrated Gazette") is published in Leipzig. Its circulation, however, is only some 17,000. These two papers, also, are more fully treated of on another page.

Italy is represented by *L'Illustrazione Italiana*; but the Italians,

L'ILLUSTRAZIONE ITALIANA

PREZZO D'ABBONAMENTO PER L'ITALIA
Anno XVII. - N. 34. - 24 Agosto 1890.

apparently, do not care much about Art in this particular form, for its circulation is only 9,000. It is published in Milan.

Spain resembles Italy in this as in so many other respects, for *La Ilustracion Espanola*, published in Madrid, only sells 15,000 copies weekly—not such a bad circulation, however, for Spain, where the



Correspondencia, which has the largest circulation in the Peninsula, only boasts 60,000. Spanish America is represented by *El Sud-Americano*, published in Buenos Ayres.

For the benefit of our readers who do not read Russian we may mention that the title of the journal represented below is the

EL SUD-AMERICANO

PERIÓDICO ILUSTRADO
CUBERTO A. SHOOLBREE

Wesimnaja Ilustratija ("Illustrated World"). It is published in St. Petersburg, is described as being "humorous," and has a circulation of 8,000.

The *Illustreret Tidende* ("Illustrated News") is the representa-



tive of Denmark, is published in Copenhagen, and has a circulation of 5,000.

De Hollandsche Illustratie, published in Amsterdam, has a circulation of 10,000.



In Mr. Gilbert's latest opera, *The Gondoliers*, the Grand Inquisitor, on being asked as to the welfare of a lady shut up in the Torture Chamber, replies: "She's all right. She has all the illustrated



papers." Upon which we need only remark, and our readers, after perusing this article, will probably agree, that she must have had some fine confused reading.

W. A. LOCKER



DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

"I will thrust, and do thou! and see which can drive the other to death"

"URITH: A TALE OF DARTMOOR"

By S. BARING GOULD, M.A.,

AUTHOR OF "MEHALAH," "JOHN HERRING," "COURT ROYAL," &c.

CHAPTER LI.

ON THE CLEAVE AGAIN

EVER full of pity and love for others, and forgetfulness of herself, Bessie sat holding Urith's hand in her own, with her eyes fixed compassionately on her sister-in-law.

Urith's condition was perplexing. It was hard to say whether the events of that night when she saw Anthony struck down on the hearthstone, and her subsequent and consequent illness, with the premature confinement and the death of the child, had deranged her faculties, or whether she was merely stunned by this succession of events.

Always with a tendency in her to moodiness, she had now lapsed into a condition of silent brooding. She would sit the whole day in one position, crouched with her elbows on her knees, and her chin in her hands, looking fixedly before her, and saying nothing; taking no notice of anything said or done near her.

It almost seemed as though she had fallen into a condition of melancholy madness, and yet, when spoken to, she would answer, and answer intelligently. Her faculties were present, unimpaired, but crushed under the overwhelming weight of the past. Only on one point did she manifest any signs of hallucination. She believed that Anthony was dead, and nothing that was said to her could induce her to change her conviction. She believed that every one was in league to deceive her on this point.

And yet, though sane, she had to be watched, for in her absence of mind and internal fever of distress, she would put her hands into her mouth, and bite the knuckles, apparently unconscious of pain.

Mrs. Penwarne, who was usually with her, would quietly remove her hands from her mouth, and hold them down. Then Urith would look at her with a strange, questioning expression, release her hands, and resting the elbows on her knees, thrust the fingers into her hair.

The state in which Urith was alarmed Bessie. She tried in vain to cheer her; every effort, and they were various in kind, failed. The condition of Urith resembled that of one oppressed with sleep before consciousness passes away. When her attention was called by a question addressed to her pointedly by name, or by a touch, she answered, but she relapsed immediately into her former state. She could be roused to no interest in anything. Bessie spoke to her about domestic matters, about the rebellion of the Duke of Monmouth, about the departure of Mr. Crymes, finally, after some hesitation, about her own marriage, but she said nothing concerning the conduct of Fox on the preceding evening, or of her desertion of the home of her childhood. Urith listened dreamily, and forgot at once what had been told her. Her mind was susceptible to no impressions, so deeply indented was it with her own sorrows.

Luke, so said Mistress Penwarne, had been to see her, and had spoken of sacred matters; but Urith had replied to him that she

had killed Anthony, that she did not regret having done so, and that therefore she could neither hope in nor pray to God.

This Mrs. Penwarne told Bessie, standing over Urith, well aware that what she said passed unheeded by the latter, probably unheeded by her. Nothing but a direct appeal could force Urith to turn the current of her thoughts, and that only momentarily, from the direction they had taken.

"She has been biting her hands again," said Mrs. Penwarne. "Bessie, when she does that, pull out the token that hangs on her bosom and put it into her palm. She will sit and look at that by the hour. She must be broken of that trick."

Urith slowly stood up, with a ruffle of uneasiness on her dull face. She was conscious that she was being discussed, without exactly knowing what was said about her. Without a word of explanation, she went out, drawing Bessie with her, who would not let go her hand; and together, in silence, they passed through the court and into the lane.

Their heads were uncovered, the wind was fresh, and the sun shone brightly.

Urith walked leisurely along the lane, accompanied by Bessie Cleverdon, between the moorstone walls, thick-bedded with pine and white flowering saxifrage, and plumed with crimson foxgloves. She looked neither to right nor to left till she reached the moor-gate closing the lane, a gate set there to prevent the escape of the cattle from their upland pasturage. The gate was swung between two blocks of granite, in which sockets had been cut for the pivot



BY PERMISSION OF THE BERLIN PHOTO CO.

"OLD SONGS"
FROM THE PICTURE BY R. POETZELLBERGER

THE GRAPHIC

of the gate to swing. Urith put forth her hand, thrust open the gate, and went on. It was characteristic of her condition that she threw it open only wide enough to allow herself to pass through, and Bess had to put forth her disengaged hand to check the gate from swinging back upon her. This was not due to rudeness on the part of Urith, but to the fact that Urith had forgotten that any one was with her.

On issuing forth on the open waste-land among the flowering heather and deep carmine, large-bellied heath, the freedom, the fresher air seemed to revive Urith. A flicker of light passed over her darkened face, as though clouds had been lifted from a tor, and a little watery sunlight had played over its bleak surface. She turned her head to the west, whence blew the wind, and the air raised and tossed her dark hair. She stood still, with half-closed eyes, and nostrils distended, inhaling the exhilarating breeze, and enjoying its coolness as it trifled with her disordered locks.

Bessie had tried her with every subject that could distract her thoughts, in vain. She now struck on that which nearly affected her.

"Urith," she said, "I have heard that a battle is expected every day, and Anthony is in it. You will pray God to guard him in danger, will you not?"

"Anthony is dead. I killed him."

"No, dear Urith, he is not dead; he has joined the Duke of Monmouth."

"They told you so? They deceived you. I killed him."

"It is not so," Bessie paused. Her hand clenched that of Urith tightly. "My dearest sister, it is not so. Fox himself told me, and told my father—he struck Anthony."

"I bade him do so—I had not strength in my arm, I had no knife. But I killed him."

"I assure you that this is not true."

"I saw him fall across the hearthstone. My mother wished it. She prayed that it might be so, with her last breath; but she never prayed that I should kill him."

"Urith! Poor Anthony, who is dear to you and to me, is in extreme danger. There is like to be bloody fighting, and we must ask God to shield him."

"I cannot pray for him. He is dead, and I cannot pray at all. I am glad he is dead. I would do it all over again, rather than that Julian should have him."

"Julian!" sighed Elizabeth Cleverdon. "What has been told you about Julian?"

"She threatened to pluck him out of my bosom, and she has done it; but she shall not wear him in hers. I killed him because he was false to me, and would leave me."

"No—no—Urith, he never would leave you."

"He was going to leave me. His father asked him to go back to Hall."

"But he would not go. Anthony was too noble."

"He was going to desert me and go to Julian, so I killed him. They may kill me also; I do not care. God took my baby; I am glad He did that. I never wish for a moment it had lived—lived to know that its mother was a murderess. It could not touch my hand with his blood on it; so God took my baby. I am willing; they will take me soon, because I killed Anthony. I am willing. I cannot pray. I have no hope. I wish it were over, and I were dead."

On her own topic, on that which engrossed all her mind, on that round which her thoughts turned incessantly, on that she could speak, and speak fairly rationally; and when she spoke her face became expressive.

They walked on together. Bessie knew not what to say. It was not possible to disturb Urith's conviction that her husband was dead, and that she was his destroyer.

They continued to walk, but now again in silence. Urith, again relapsed into her brooding mood, went forward, threaded her own way among the bunches of prickly gorse, now out of flower, and the scattered stones, regardless of Bessie, who was put to great inconvenience to keep at her side. She was forced to disengage her hand, as it was not possible for her to keep pace with her sister-in-law in such broken ground. Urith did not observe that Bessie had released her, nor that she was still accompanying her.

She took a direct course to Tavy Cleave, that rugged, natural fortress of granite which towers above the river that plunges into a gorge, rather than a valley, below.

On reaching this she cast herself down on the overhanging slab, whereon she had stood with Anthony, when he clasped her in his arms and swung her, laughing and shouting, over the abyss.

Bessie drew to her side. She was uneasy what Urith might do, in her disturbed frame of mind; but no thought of self-destruction seemed to have crossed Urith's brain. She swung her feet over the gulf, and put her hands through her hair, combing it out into the wind, and letting that waft and whirl it about, as it blew up the Cleave and rose against the granite crags, as a wave that bowls against a rocky coast leaps up and curls over it.

Bessie allowed her to do as she liked. It was clearly a refreshment and relaxation to her heated and overstrained mind thus to sit and play with the wind.

Rooks were about, at one moment flashing white in the sun, then showing the blackness of their glossy feathers. Their nesting and rearing labours were over: they had deserted their usual haunts among trees to disport themselves on the waste lands.

The roar of the river came up on the wind from below—now loud as the surf on reefs at sea, then soft and soothing as a murmur of marketers returning from fairing, heard from far away.

Something—Bessie knew not what—induced her to turn her head aside, when, with a start of alarm, she saw, standing on a platform of rock, not a stone's throw distant, the tall, full form of Julian. Her face was turned towards her and Urith. She had been watching them. The sun was on her handsome, richly-coloured face, with its lustrous eyes and ripe, pouting lips.

Bessie's first impulse was to hold up her hand in caution. She did not know what the effect produced on Urith might be of seeing suddenly before her the rival who had blighted her happiness; and the position occupied by Urith was dangerous, on the overhanging ledge.

Bessie rose from her place and walked towards Julian, stepping cautiously among the crags. Urith took no notice of her departure.

On reaching Julian Crymes, Bessie caught her by the arm and drew her back among the rocks, out of sight and hearing of Urith.

"For heaven's sake," she entreated, "do not let her see you! Do you see what has fallen on her? She is not herself."

"Well," retorted Julian, "what of that? She and I staked for the same prize, and she has lost."

"And you have not won."

"I have won somewhat. He is no longer hers, if he be not mine."

"He is not, he never was, he never will be yours," said Bessie, vehemently. "Oh, Julian! how can you be so cruel, so wicked! Have you no pity? She is deranged. She thinks she has killed Anthony—dead; but you have seen—she cannot speak and think of anything now but of her sorrow and loss."

"We played together—it was a fair game. She wrestled from me who was mine by right, and she must take the consequences of her acts—we must all do that. I—yes—Bess, I am ready. I will take the consequences of what I have done. Let me pass, Bess, I will speak to her."

"I pray you!" Bess extended her arms.

"No—let me pass. She and I are accustomed to look each other in the face. I will see how she is. I will! Stand aside." She had a long staff in her hand, and with it she brushed Bess away, and strode past her, between her and the precipice, with steady eye and firm step, and clambered to where was Urith. She stood beside her for a minute, studying her, watching her, and as she played with her hair, passing her fingers through it, and drawing it forth into the wind to turn, and curl, and waft about. Then, her patience exhausted, Julian put forth the end of her staff, touched Urith, and called her by name.

Urith looked round at her, but neither spake nor stirred. No flush of anger or surprise appeared in her cheek, no lightning glare in her eye.

"Urith," said Julian, "how stands the game?"

"He is dead," answered Urith, "I killed him."

Julian was startled, and slightly turned colour.

"It is not true," she said hastily, recovering herself, "he has gone off to serve with the Duke of Monmouth."

"I killed him," answered Urith, composedly. "I would never, never let you have him, draw him from me. I am not sorry. I am glad. I killed him."

"What!" with a sudden exultation, "you know he would have been drawn away by me! I conquered."

"You did not get him away," said Urith, "you could not—for I killed him."

Julian put out her staff again, and touched Urith.

"Listen to me!" she said, and there was triumph in her tone. "He never loved you. No, never. Me he loved; me he always had loved. But his father tried to force him, he quarrelled with him, and out of waywardness, to defy his father to show his independence, he married you; but he never, never loved you."

"That is false," answered Urith, and she slowly rose on the platform to her feet. "That is false. He did love me. Here on this stone he held me to his heart, here he held me aloft and made me promise to be his very own."

"It was naught!" exclaimed Julian. "A passing fancy. Come—I know not whether he be alive or dead. Some say one thing and some another, but this I do know, that if he be alive, the world will be too narrow for you and me together in it, and if he be dead—it is indifferent to both whether we live, for to you and me alike is Anthony the sun that rules us, in whose light we have our joy. Come! Let us have another hitch, as the wrestlers say, and see which gives the other the turn."

Urith, in her half-dreamy condition, in rising to her feet, had taken hold of the end of Julian's staff, and now stood looking down the abyss to the tossing, thundering water, still holding the end.

"Urith!" called Julian, imperiously and impatiently, "dost' hear what I say? Let us have one more, and a final hitch. Thou holding the staff at one end, I at the other. See, we stand equal, on the same shelf, and each with a heel at the edge of the rock. One step back, and thou or I must go over and be broken on the stones, far below. Dost' mark me?"

"I hear what you say," answered Urith.

"I will thrust, and do thou! and see which can drive the other to death. In faith! we have thrust and girded at each other long, and driven each other to desperation. Now let us finish the weary game with a final turn* and a fair back."

Urith remained, holding the end of the staff, looking at Julian steadily, without passion. Her face was pale; the wild hair was tossing about it.

"Art' ready!" called Julian. "When I say three, then the thrust begins, and one or other of us is driven out of one world into the other."

Urith let fall the end of the staff; "I have no more quarrel with you," she said, "Anthony is dead. I killed him."

Julian stamped angrily. "This is the second time thou hast refused my challenge; though thou didst refuse my glove, thou didst take it up. So now thou refusest, yet may be will still play. As thou wilt: at thine own time—but one or other."

She pointed down the chasm with her staff, and turned away.

CHAPTER LII.

THE SAWPIT

AT Hall, that same morning had broken on Squire Cleverdon in his office or sitting-room—it might bear either name—leaning back in his leather armchair, with his hands clasped on his breast, his face an ashen grey, and his hair several degrees whiter than on the preceding day.

When the maid came in at an early hour to clean and tidy the apartment, she started, and uttered a cry of alarm, at the sight of the old man in his seat. She thought he was dead. But at her appearance he stood up, and with tottering steps left the room and went upstairs. He had not been to bed all night.

Breakfast was made ready, and he was called; but he did not come.

That night had been one of vain thinking and torturing of his mind to find a mode of escape from his troubles. He had reckoned on assistance from Fox or his father, and this had failed him. Fox, may be, for all his brag, could not help him. The Justice might, were he at home; but he had gone off to join the Duke of Monmouth, and, if he did return, it might be too late, and it was probable enough that he never would reappear. If anything happened to Mr. Crymes, then Fox would step into his place as trustee for Julian till Julian married; but could he raise money on her property to assist him and save his estate? Anyhow it was not possible for matters to be so settled that he could do this within a fortnight.

The only chance that old Cleverdon saw was to borrow money for a short term till something was settled at Kilworthy—till the Rebellion was either successful or was extinguished—and he could appeal to Fox or his father to secure Hall.

But to have, ultimately, to come to Fox for deliverance, to have his own fate and that of his beloved Hall in the hands of this son-in-law, who had insulted, humiliated him, publicly and brutally, the preceding night, was to drink the cup of degradation to its bitter and final dregs.

It was about ten o'clock when the old Squire, now bent and broken, with every line in his face deepened to a furrow, reappeared, ready to go abroad. He had resolved to visit his attorney-at-law in Tavistock, and see if, through him, the requisite sum could be raised as a short loan.

The house was in confusion. None of the workmen were gone to their duties; the serving maids and men talked or whispered in corners, and went about on tip-toe as though there were a corpse in the house.

His man told the Squire that Fox was gone, and had left a message, which the fellow would not deliver, so grossly insolent was it; the substance was that he would not return to the house. The Squire nodded, and asked for his horse.

After some delay it was brought to the door; the groom was not to be found, and one of the maids had gone to the stable for the beast, and had saddled and bridled it.

The old man mounted and rode away. Then he heard a call behind him, but did not turn his head; another call, but he disregarded it, and rode further, urging on his horse to a quicker rate.

Next moment the brute stumbled, and nearly went down on its

* Terms in wrestling. A "turn" is a fall; a "fair back" is one where the three points are touched—head, shoulders, and back.

nose; the Squire whipped angrily, and the horse went on faster, then began to lag, and suddenly tripped once more and fell. Old Cleverdon was thrown on the turf and was uninjured. He got up and went to the beast, and then saw why it had twice stumbled. The serving girl, in bridling it, had forgotten to remove the halter, the rope of which hung down to the ground, so that, as the animal trotted, the end got under the hoofs. That was what the call had signified. Some one of the serving men had noticed the halter over the halter as the old Squire rode away, and had shouted after him to that effect.

Mr. Cleverdon removed the halter, then took off the halter, and replaced the bridle. What was to be done with the halter? He tried to thrust it into one of his pockets, but they were too small. He looked round; he was near a sawpit a bow-shot from the road. He remembered that he had ordered a couple of sawyers to be there that day to cut up into planks an oak tree; he hitched up his horse and went towards the saw pit, calling, but no one replied. The men had not come; they had heard of what had taken place at Hall, and had absented themselves, not expecting under the circumstances to be paid for their labour.

The old man wrapped the halter round his waist, and knotted it, then drew his cloak about him to conceal it, remounted, and rode on. Had the sawyers been at the pit he would have sent back the halter by one of them to the stable. As none was there, he was forced to take it about with him.

Five hours later he returned the same way. His eyes were glassy, and cold sweat beaded his brow. His breath came as a rattle from his lungs. All was over. He could obtain assistance nowhere. The times were dangerous, because unsettled, and no one would risk money till the public confidence was restored. His attorney had passed him on to the agent for the Earl of Eedford, and the agent had shaken his head, and suggested that the miller at the Abbey Mill was considered a well-to-do man, and might be inclined to lend money.

The miller refused, and spoke of a Jew in Bannawell, who was said to lend money at high rates of interest. The Jew, however, would not think of the loan, till the Rebellion was at an end.

All was over. The Squire—the Squire!—he would be that no more—must leave the land and home of his fathers, his pride broken, his ambition frustrated, the object for which he had lived and schemed lost to him. There are in the world folk who are, in themselves, nothing, and who have nothing, and who nevertheless give themselves airs, and cannot be shaken out of their self-satisfaction. Mr. Cleverdon was not one of these, he had not their faculty of imagination. The basis of all his greatness was Hall; that was being plucked from under his feet; and he staggered to his fall. Once on the ground, he would be prostrate, lie there helpless, an object of mockery to those who had hitherto envied him. Once there, he would never raise his head again. He who had stood so high, who had been so imperious in his pride of place, would be under the feet of all those over whom hitherto he had ridden roughshod.

This thought gnawed and bored in him, with ever fresh anguish, producing ever fresh aspects of humiliation. This was the black spot on which his eyes were fixed, which overspread and darkened the whole prospect. The brutality with which he had been treated by Fox was but a sample and foretaste of the brutality with which he would be treated by all such as hitherto he had held under, shown harshness and inconsideration towards. He had been selfish in his prosperity, he was selfish in his adversity. He did not think of Anthony. He gave not a thought to Bessie. His own disappointment, his own humiliation, was all that concerned him. He had valued the love of his children not a rush, and now that his material possessions slipped from his grasp, nothing was left him to which to cling.

He had ridden as far as the point where his horse had fallen, on his way back to Hall, when the rope twined about his waist loosened and fell down. The old man stooped towards his stirrup, picked it up, and cast it over his shoulder. The act startled his horse, and it bounded; with the leap the rope was again dislodged, and fell once more. He sought, still riding, to arrange the cord as it had been before about his waist, but found this impracticable.

He was forced to dismount, and then he hitched his horse to a tree, and proceeded to take the halter from his body, that he might fold and knot it together.

Whilst thus engaged, a thought entered his head that made him stand, with glazed eye, looking at the coil, motionless.

To what was he returning? To a home that was no more a home—to a few miserable days of saying farewell to scenes familiar to him from infancy; then to being cast forth on the world in his old age, he knew not whither to go, where to settle. To a new life for which he cared nothing, without interests, without ambitions—wholly purportless. He would go forth alone; Bessie would not accompany him, for he had thrown her away on the most despicable of men, and to him she was bound—him she must follow. Anthony—he knew not whether he were alive or dead. If alive, he could not go to him whom he had driven from Hall, and to Willsborough, of all places under the sun, he would not go. Luke he could not ask to receive him, who was but a curate, and whom he had refused to speak to since he had been the means of uniting his son to the daughter of his deadly rival and enemy. What sort of life could he live with no one to care for him—with nothing to occupy his mind and energies?

How could he appear in church, at market, now that it was known that he was a ruined man? Would not every one point at him, and sneer and laugh at his misfortunes? He had not made a friend, except Mr. Crymes; and not having a friend, he had no one to sympathise with, to pity him.

Then he thought of his sister Magdalen. Her little annuity he would have to pay out of his reduced income; he might live with her—with her whom he had treated so unceremoniously, so rudely—over whom he had held his chin so high, and tossed it so contemptuously.

What would Fox do? Would he not take every occasion to insult him, to make his life intolerable to him, use him as his butt for gibes, anger him to madness—the madness of baffled hate that cannot revenge a wrong?

Anything were better than this.

The old man walked towards the sawpit. The tree was there, lying on the frame ready to be sawn into planks, and already it was in part cut through. The men had been there, begun their task; then had gone off, probably to the house to drink his cyder and discuss his ruin.

Below his feet the pit gaped, some ten or eleven feet, with oak sawdust at the bottom, dry and fragrant. Round the edges of the pit the hart's-tongue fern and the pennywort had lodged between the stones and luxuriated, the latter throwing up at this time its white spires of flower.

A magnificent plume of fern occupied one end of the trough. Bushes and oak-coppice were around, and almost concealed the sawpit from the road.

That sawpit seemed to the old man to be a grave, and a grave that invited an occupant.

He knelt on the cross-piece on which the upper sawyer stands when engaged on his work, and round it fastened firmly the end of the rope; then fixed the halter with running knot about his own neck.

He stood up and bent his grey head, threw his hat on one side, and looked down into the trough.

and sec. (2000 combination)

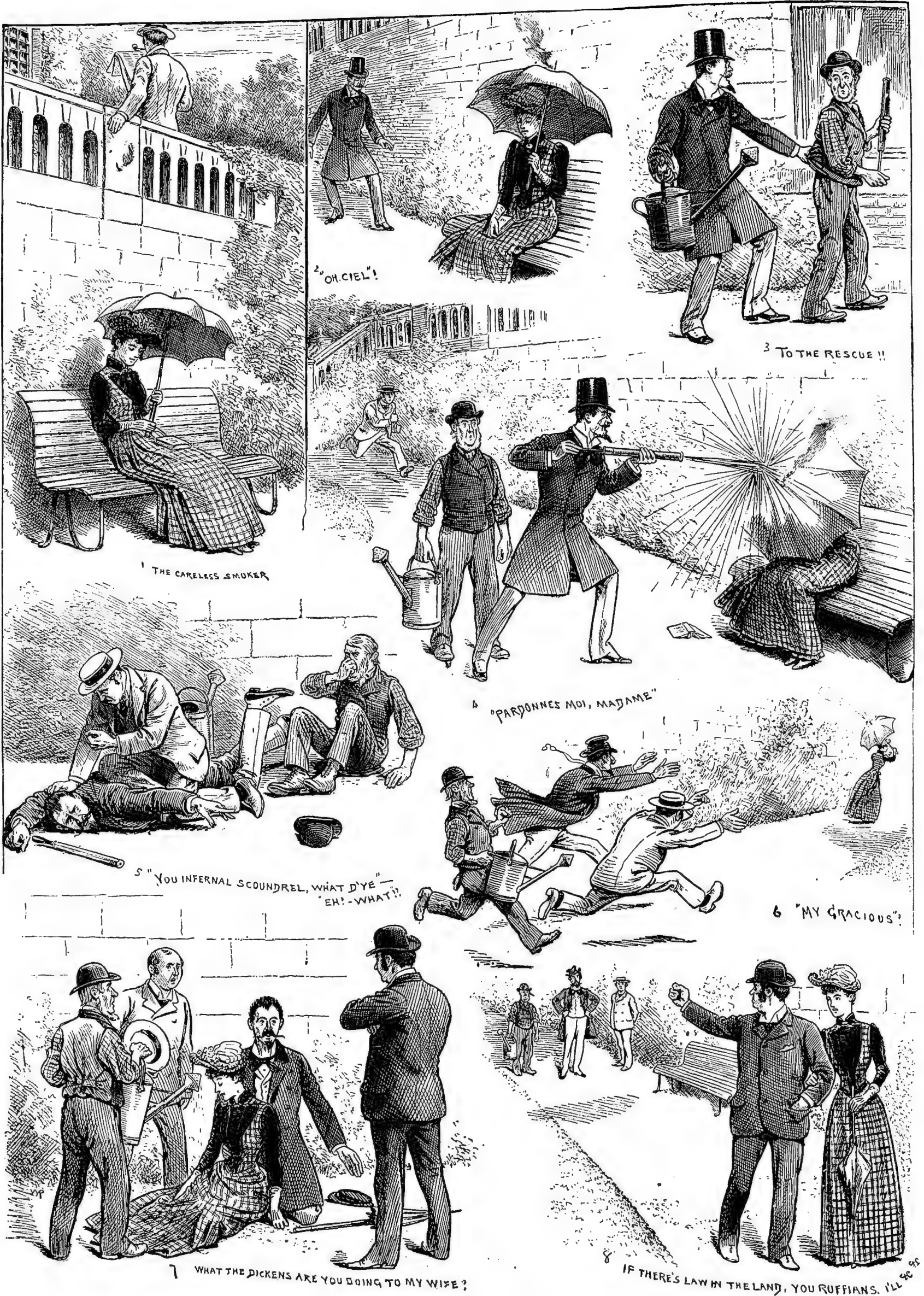
THE FRENCH STANLEY, Captain Trivier, has started on a fresh African Expedition, having delayed his departure from Marseilles to avoid travelling in the same steamer with Major Wissmann. His mission is more commercial than scientific, as he goes to West Africa to study the conditions of trade, and open new channels for Gallic exports southwards down the coast. Further north, another Frenchman, M. Crampel, is well on his journey from the Congo to Lake Tchad, and from the latest news would soon reach the Chari, which would carry him to the Lake. He hopes to sign treaties with the chiefs all along the route. At home in France a Colonial Society has been formed to extend the national influence in Africa—the "Committee of French Africa." Their first envoy will be M. Charles Soller, who leaves next January for Senegal. He spent several years in Africa disguised an Arab.

MR. MOY THOMAS

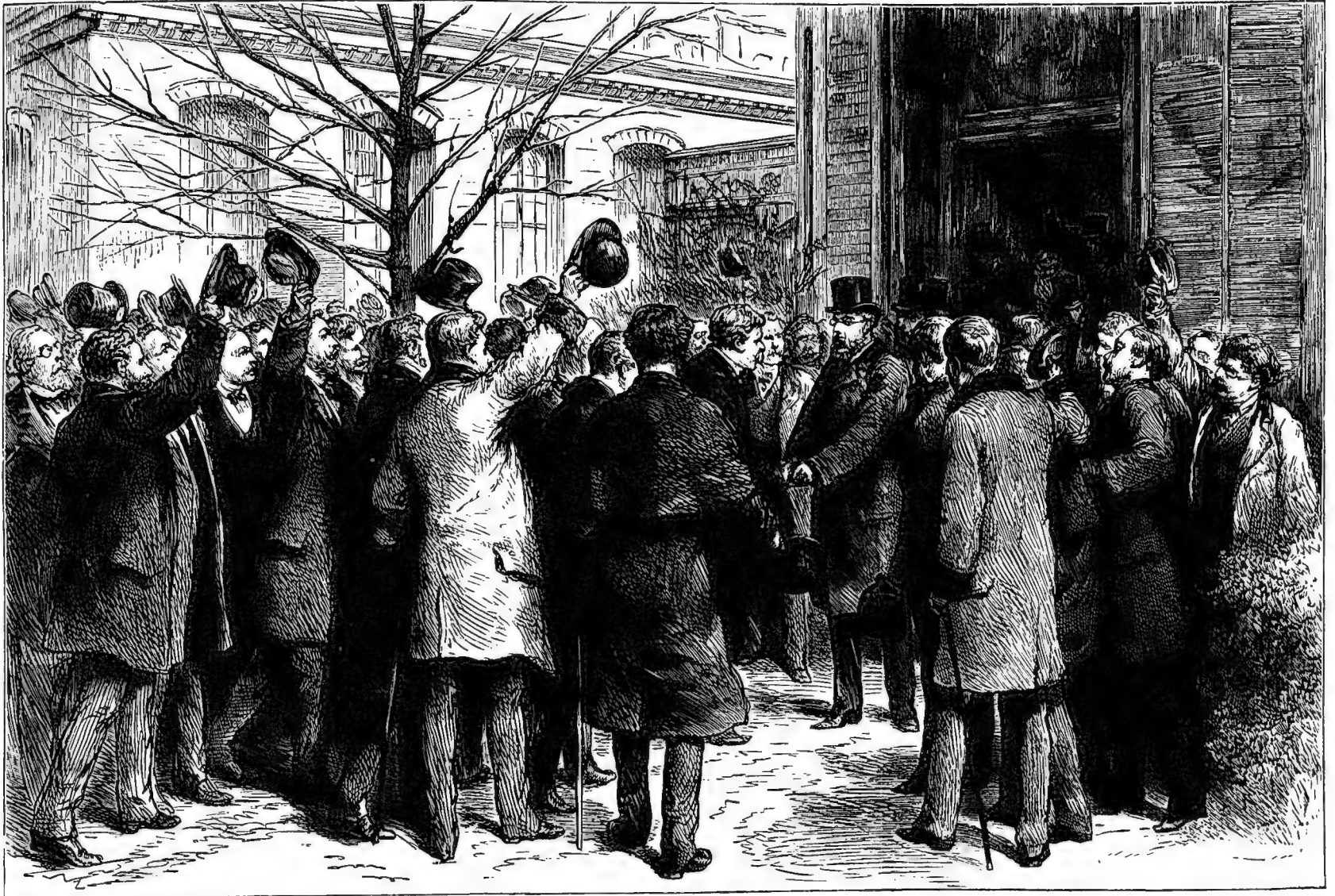
Our dramatists have been even more fortunate. Money-gains may be regarded by some as a sordid motive ; but the truth is that the best work in this world is the work that is paid well : and that successful dramatists are now paid well is well known. The earliest token of movement in this direction was the success of the late Mr. Robertson's comedies at the Prince of Wales's. These were not great works, but they were more truthful as pictures of life than the comedies of Mr. Byron, which were practically their only rivals at that time. Above all, they were English in tone and spirit. The English drama began to take heart in the face of Mr. Robertson's conspicuous success. Mr. James Albery followed with that pretty little comedy of modern life, *Two Roses*, at the Vaudeville, in which Mr. Irving's remarkable powers were conspicuously exhibited. Unhappily, the author did not cultivate his gifts with the steady zeal and industry that insure a lasting triumph, and, of his numerous pieces, this, perhaps, is the only one destined to hold the stage. Since then, the movement towards an English drama has gone on gathering strength. Adaptations from the French and German still form a considerable proportion of the productions of each year, but the proportion is steadily decreasing. Mr. Gilbert's fanciful and satirical pieces, the best-known of which are his comic operas at the Savoy, may be said to have opened up an entirely new dramatic vein. Immensely popular in this country, their merits are slowly but surely making their way in association with Sir Arthur Sullivan's music on the Continent of Europe. Mr. Pinero is in the same fortunate position. His boisterous three-act farces exhibit much of the spirit and comic invention of Labiche and Molière and Halévy, and yet are of strictly English growth. Of late, moreover, this versatile dramatist has shown an ambition of a higher kind. He has even ventured upon the domain of the drama *à thèse*—the play with a didactic purpose, which has taken so great a hold upon the French stage ; what is more, he, too, has been so successful that his pieces are beginning to be in demand in the form of translations on the German stage. It may safely be

W. MOY THOMAS

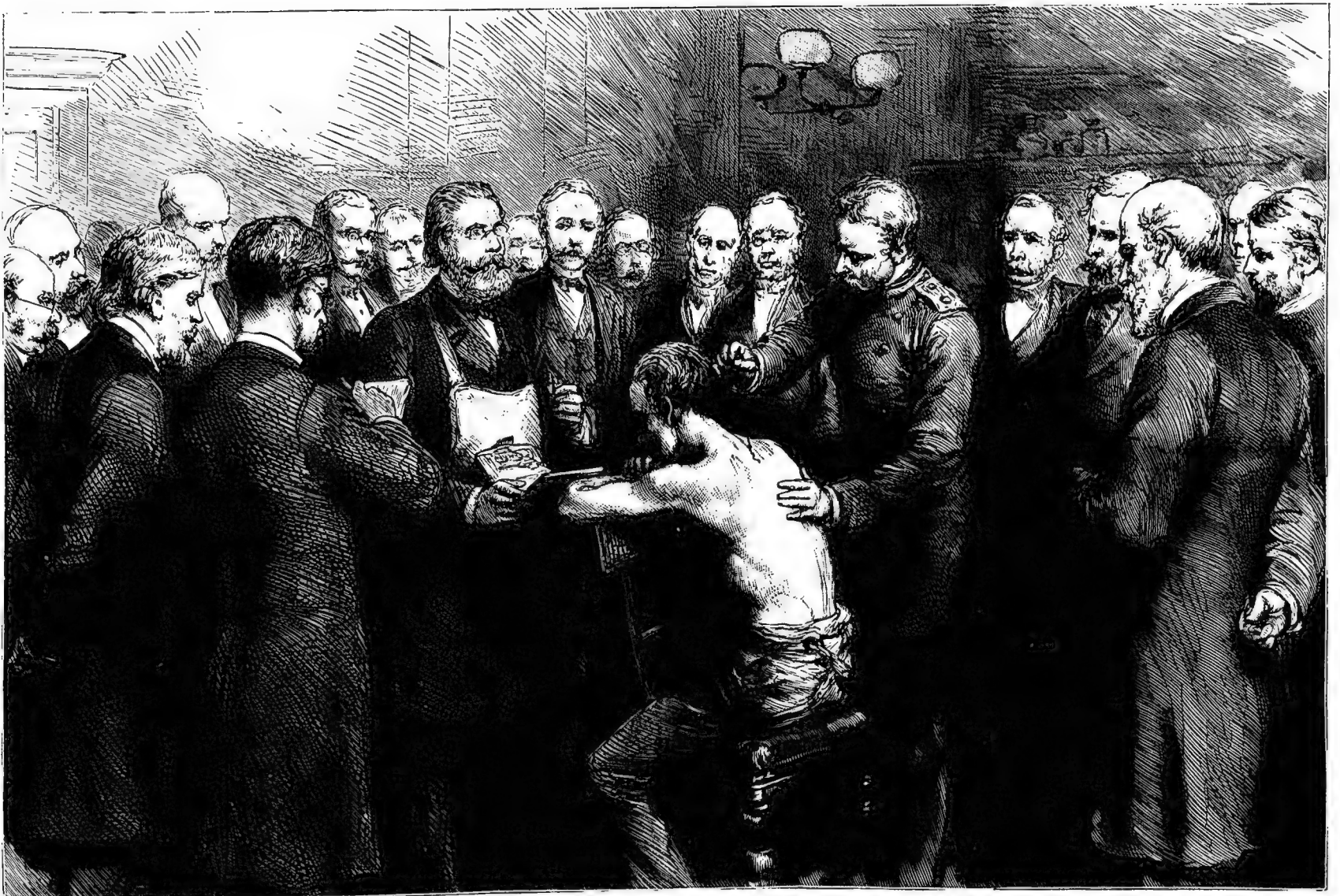
THE CHRYSANTHEMUM SHOW in the Temple Gardens is now closed, after receiving the largest number of visitors ever recorded at the annual displays.



A HYDROPATHIC TRAGEDY



DR. KOCH LEAVING THE ROYAL HOSPITAL, WHERE THE ENGLISH PATIENT IS UNDER TREATMENT



PROFESSOR PFUHL INOCULATING A PATIENT WITH THE LYMPH

DR. KOCH'S TREATMENT FOR CONSUMPTION AT THE ROYAL HOSPITAL, BERLIN

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS

(Continued from page 632)

"A DISCUSSION"

M. LAMBERT had no intention of being allegorical when he painted this pretty picture; he merely meant to portray the manners and customs of the cat-tribe. Some people, however, may discover a hidden meaning in it, and assert that the old pussy-cat is Mrs. John Bull, who looks on placidly, and without much serious concern, while two of her kittens, the Corcagian Charmer and the Midlothian Miracle are engaged in a warm argument. Says the latter to the former: "Unless you retire I shall be reduced to a nullity."

"EVENING AT BALMORAL CASTLE"

THIS picture was recently shown at the Exhibition of Sport Illustrated by Art at the Grosvenor Gallery. The subsidiary title is "The Stags Brought Home." It contains portraits of the Queen, Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, the Duchess of Kent, Count Mensdorff, the Duchess of Wellington, Lady Canning, the Earl of Aberdeen, Sir Charles Phipps, and Colonel the Hon. A. Gordon. We cannot do better than quote a few lines from her Majesty's popular book "Our Life in the Highlands" descriptive of a deer-beat in the Corrie Buie, September 26th, 1853:—"We were stationed behind stones, I and Alfred with Albert. We saw deer immediately 'on the sky,' and three ran into the wood. After waiting some time they came out again, and straight upon us, the finest sight imaginable—about thirty or forty hinds with four or five stags, one in particular a magnificent one with fine horns. Albert aimed and shot twice, and he fell. The noble animal never rose, but struggled and groaned, so that Albert went and gave him another shot, which killed him at once. . . . The stags were exhibited after dinner. The fine large one weighed 18 st. 9 lb., the heaviest Albert had ever shot."

Count Mensdorff, who by his Christian name, Alexander, is mentioned in the Queen's account of this day's sport, was a nephew of the Duchess of Kent. He afterwards became Minister of Foreign Affairs in Austria.

“OLD SONGS”

HERR POETZELLBERGER has here painted a very pleasing and natural picture. The girl's attitude is excellent, she is sitting just as girls do sit on such occasions. As for the antiquity of the songs she is examining, we must take the word of the painter for that statement. But, if old—how old? Are songs intended which she herself sang a few years ago, before budding into womanhood? or is she looking over a book containing the ditties which her mother (perhaps no longer living) sang when she herself was a little toddling thing, with the top of her head scarcely higher than the key-board?—Our engraving is published by permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 43, New Bond Street, W.

DR. KOCH'S DISCOVERY

Now that experiments with Dr. Koch's famous lymph are not restricted to Germany alone, the interest in the discovery is intensified. Dr. Koch has sent specimens of lymph for his colleagues in London, Paris, Rome, and Vienna to test the treatment, and invalids are only too eager to submit themselves as subjects. On all sides, the various Governments propose to erect hospitals and institutes for the "Koch cure," but the discoverer himself is most anxious that the remedy should only be applied after careful examination and with a thorough knowledge of the mode of treatment. He warns medical men that the lymph is deadly in unskilled hands, and that each separate preparation is liable to vary, so that he personally never passes a single specimen without having tried its effect on three animals. Indeed, Dr. Koch's whole time is taken up with superintending the preparation of the precious fluid by Dr. Libbertz, and he only visits a few special patients. On his rare appearances in public the Berliners greet him as a veritable hero, while his photographs are being sold in large numbers. The public demonstrations of the treatment are conducted by Dr. Pfuhl, his son-in-law, Professor Bergmann, and Dr. Virchow, Professor Bergmann's inaugural lecture last week being crowded with foreign and German doctors. Patients were inoculated before the audience, while others were shown who had previously undergone the treatment. The lymph was seen to be a clear, light-brown liquid resembling Marsala, each tube containing material for 5,000 doses, at the rate of about a halfpenny per dose, so that the expense is not so great as at first announced. But lest imitations should be invented, the German Government intend to purchase the remedy, as the Minister of Public Education declared at a sitting of the Prussian Chamber, where the deputies became so enthusiastic over Dr. Koch that they actually lapsed into applause. The Minister announced that the State will relieve Dr. Koch of his duties to leave him free for research, and will establish a special hospital with a laboratory attached for his use, where the Government will defray all expense. Dr. Koch will instruct qualified officials in the production of the lymph, which at present takes six weeks, and the State will then dole it out to home and foreign hospitals. One Berlin philanthropist has offered the funds for a second Institute, and the example is being followed by private enterprise in other German cities.

A HYDROPATHIC TRAGEDY

THIS recalls the old nursery legend, "Two legs sat upon three legs; in came four legs, took up one leg," &c. Here a careless smoker sets on fire a lady's parasol. A Frenchman, who perceives it, enlists the services of a window-cleaner, and they both strive to put the fire out. The smoker who was the origin of the mischief assaults these two Samaritans, believing they have insulted the lady, but, discovering his error, joins with them in pursuing the terrified creature, who is still, as Captain Shaw would say, "well alight." Finally, an infuriated husband comes on the scene, imagining that the entire benevolent trio are leagued together to maltreat his *cara sposa*.

SHOOTING IN WEST AFRICA—THROUGH A MANGROVE-SWAMP

OUR engraving, which is from a sketch by Mr. F. W. Airey, H.M.S. *Magpie*, represents a shooting-party landed from one of Her Majesty's gunboats on the West Coast of Africa, thirty miles up the river Bonny in quest of game; not for sport exactly, but more for "the pot," to increase their stock of fresh provisions. Having proceeded up the river by canoe as far as the water will allow them, they have disembarked and have landed across the black and nauseous mudbank (over which armies of small crabs and globe-fish disport themselves as cheerily as Thames mudlarks). Arriving on *terra firma*, they follow a narrow track through the thick African bush, until suddenly they burst upon a small native village. They are welcomed by loud, frightened shrieks and yells from the natives, as they, men, women, and children, run from the white men into the bush.

Catching a rheumatic, fossilised old man, who makes vain attempts to hobble off, they ask him with many promises of "dash" (*i.e.* backsheesh), to show them where to find game, not forgetting the village of the chief they want to find. Having recovered from his fright, the antediluvian copper-coloured old sinner consents, and then commences the "tug of war." For a mile and a-half or two miles they travel through thick, sloshy, muddy, fever-stricken mangrove-swamps, carried on the shoulders of the natives forming

their canoe's crew—but with no sight of game. Suddenly, through the thick and dark bush, they emerge into the comparatively bright looking village of the longed-for chief, and there they are most kindly and hospitably entertained by him.

AN AFTER-SUPPER EXTRA

THE later dances at a ball are usually the merriest. For one thing, some of the more steady-going guests have left, so the floor is clearer, and there is some hope of enjoying a round dance without perpetual collision. Then the British *mauvaise honte* has been thawed by the genial sunshine of pleasant talk, the champagne at supper aiding the process. The result is, that men who before supper would have been too shy even to stand up in a quadrille, now become terpsichoreally valiant, and boldly ask young ladies for the pleasure of a waltz. There were two old fogies (as Mr. J. H. Roberts, of 66, Tisbury Road, Hove, Brighton, informs us), who thus became wild for a dance. Unluckily, they both selected the same young lady. They quarrelled over her, they frightened her, and made her shed tears, till ultimately the waiter had to intervene, and carry them off in custody. Then Captain Sworder stepped in, and obtained his much-desired innings.

THE WITU EXPEDITION

HERR KÜNTZEL, a German of a roving, adventurous, temperament, made his first acquaintance with Africa as a soldier in the French Foreign Legion. During the last five years he paid several visits to East Africa, and was much struck by the valuable forests of Wituland, and by its capability for German colonisation. Last July he sailed for East Africa from Hamburg, taking with him the complete apparatus for a saw-mill, and also being accompanied, among others, by an engineer, a doctor, a carpenter, and a mechanic. The party had not long landed when Küntzel got into some dispute with the natives—he was admittedly a man of violent disposition—and he, with eight of his comrades, was massacred. As, unfortunately Witu is within the British "sphere of influence," the German authorities called upon us to avenge the deaths of these men, and, as Fumo Bakari, the Sultan of Witu, refused to surrender the offenders for trial before a properly-constituted Court, an Expedition against Witu was despatched, under Admiral Sir E. Fremantle. The campaign, though brief, needed careful preparation. Eight hundred men were landed without a single accident at a distance of four miles from the shore, with a heavy sea running over a dangerous bar. Then, on the march to Witu, each man carried a kit of 50 lbs. weight, besides having to drag eight guns through thick brushwood and elephant scrub. The pioneer force was landed on October 25th, the main body next day. After a march of fourteen miles, during which the force was engaged three times, Witu had been captured and destroyed on the 27th, and by the evening of the 29th the re-embarkation took place. From eighty to ninety of the enemy were killed or wounded; our loss was thirteen wounded, not severely. Fumo Bakari, for whose capture a reward was offered, is said to be wandering from place to place, his power being completely broken.—Our illustrations are from sketches by an officer of the Expedition.

OLD-FASHIONED SPORTING PICTURES AND THE
ROAD IN BYEGONE DAYS

THOMAS ROWLANDSON designed several "suites" of foxhunting pictures. One notable set of six subjects was a commission from the Prince of Wales; whether his Royal Highness ever displayed much ardour as a fox-hunter there is little evidence to show beyond the drawings in question. As a compliment to his Royal patron, the artist has drawn the Prince, who "delighted in horses," throughout as "the hero of the chase;" beyond this, in his series of designs illustrating the career of "The High-Mettled Racer," Rowlandson has pictured the Prince as "in at the death"—the version of "Foxhunting, 1787," reproduced amongst our selection of "Old-Fashioned Sporting Pictures" in the present number. The particular episode represented refers to the lines, when "The High-Mettled Racer," who "ran first for the plate," has sunk a stage, and descended from the turf to become a first-class hunter:—

Now Reynard's turned out, and o'er hedge and ditch rush
Dogs, horses, hounds and huntsmen, all hard at his brush.
Through marsh, hedge, and briar, led by their sly prey,
They, by scent and by view, cheat a long, tedious day.
While, alike born for sports of the field and the course,
Always sure to come through, a staunch and fleet horse,
When fairly run down, the fox yields up his breath,
The high-mettled Racer is in at the death.

Next to the Heir-Apparent, his friend Lord Barrymore, the eccentric "blood" of his day, came in for the largest share of notice from chroniclers and caricaturists; the same year Rowlandson flattered the Prince by delineating His Royal Highness as a spirited follower of the fox-chase, he introduced his wayward comrade—"fanning the daylight," his lordship's favourite pastime when driving his high-hung curricule, whereon his elevated seat placed him on a level with the first floors of the houses he passed in his reckless career, flicking with his whip the windows on either side of the narrow streets, and startling the peaceful inmates. The picture by Rowlandson of the "Vicissitudes of the Road in 1787" introduces Lord Barrymore and his famous equipage in a situation where the joke was against this practical "wag;" a highwayman, the common product of the lonely heaths at that date, has presented his pistol at the charioteer's head, and is bidding the dashing Phaeton "stand and deliver." Those who are interested in the sequel of this sensational episode may learn that a concluding picture discloses "the chase and capture of the highwayman," so it is to be inferred that Lord Barrymore got some excitement to his taste out of this unpromising adventure with a knight of the road. Concerning the vehicles driven by Lord Barrymore, and the lighter turn-out in which the Prince Regent is pictured by Lieutenant Downman at a later date (1810), "tooling" the captivating Mrs. Q. on the Brighton road, as reproduced in our selection, we may borrow a line from the expert chronicler of "The Road:—" "The fashionable open carriage of this day was the high single-bodied phaeton, all upon the fore wheels, and looking as if the hinder ones had nothing to do but to follow. This was the favourite carriage of George IV. when Prince of Wales, and was generally driven, by such as could afford it, with four horses in hand. Indeed, it may almost be said to have given birth to our gentleman-coachmanship, as well as to the well-known doggerel epigram:—

What can Tommy Onslow do?
He can drive a phaeton and two.
Can Tommy Onslow do no more?
Yes—he can drive a phaeton and four!

The phaeton was succeeded by the no less classically yclept curri-
cle—a carriage, when properly appointed, and followed by two well-
dressed and well-mounted grooms, of singular elegance certainly; it
had a long run in the fashionable world."

Tommy Onslow, whose portrait and "turn-out" were pictured by Gillray (1801), was considered the "Father of Four-in-hands;" his rival on the coach-box was Lord Sefton, mentioned by Captain Gronow as "a gigantic hunchback," who was by the wits christened "Lord Dashalongo;" this renowned patron of the road, as shown in our illustration, was pictured by Deighton "bent" upon driving, a double-barrelled allusion to his figure and to his well-recognised appearance on his coach-box seat. Lord Cranley was famous for daily driving his four-in-hand in and out, in the high spring-tide of fashion, through the crowded cavalcade of Bond Street, to a hair's breadth, while the powerful hands of Lord Sefton had an unequalled

control over his handsome team of "bays." According to "Nimrod's" dictum, he was "the best-horsed man in England;" and on the "Meeting Days" of the Four-in-hand Club and the "B.D.C." (or Benson Driving Club), to which he did not belong, he amused himself, when he thought proper, by driving his team down the road and passing all the coaches along his line. "It was in vain to contend with him, as he was quite too fast for any of them." Lord Sefton," writes that eminent hand Captain Malet, "was a first-rate artist."

James Pollard, whose picture of "A Coach arriving at Inn-yard," is reproduced in the present series, was, in his day, the leading delineator of all that pertained to coaching, and he has exceeded all his skilled contemporaries—Agasse, Alken, Newhouse, Huttig, C. C. Henderson, and others—in the large number of interesting coaching delineations which are due to his industry in this branch.

Our portraits are from Photographs as follows: Mr. A. Locker, Mr. A. Hobbs, and Mr. G. A. Sala, by Elliott and Fry, 55, Baker Street, W.; Mr. F. Deane Hilton, 75, Strand; Mr. W. M. Thomas, by Barnard, 26, Oxford Street; Mr. G. Grant, by Vandeyck, 107, Clarendon Road, W.; Mr. H. Johnson, Mr. J. P. Fildes, Mr. S. Hall, and Mr. H. Woods, by Vanderweyde, 182, Regent Street, W.; Mr. J. Charlton, by W. and D. Downey, 35 and 61, Regent Street, W.; Mr. J. Dollman, by E. Wheeler, 43, Western Road, Brighton; Mr. R. Barnes, by J. P. Robinson and Son, Red Hill; Mr. H. W. Brewer, by the North Kensington Photographic Studio, Notting Hill; Mr. Levy and Mr. Marc, by Chalon, 18, Rue de Valenciennes, Paris; Mr. A. Hopkins, by David Hains, 24, Upper Phillimore Place, W.; Mr. W. Small, by Russell and Sons, 10, Pall Mall; Mr. S. Burdwood, by W. and W. Conduit Street, W.; the late Mr. Frank Hill, by Fradelle, 216, Regent Street, W.; Mr. Butler, by J. Hawke, 8, George Street, Plymouth; Mr. W. J. Wylie, by J. P. Robinson, Redhill; Mr. G. F. Vilhers, by Bradley and Rullosson, San Francisco, U. S. A.; Mr. C. E. Frupp, by S. Ichida, Kobe, Japan; Mr. H. H. the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, by W. Höfner, Hanburg.

MUSIC

THE OPERA.—The autumn Italian opera-season ended at Covent Garden on Saturday last, when *Orfeo* was performed in the afternoon, and *Tannhäuser*, with Madame Albani, in the evening. On the previous day *Rigoletto* was given, with M. Maurel as the Jester, in place of *L'Etoile du Nord*, Signor Ciampi's appearance in which had been stopped by injunction. In all, fourteen operas have been performed during the season of little over six weeks. *Orfeo* has been heard six times, *Faust* five, *Les Huguenots*, *Lohengrin*, *Rigoletto*, *Roberto*, *Trovatore*, and *Tannhäuser* three times; *Aida*, *La Gioconda*, and *Lucia* twice; and *Norma*, *La Traviata*, and *L'Etoile du Nord* once each. Signor Lago has issued an official notification that he is in negotiation for a summer season elsewhere, as Covent Garden is now in the possession of Mr. Harris.

Mr. Augustus Harris is understood to be contemplating an early spring season of Italian opera at Covent Garden; but beyond sounding some of the artists he has not taken any definite steps in the matter.

The Carl Rosa Company will start their ordinary winter season of eight weeks at the Court Theatre, Liverpool, on the 29th instants. No novelties are announced, but English versions of the *Huguenots*, *La Fille du Regiment*, *Le Prophète*, *Faust* (with the rarely performed Brocken scene), *Fra Diavolo*, *Traviata*, and *Figaro*, will be given, together with *Thyrgim* and the long-promised *Talisman*. The veteran Madame Lablache will join the company, which will be increased by a new tenor, Signor Agostino Montegriffo, and a new bass, Mr. Bowman Ralston.

MUSICAL CONCERTS.—The chief attraction at the Crystal Palace Concert on Saturday was Schubert's Symphony in C, which was splendidly performed by Mr. Manns' orchestra. The pianist was Mr. Leonard Borwick, who repeated his masterly rendering of Brahms' first pianoforte concerto in which he attained such success at a Richter concert in the summer.—Sir Charles Hallé again drew only a small audience to the concert given by his Manchester Band on Friday. The symphony was that of Beethoven in A, and Sir Charles Hallé played Dvorák's pianoforte concerto in G minor, Op. 33, not the best of the master's works, but one which is comparatively little known in the metropolis.—The Private Banks' Musical Society and the Westminster Orchestral Society have likewise given concerts, the Westminster Band announcing among other things a "Dramatic" overture in D minor, written when a student by the well-known singing-teacher Mr. Shakespeare.

CHORAL CONCERTS.—Professor Bridge's *Repentance of Nineveh*, originally produced at the last Worcester Festival, was performed for the first time in London by the Finsbury Choral Association at Holloway Hall last week. The Finsbury Choir boast a fine body of voices, and they did full justice to Professor Bridge's latest work, which was conducted by the composer.—At their second concert at the Albert Hall, the Royal Choral Society last week performed Berlioz's *Faust*. Here again the choruses were magnificently rendered by our premier London Choir, and a strong cast included Madame Albani, Mr. Ben Davies (an artistic exponent of the music of *Faust*), Mr. Henschel, and Mr. Grove. The Hackney Choral Association on Monday announced a performance of *The Golden Legend*.—At St. Paul's, on Tuesday night, a congregation of 10,000 persons gathered to listen to Spohr's *First Judgment*, sung by the ordinary boys and adults of the Cathedral, with the accompaniment of a small orchestra.

CHAMBER CONCERTS.—At the Popular Concerts on Monday Señor Albéniz made his first appearance at these entertainments, and gave an exquisite rendering of five so-called "Sonatas" by Scarlatti, music which shows his practically perfect mechanism to the best advantage. On Saturday M. Paderewski made his last appearance this season, and played, in association with Lady Halle, his sonata in A minor for pianoforte and violin. The sonata is, we believe, an early composition, which may account for a certain lack of finish in the workmanship, particularly of the last movement. The slow movement is the best of the three. M. Paderewski also repeated Chopin's Polonaise in A flat, a magnificent performance of which fairly astonished the audience at his recital on the previous Thursday. For an encore he played Chopin's Nocturne in B major. At his recital the only sonata performed was the early one of Beethoven, No. 3 of the set dedicated to Haydn, but the Polish pianist was best appreciated in the copious selection which he gave from the works of his countryman, Chopin. On Tuesday he left London for Berlin, and will not return until May. On Tuesday, at a concert at St. James's Hall, M. Maurel once more sang the "Credo" from Verdi's *Otello* and other works, and M. Isidore de Lara sang several of those songs of his own composition which are so highly appreciated in drawing-rooms. A new example of this class, entitled "To Dreamland," a song of the "intense" order, was warmly applauded.—Concerts have also been given by Master Isidore Pavia, Miss Helen Townshend, the London Academy students, Mr. Charles Copland, the students of the Royal College of Music, and others.

NOTES AND NEWS.—The production of Sir Arthur Sullivan's *Ivanhoe*, for which Misses M'Intyre, Groebel, and Lucille Hill, Messrs. Ben and Ffrangcon Davies, Oudin, and Avon Saxena are already engaged, has been postponed till mid-January.—The death is announced in Paris of the celebrated conductor and teacher Emanuele Muzio, the vocal instructor of the *prima donna* Miss Kellogg, and one of the early teachers of Carlotta and Adeline Patti. Muzio was born at Busseto in 1825, and was taught by Verdi, Marguerite Barezzi, first wife of Verdi, and afterwards by Verdi himself.—Mr. Southgate delivered on Wednesday a new lecture upon the three-thousand-year-old flutes found in the tomb of Fayum, demonstrating from these instruments that our scale was borrowed from the Egyptians before the time of King David, and not from the Greeks.—On Sunday William Byrd's Mass for four voices, a copy of which was discovered two years ago, was performed at the Brompton Oratory, probably for the first time these three centuries.

FOREIGN

THE recent cold wave swept over the Continent with great severity. From RUSSIA, where the ice locked up the harbours in a few hours, the cold snap passed down South to SPAIN and the Mediterranean coasts, snow falling in many Mediterranean resorts for the first time for twenty years. FRANCE suffered especially. On several days Paris was ten degrees colder than London, the lowest reading of the thermometer being five degrees Fahrenheit, while on the hills near Rouen the temperature went down to four degrees below zero Fahrenheit—the lowest return for forty-five years. Still, the snow did not impede traffic as in Spain, where postmen and muleteers perished in the drifts, and trains were stopped. However, the cold checked the small-pox epidemic in Madrid. The severe frosts and snowstorms brought fresh trouble to the flooded districts in Northern GERMANY and AUSTRIA, hundreds of families being homeless and destitute. Masses of ice filled the Rhine and other rivers, endangering the rafts, and the Danube was much swelled by the snows. Carlsbad is in miserable plight, with houses falling, bridges swept away, the public streets submerged, and an icy coating over the floods. Large sums of money will be needed to restore the watering-place to its former prosperity, although, fortunately, the famous springs are uninjured. Earthquakes increased the distress in Hungary, especially round Agram, while on the North violent gales accompanied the cold, and wrought terrible disaster amongst the Norwegian fishing fleet in the Ofoten Fiord, opposite the Lofoten Islands. Seventy large vessels were wrecked, besides smaller boats, with much loss of life, and the survivors are almost starving on a bleak coast.

The President's Message to Congress was anticipated in the UNITED STATES with no great interest, notwithstanding the important political and commercial changes of the past few months. In treating the two recent burning subjects—the silver law and the McKinley tariff—President Harrison is more hopeful of the latter than of the former measure. He comments regretfully on the recent fall in the price of silver, and hints that the question may be reconsidered in deference to the situation abroad. On the other hand, he defends the Tariff Bill most warmly, condemning foreign criticism, and urging that American legislation should conserve and defend American trade and wages. "The erroneous information spread abroad relating to the McKinley Act can only be corrected by experience, and the evil auguries confounded by general prosperity." This prosperity is not far off, for trade and commerce are fast improving, strikes lessening, and a balance of over two millions sterling is forthcoming from the last fiscal year. Foreign relations continue satisfactory, but the President regrets that the Behring Sea difficulty with England is not yet settled. He hopes, however, that before another season begins the United States will be assured of the property right in the Sea derived from Russia, a right which had not been disregarded by any nation for over eighty years preceding the present dispute. The President does not mention the Indian troubles, which continue to excite so much alarm. As yet no fighting has occurred between the Indians and the Government troops, who have been sent up to the disturbed region in large numbers, but the most determined braves are stated to be lying in ambush in the Badlands, Dakota, a difficult tract of valley and precipitous ground, whence they could easily harass the regulars. Other tribes are now "dancing" besides the Sioux and the Cheyennes, and though several chiefs came into the agency with promises that the dances should cease immediately, as the agitation simply resulted from discontent with the Government rations, their braves keep up the religious craze as vigorously as ever, and declare that they are preparing for the last great battle in their history. The Government have decided to increase the rations, but military experts fear that the concession comes too late. However, save in the immediate locality of the disturbance, the Indians are forgotten for the absorbing Parnell controversy, which has so hampered the Irish delegates' campaign.

The funeral ceremonies of the King of HOLLAND have been celebrated this week with every sign of popular mourning. All public buildings and places of amusement are closed, sable draperies shroud many houses in the chief cities, and the general public are in black. The ceremonies began with a funeral service over the King's body at Loo on Sunday, attended by the two Queens and the Court, Professor Beets pronouncing the funeral oration. Next day the Royal remains were removed to the Hague. The Ministry, Court officials, representatives from all parts of the country, and a guard of honour received the coffin at the station, and marched in procession to the Palace, the coffin being laid on a car draped with black velvet, feathers, and silver, and preceded by the Royal crown and other insignia of the deceased. The King's body then lay in State for two days, raised high on a catafalque, surrounded by flowers and candles, and watched by soldiers. On Thursday King William was laid in the Orange family mausoleum at Delft, the funeral being attended by the new Grand Duke of Luxemburg and representatives from nearly every foreign ruler, including two from Queen Victoria. Now Queen Emma will take the oath as Regent and guardian of the young Queen, while Duke Adolphus goes to Luxemburg to enter upon the possession of his new dominions. With Queen Emma's accession to the Government there seems some prospect of Holland agreeing to the obnoxious import duties in the CONGO FREE STATE, for she has already asked the Brussels Conference to prolong the period for signing the General Act beyond January 2nd.

The political calm reigning in FRANCE of late is disturbed by the prospect of Ministerial troubles. The defeat of M. Rouvier and the Government over the new Three per cent. Loan Bill, which the Chamber refused to discuss before finishing the Budget, has somewhat shaken the position of the Finance Minister, whose fate, indeed, hangs on the coming debate over the new taxes. Following this check, came a sharp attack from M. Clémenceau on M. Etienne, the Colonial Under-Secretary, for mismanaging the Tonkin expenses, where the Government only escaped with a narrow majority. Now that M. Clémenceau has returned to active Parliamentary life, the Opposition are bestirring themselves, and the Budget may yet bring down more than one Minister. Altogether Finance is an awkward subject now, thanks to the flight of M. Mary Raynaud, the fraudulent Manager of the Banque d'Etat, who has disappeared after a romantic career of wild speculation, leaving heavy liabilities. The Royalist party are abusing Cardinal Lavignerie soundly for his decision to adhere to the Republic now that he finds Monarchy impossible under the present circumstances. Many clergy incline to follow his lead, but M. Loyson, late Father Hyacinthe, throws his influence on the other side.

In GERMANY, Berlin has been celebrating the 250th anniversary of the accession of the Great Elector to the Thrones of Brandenburg and Prussia. Emperor William held a gathering of Prussian regiments before the Elector's Monument, and made a long speech, reminding his soldiers that the Elector's work laid the foundation of the Prussian Throne. He bade the army adhere to the old Prussian soldierly traditions of piety, inflexible fidelity, and implicit obedience to their superiors. At a gala banquet in the evening, His Majesty gave a similar oration to an assemblage of high civil and military guests. The Reichstag re-opened on Tuesday, and at once agreed to the Bill incorporating Heligoland with Prussia.

MISCELLANEOUS.—In SPAIN, part of the wreck of the *Serpent* has been washed ashore, containing bodies and torpedoes, so that now 126 of the victims have been buried. The Spaniards are much gratified by Queen Victoria's message of thanks to the Queen-

Regent.—In INDIA, Lord Connemara has handed over the Governorship of Madras to the Hon. J. H. Garstin, a member of the Council, pending the arrival of Lord Wenlock, his successor.—A movement is springing up in NEWFOUNDLAND to divide the colony into two Governments, so as to conclude a compromise with France. The Vicar Apostolic for the West Coast states that the natives will float British flags over their fishing-nets next season, and will deal harshly with any intruding Frenchman, although the French Admiral has declared that he will bombard the settlement if any French fishermen are killed.

COURT

THE Queen goes to Osborne for Christmas on the 18th inst. Previously, Her Majesty will unveil the memorial to the late Emperor Frederick of Germany in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, next Wednesday, and, on the following Sunday, the Royal Family will gather at the Castle to commemorate the double anniversary of the Prince Consort and Princess Alice's death. Meanwhile, the Queen has received the new Swedish and Danish Envoys and the Haytian Minister Resident to accept their credentials. On Saturday night Prince and Princess Christian, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Smith, the Bishop of Peterborough, and Lord Hartington joined the Royal party at dinner; and, next morning, Her Majesty, with Prince and Princess Henry, attended Divine Service in the private chapel, where the Bishop preached. In the evening, the Queen again entertained at dinner the Bishop, Lord Hartington, and Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Smith. On Monday the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, with their children, arrived on their return from Germany, and next day Princess Beatrice came to town to open the Amateur Art and Loan Exhibition of the Working Ladies' Guild. The Queen has decided definitely to revisit Florence in March, staying at the Villa Palmieri, as before.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, with their daughters and the Duke of Clarence, returned to Sandringham on Saturday, from staying with Lord and Lady Hastings at Melton Constable, where the Princes had enjoyed excellent shooting. On Sunday they attended Divine Service at St. Mary Magdalene's, and next day kept the Princess of Wales's 46th birthday, a large house-party assembling for the anniversary. In the afternoon the school children on the Royal estate had their annual tea, the Prince and Princess visiting their guests during the meal. The Prince has resumed the command of the Honourable Artillery Company.

The Duke of Edinburgh leaves Devonport for Coburg about December 14th, and will return during the second week in January with the Duchess and family. On Sunday night he presided over the Plymouth Sunday Evening Entertainment for the People, specially arranged to refer to the *Serpent* disaster.—Princess Christian on Monday distributed the prizes at the St. Stephen's High School for Girls, Clewer.—The Duchess of Albany on Thursday attended the funeral service at the Dutch Church, Austinfriars, in memory of her brother-in-law, the late King of the Netherlands.

THEATRES

THE new generation of playgoers sitting to witness the revival of Mr. Boucicault's *London Assurance* at the CRITERION may be tempted to vary Marlowe's famous line, and ask "Is this the play that launched a thousand panegyrics?" Truth to tell, both the dialogue and the personages have become sadly old-fashioned; and though there is a good deal that is diverting in the piece, now nearly sixty years old, its humour strikes one in these days as decidedly conventional and artificial. It is produced, however, under great advantages; the cast, which includes Mr. Wyndham in Charles Mathews' original part of Dazzle, Mrs. Bernard-Beere as Lady Gay Spanker, Mr. Giddens as "Dolly," Mr. Blakeley as Mark Meddle, Miss Mary Moore as Grace Harkaway, and Mr. Cyril Maude as Cool, is exceptionally strong. Besides this there is the quaint interest of the costumes scrupulously copied from the recorded fashions of 1841. This feature, introduced for the first time since the comedy was originally produced at Covent Garden in that year, excited at the Criterion no little interest, and will be fairly entitled to a share in the credit of the revival should it attain to any considerable run.

The military element once more prevails at TOOLE'S Theatre. Mr. Frank Wyatt's *Two Recruits*, having come to the end of a very short career, the more amusing farce of *The Solicitor*, with its comic soldiers of every grade, from Colonel Sterndale to Private Manners, was received on Saturday night, and started, to all appearances, on a new course of success after a broken run of 150 representations. There should be some limitation to the absurdities of farce, and the buffoneries of Mr. Darnley's piece, come at times perilously near pantomime; yet the intrigue is so adroitly conducted that it is not difficult to excuse the rough-and-tumble humours of some of the scenes. The character of the Solicitor, a "fearful wildfowl," as Bottom would say, who is the central figure of the piece, is now taken by Mr. Fred Mervin, whose strained style of acting is not particularly suited to the comic distresses of erratic husbands of farce. For the rest the cast remains generally the same as it was when *The Solicitor* was played lately at the same theatre.

Beau Austin, originally limited to two "special Mondays" at the HAYMARKET, has already monopolised four of these occasions. It is, moreover, to be repeated at two *matinées* next month. In spite of some deficiency in mere stagecraft, the rare merits of Messrs. Henley and Stevenson's play have been felt by audiences, and the interest in the performances has we believe steadily increased.

Mr. Irving promises three morning performances of *Ravenswood* before the New Year is upon us. The dates are the 20th, 24th, and 27th inst. On Christmas Eve the LYCEUM will be closed, but on the two other dates named Mr. Irving and his company will do double duty, appearing in the evening in *The Bells*.

It is now definitely arranged that *A Million of Money* at DRURY LANE will not be shelved at Christmas, but simply removed to COVENT GARDEN, which has come under Augustus Harris's sway. This will make way for the pantomime of *Beauty and the Beast*, which, according to unalterable custom, will come forth on Boxing Night.

Miss Mabel Harrison, a pupil of the Royal College of Music, made a successful *début* last week at the STEINWAY HALL as a dramatic reader. The play selected was *Henry VIII.*, of which Miss Harrison gave an artistic and spirited rendering, showing that she possesses strong dramatic powers. Miss Harrison, whose performance was under the patronage of Mr. Irving, was assisted by Miss Minnie Chamberlain and Mr. Henry Piercy, who sang during the evening.

LONDON MORTALITY decreased considerably last week. The deaths numbered 1,527 against 1,716 during the previous seven days, being a decrease of 189, and 169 below the average, the death-rate falling to 18 per 1,000. Diphtheria continues high. The 48 fatal cases showed an increase of 11, and were double the usual number, but the casualties from diseases of the respiratory organs diminished to 375—a decrease of 84 and 61 below the ordinary return. There were 76 deaths from measles (similar to last week), 27 from scarlet fever (an advance of 1), 16 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a rise of 5), 15 from whooping-cough (a decline of 18), 12 from enteric fever (a fall of 11), and 2 from ill-defined forms of fever (an increase of 2). Different forms of violence caused 64 fatalities, including 10 suicides. There were 1,980 births registered (a decrease of 226, and 730 below the average).

PASTIMES

THE TURF.—A certain melancholy interest was attached to the Croydon Steeplechase Meeting last week, inasmuch as, owing to the action of the Surrey County Council, it was the last to be held at Woodside Park. Otherwise the sport does not call for much remark. The Last Grand National Hurdlerace (established 1874) fell to Mr. T. Cannon's Dornoch, and the Last Great Metropolitan Steeplechase (which dates from 1870) to Mr. Atkinson's Leprechaun, ridden by the owner.

St. Simon, as last year, heads the list of winning sires, Memoir and twelve others of his stock having won 27 races, value 32,799/. Next comes Wisdom, fourteen of whose children have won 27 races, 20,047/. While Bend Or is third with 17 winners, and 39 races, value 17,627/. Springfield, Barcardine, Charibert, Petrarch, the sire of Amphion (either Speculum or Rosebery), and Robert the Devil (dead) are the others whose offspring have secured 10,000/. or more in stakes this season.

FOOTBALL.—We regret to record the death of Mr. H. M. Walters, younger brother of the well-known backs, which occurred in London on Thursday last week as the result of an accident previously reported in this column. Mr. Walters was educated at Haileybury, where he was in the cricket eleven, and at Oriel College, Oxford, where his forward play procured him a place in the University Association Eleven. The funeral took place on Tuesday at Ewell, where his family resides.

Many matches were abandoned in consequence of this sad event, and others on account of the weather. However, we may note that the Cambridge University Rugby team has been beaten both by Edinburgh Academicals and Hartlepool Rovers, and its Association Eleven by Royal Arsenal; and that the Oxford Rugby players defeated the Midland Counties. In League matches Preston North End succumbed to Wolverhampton Wanderers, and Blackburn Rovers to Everton; while, Rugbyside, Swansea has beaten Cardiff, Lancashire Yorkshire, and Somerset Middlesex.

CRICKET.—From the statistics of the Public Schools' performances this year, published in Tuesday's *Sportsman*, we gather that Clifton and Cheltenham Colleges were exceptionally strong in batting. Each had three batsmen with averages of over 30. The highest averages of the season, however, were the 61 of G. T. Campbell, Fettes College, the 58 of C. M. Wells, Dulwich College, and the 54 of R. C. N. Palaret, Repton School. C. M. Wells also took fifty-two wickets for less than 8 runs a-piece, while, for Loretto, H. T. S. Gedge secured fifty-seven for little more than 6, and for Radley L. C. V. Bathurst had forty-three for something under 9.—Preston, at one time a prominent member of the Yorkshire County eleven, died last week.—There seems good reason for supposing that the report of Mr. M. P. Bowden's death is incorrect.

BILLIARDS.—Roberts beat Mitchell last week, and is now encountering North; while at the Aquarium Mitchell and Dawson are the contestants. Peall has started "drawing-room entertainments" at Thurston's, Catherine Street, Strand. On Wednesdays, which will be "ladies' days," "no smoking" will be the rule. McNeil is to be Peall's first opponent.

MISCELLANEOUS.—In miserable weather the Oxford Trial Eights rowed their annual race over the Moulsoford course on Saturday last, when, after a close struggle all the way, the crew stroked by W. M. Poole, Magdalen, was successful.—Might we beg the sporting papers to close their columns to the ridiculous challenges and counter-challenges of the "strong men" and their managers? It is quite impossible to frame a contest which shall be a satisfactory test of such feats as chain and strap-breaking, and meanwhile these "champions," who have ransacked Lempière for their titles, are allowed to gain bold advertisement by cheap offers of sums ranging from 5/ to 500/ to any one who will emulate their performances, these offers being always withdrawn when any dangerous-looking competitor appears on the platform.

NEW NOVELS

"QUIDA" is certainly no longer the "Quida" of old. Whether she has improved or not must be a matter of opinion; but we cannot help suspecting that even the most respectable people, in their secret hearts, liked her better when she was sowing (in a strictly literary sense) her wild oats, and scattering about her roses drenched in Burgundy, than they like her now that she has become *rangée*, decorous, and a little bitter. Her volumes of stories, of which the first and longest is called "Ruffino" (1 vol.: Chatto and Windus), is a model of propriety, and of all the other qualities with which scrupulous propriety is regularly connected. This is, of course, highly praiseworthy. Even the old gorgeousness of colour, which used to give "Quida's" readers a sensation of luxury by deputy, has, in the most literal sense, been thrown to the dogs; for its sole representative of any consequence is a dog who is such a connoisseur in *pâté de foie gras* as carefully to scorn the aspic, pick out the truffles, and leave the salmi. He is not otherwise a very notable personage; but his human surroundings have still fewer characteristics worth recording. Of course "Quida" would not be herself if she did not say bitter things about Italy; but even in this she is less savage than usual. By the way, in respect of local colour, has "Quida" ever really heard anybody swear?—By the Virgin and Venus, or of anybody's death being ascribed to over-indulgence in the "Vino Santo"? Such little things as these alone call to mind the "Quida" of auld lang syne.

"The Dominant Seventh," by Kate Elizabeth Clark (1 vol.: William Heinemann), is based upon a rather striking and fertile idea of Schopenhauer, that the two fundamental chords in music, from which all others are derived, represent and translate the two fundamental states of the soul—the tonic chord corresponding to rest and calmness, and the dominant chord of the seventh to longing and striving. Music and life are alike the continued succession of these two chords, and each is thus the interpreter of the other. In short, the analogy, whether it be actual or whether merely fanciful, is at any rate strong and broad enough to have borne a much deeper and more dramatic study of human nature than Kate Elizabeth Clark's mild little romance which, so far as we have been able to perceive, illustrates nothing whatever. The musical department is exceedingly like one of those analytical programmes so familiar to frequenters of the Monday Popular Concerts; the vital department is a rather conventional story of love, lunacy, and jealousy, culminating in an attempt to commit murder by means of an infernal-machine forwarded to the intended victim—a romantic Italian fiddler who turns out to be a duke—through the prosaic agency of the Adams Express Company. The best thing in the volume is the observation that "Wagner did not write his works according to his theories, but wrote his theories according to his works;" which is probably true, and—so far as we are aware—original. The worst thing is the spelling. That the scene is laid in New Jersey, and that the authoress is obviously at home there, and that every page overflows with absolutely Bostonian culture does not excuse English publishers and English printers from aiding and abetting the systematic corruption of their mother tongue.

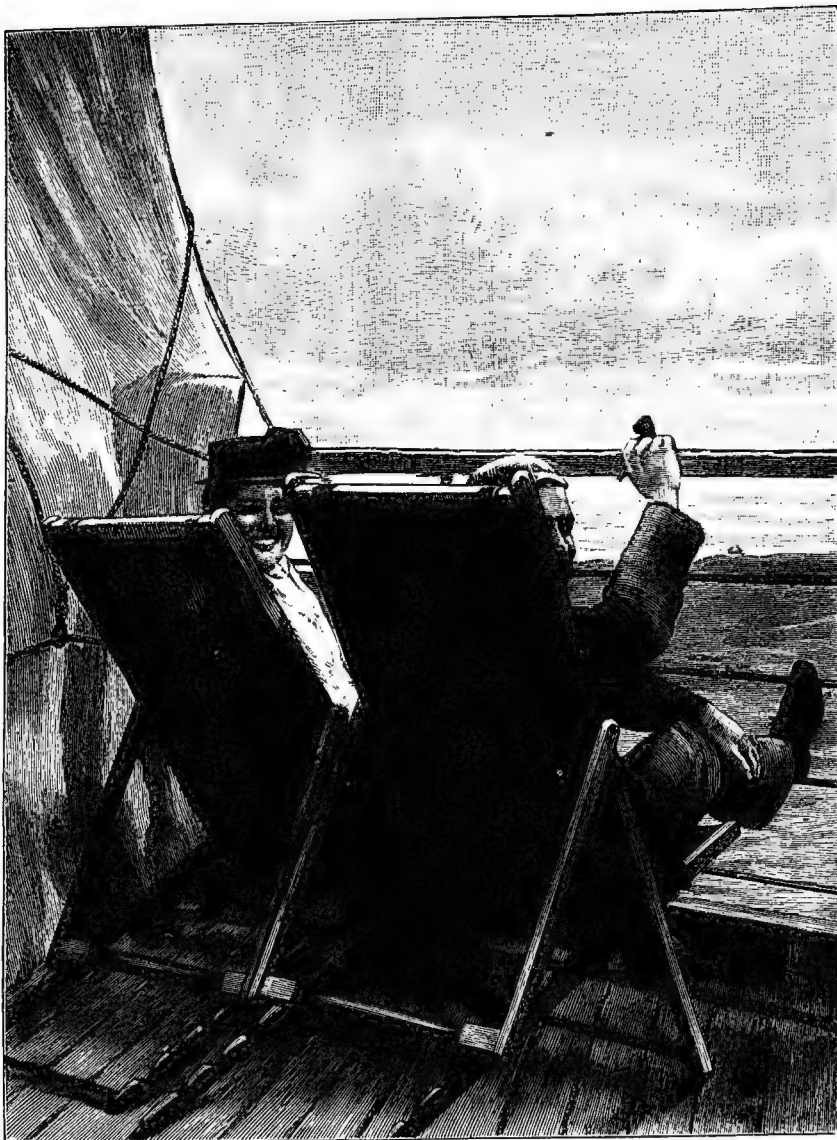
THE FATE OF THE MISSING AUSTRIAN ARCHDUKE is still unknown. The Austrian Admiralty appointed two officials to inquire systematically for Herr Johann Orth and his ship, and they now report that the *St. Margarete* may have been driven by the gales to the Antarctic regions, as no traces of her loss have appeared.

PHOTOGRAPHY AS AN ILLUSTRATOR OF EVENTS

BY MAJOR J. FORTUNÉ NOIT

DURING the twenty-one years *The Graphic* has been supplying the public with illustrations of passing events, and pictorially recording the history of the time, there have been few changes more noteworthy than the advances and discoveries made towards perfecting the art of photography. During the earlier years of this paper's existence the "wet-plate" system was in vogue, with its many difficulties, not forgetting the indispensable silver bath, which had terrible staining properties for hands and clothes. At this stage it was of little service to Art, or as a recorder of passing events, and beyond those who utilized it professionally it had comparatively few disciples. Now, owing to the discovery of the "dry-plate" and to the simplification of the required appliances, the taking of photographs has become a recognised pastime of civilised nations. Moreover, the extraordinary degree of sensitiveness with which the photographic plate can now be endowed, and the unerring manner with which it can be made to record certain details under conditions in which human sight is of no avail, have supplied Science and Art with a power that may truthfully be described as reaching the confines of the miraculous. Again, the compact way in which the photographic apparatus can now be packed, allows the traveller easily to carry appliances that will enable him to bring back accurate pictorial representations of the people and countries he visits, and so afford pleasure to thousands of people who may never have the chance of traversing the same portion of the world. A power such as this, placed in the hands of men in all parts of the globe who otherwise, for lack of training, might be unable to portray events happening before their eyes, has, of necessity, largely increased the number of the contributors to this paper, and has enabled it to give accurate representation of scenes which would otherwise have to remain unchronicled in such a manner.

The capabilities of photography being so manifold—for it can be made an invaluable auxiliary to the progress and promotion of nearly every branch of Art and Science—



"CAUGHT FLIRTING"—AN INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPH ON BOARD A P. AND O. STEAMER

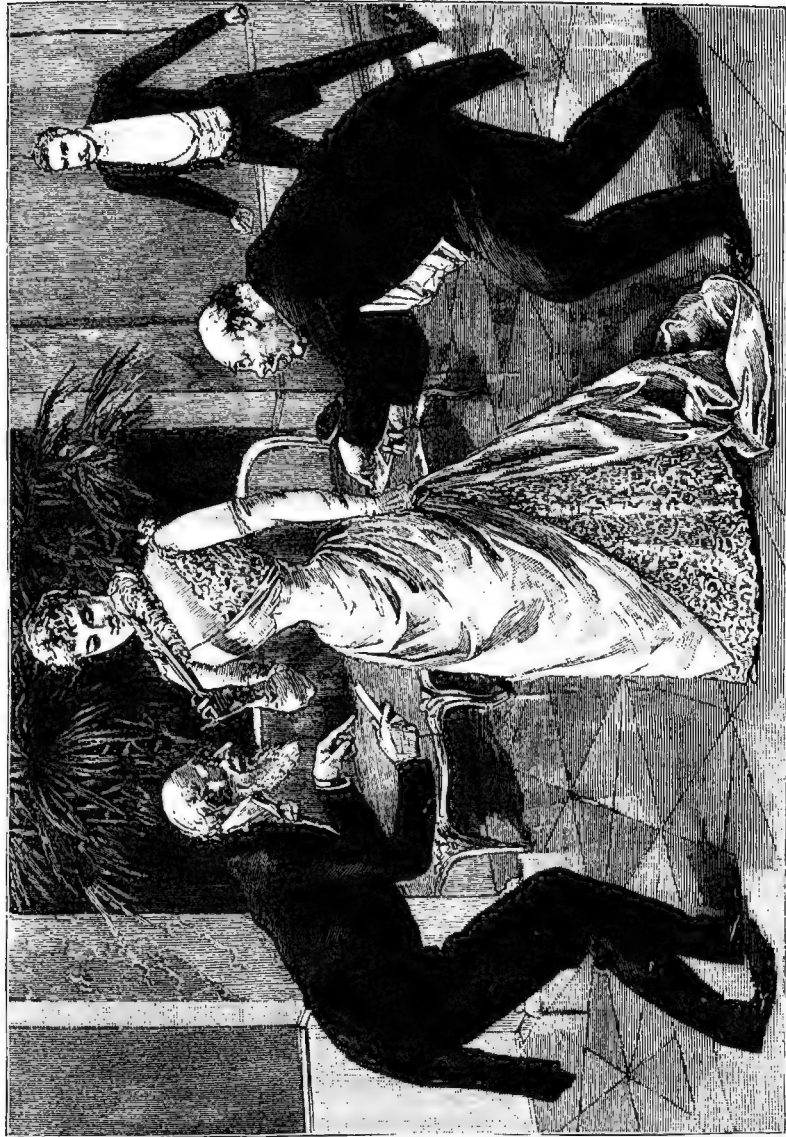
has with the increase in its powers attracted the attention of men who are imbued with strong artistic feeling and great skill, with the result that photographs are now frequently produced which may correctly be described as veritable works of Art. When, therefore, the camera in properly trained hands is being employed as a recorder of important events in a nation's history, or which are in themselves of an historical nature, the results possess a value which give photography a pre-eminent position. From certain aspects it defies dethronement by any other known Art. The unmistakeable impress of absolute fidelity to truth which the photograph possesses, carries conviction with it, and eliminates those doubts which must always arise respecting the accuracy as far as detail and arrangements are concerned, of pictures produced by any other method.

This unquestionable accuracy is of the utmost importance to a paper that relies upon the illustration of passing events for its popularity, for no printed page, even if it embodies the supreme effort of the most graphic describer can convey to the human mind certain salient facts so quickly or truthfully as can accurate illustrations. That this is now obtaining general acknowledgment is shown by nearly every writer who has undertaken lately to bring home to the English people the true facts concerning Ireland, letting it be understood that he has procured, and intends using for illustrating purposes, one of those ingenious contrivances known as Kodaks. The scenes portrayed through its instrumentality when used for this purpose, as, for example, in the illustrations to Mr. T. W. Russell's letters in *The Daily Graphic*, can produce more forcible impressions than reams of letterpress.

We also hear a great deal about cameras in connection with the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition, and a few poor photographs have been seen; but if, in addition to the cameras, the necessary skill had also been among the party, the results might have been of inestimable value, for the world could have been supplied with trustworthy evidence regarding certain incidents as to which terrible doubts now reign supreme. Photography as a recorder of events is gradually becoming an influence which in the near future must make itself felt.



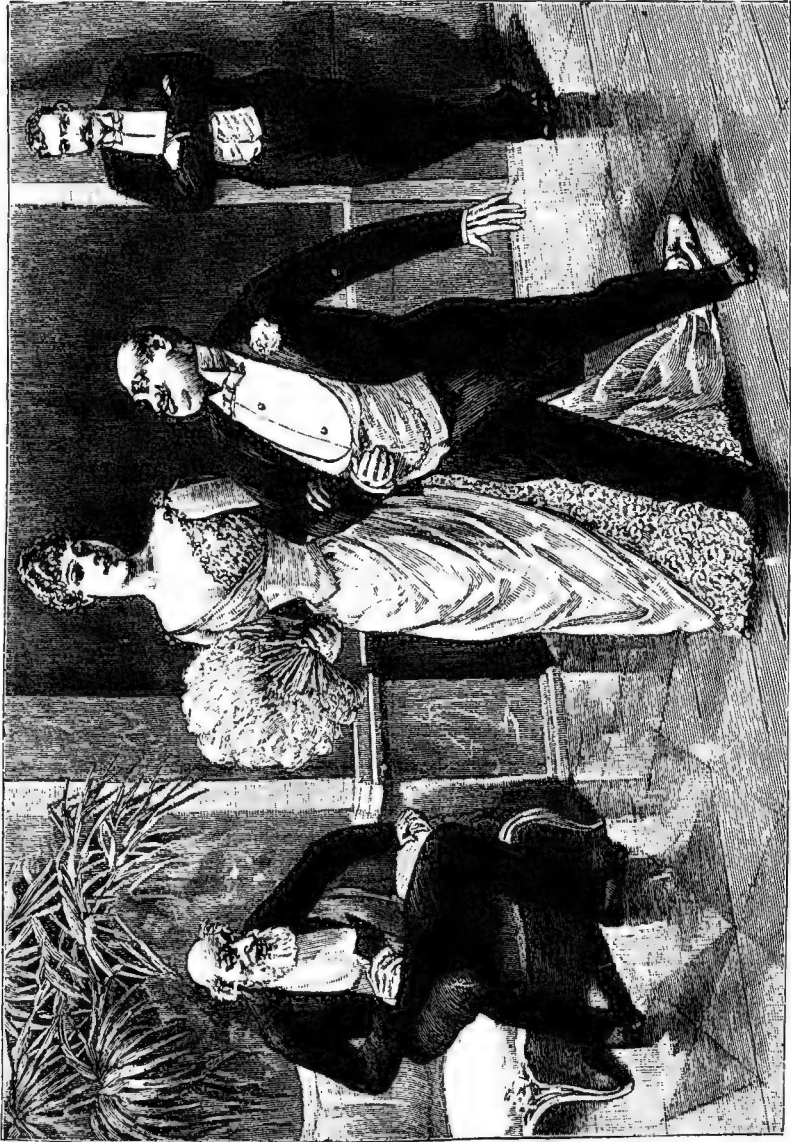
SHOOTING IN WEST AFRICA—THROUGH A MANGROVE SWAMP



A LITTLE THUNDER



SUNSHINE WITH RUMBLING THUNDER (IN THE DISTANCE)



STATE OF ATMOSPHERE—SULTRY



MORE THUNDER AND A LITTLE RAIN

PARLIAMENT

THE world has this week watched the unprecedented phenomenon of two Parliaments at Westminster. In the famous chamber where the mace lies on the table one assembly has gathered at the usual hour, discharged its ordinary business, and adjourned in good time. In one of the committee rooms upstairs there has been another gathering, under the presidency of Mr. Parnell—if presidency is quite the word to describe a state of things where one gentleman commits a series of disorderly acts in the chair, whilst some forty or fifty others wrangle round him.

There is no doubt as to which gathering has been the more successful in attracting public interest. The Commons have already approached and grappled with two of the principal Bills in the Ministerial programme. They have read a second time both the Tithes Bill and the Irish Land Purchase Bill. But through the progress of the debate the Chamber has been nearly empty, and all the newspapers have devoted their first leading article, not to discussion of the proceedings in the British Parliament, but to observation of the doings at the Donnybrook fair, in Committee Room No. 15. These historical meetings began on Tuesday in last week, when the Irish Party, as usual on the eve of the Session, met under direction of Mr. Parnell to elect a Chairman of the Parliamentary Committee, and perform other Sessional business. They unanimously reelected Mr. Parnell, after which the element of surprise crept in, and there began that series of dramatic incidents which has since enchained public attention.

As Mr. F. O'Brien blurted out at Tuesday's sitting, when the Irish members re-elected Mr. Parnell as their Leader, they regarded it as a matter of course, even of settled arrangement, that he would forthwith resign. But it seemed that fifteen years' companionship had not enabled the Irish members fully to understand the character of their Chief. Mr. Parnell, having been formally elected Leader, formally returned thanks, and proceeded to discuss the next business. The belated and bewildered Irish members waited in vain for the expected resignation. Mr. Parnell had evidently come to stay. Doubtless if Mr. Gladstone had not taken action and written the famous letter to Mr. John Morley they would have been caught in the trap cunningly laid for them. But learning the contents of Mr. Gladstone's letter, and indignant at the perfidy which had closed Mr. Parnell's lips as to the communication that had passed between Mr. Gladstone and himself, they resolved to meet again and reconsider the subject. This was the meeting of Wednesday in last week, adjourned till Monday last, and since then daily sitting throughout the greater part of this week.

The public are indebted to Mr. Parnell for the opportunity of reading the racy reports of these meetings. At the commencement they were, as is usual in such cases, held with closed doors. But to Mr. Parnell's subtle and ingenious mind there occurred the idea that if the meetings were reported for Ireland the sense of publicity would cow his quondam followers, and prevent them from speaking out. In this case ingenuity has wrought its own punishment. Mr. Parnell's original idea was to give exclusive admission to the reporters of the *Freeman's Journal*, a newspaper with which he has intimate personal relations, and which almost alone in the Press of Ireland stands by him at the present juncture. But the directors of the Dublin paper, seeing a rare opportunity of turning an honest penny, have sanctioned an arrangement by which their report is dispensed to all the newspapers, and thus Great Britain, as well as Ireland, hears all that passes within the jealously-closed doors of Committee Room No. 15.

As a practical illustration of what may be expected when Ireland gets its own again, and College Green houses an Irish Parliament, this meeting of Irish statesmen is invaluable. Mr. Parnell himself is transformed from the imperturbable patriot known in the House of Commons to a scolding virago, outraging, in almost burlesque fashion, the elementary principles of impartiality in the chair. Without even an affectation of reason, he rules out of order any point, speech, or observation that would tell against himself, whilst he allows the fullest latitude to the sayings and doings of his own partisans. No vestry, whether in Cork or London, ever presented such a scene of lawlessness as is witnessed hour after hour during the prolonged sittings of this little Home Rule Parliament. The minority persistently and outrageously obstruct the efforts of the majority to bring the matter at issue to the arbitration of a vote. Two or three members, including the Chairman, are frequently found on their feet at the same moment, shouting at each other across the table. Charges of fraud and lying are bantered about, and disclosure incidentally made of continuous breaches of faith and betrayals of confidence. At the same time it is impossible not to admire the ability displayed by some of the speakers, and the desperate courage with which Mr. Parnell maintains the struggle against overwhelming odds.

It is a tame business to turn from consideration of the Irish Parliament and look in upon that which concurrently meets in another part of the building. The House of Lords, embarrassed by the unwonted condition of affairs, has judiciously withdrawn from the arena. On the opening day of the Session, having agreed to the Address, it adjourned for a full week. Meeting on Tuesday, it forthwith adjourned again till Monday next. It has no work to do, and noble lords might as well stay at home as turn up for a few minutes every afternoon at Westminster. But the case is curious, since the embarrassment is not novel. The meeting of Parliament in this winter-time is, for all practical purposes, precisely the same as an ordinary gathering early in February. If the Lords are to sit only one day a week in November and December there is no reason connected with public business why they should be more frequent in their attendance when, if ever, the old custom of opening the Session in February is reverted to.

From the Commons the Speaker is still absent, for a reason regretted on both sides of the House. Mrs. Peel is seriously ill, and shows no sign of improvement. The Speaker himself is not in bounding health; but he is well enough to take the chair, supposing he were free from anxiety in respect of his wife. As it is, he stops at home and Mr. Courtney takes the chair, the Empire over which the sun never sets somehow or other getting along in spite of the fact that the occupant of the Chair of the House of Commons does not wear wig and gown.

One result of the chaos which reigns among the Irish Party is that public business is advancing by leaps and bounds. The state of things in the House of Commons just now recalls to the few old members left the atmosphere of the place when Lord Palmerston was still alive and led the Commons. A later and, in point of time, a strictly limited epoch which bears some resemblance to that now enjoyed is the first session of Mr. Disraeli's last Parliament. In 1874, a great calm succeeded the storm through which Mr. Gladstone had reigned for six years. But it was broken in 1875, when the Home Rule Party first developed, and has never been regained till now, when the Home Rule Party are flying at each other's throats, and pulling each other's hair.

On Monday night the Tithes Bill came on for second reading amid every promise of obstinate resistance. The position was aggravated by the circumstance that, contrary to intimation conveyed by Mr. Smith on the opening night of the Session, precedence was given to this Bill over Irish business. The Opposition stormed and fumed, and Mr. Labouchere talked of the necessity of taking at least three nights for discussion of the second-reading stage. Mr. Herbert Gardner and Mr. Stuart Rendel jostled each other in their haste to bring forward amendments. But the attack soon proved to be a very hollow affair. The debate

was with difficulty kept going through the dinner-hour. At ten o'clock it threatened to die of sheer inanition, and, at half-past eleven, Mr. Rendel's amendment was negatived by a majority that more nearly reached the round hundred than Ministers have known for two years. When the amendment was thus disposed of, there still remained another opportunity for prolonged debate.

On the main question, that the Bill be read a second time, the debate might have begun again *de novo*, and, at least, a second night would have been appropriated. But there was no heart left in the Opposition, no voice challenged Mr. Courtney's declaration that "the Ayes had it," and so, to everyone's surprise, the Bill was read a second time. It was much the same with the Irish Land Bill, which has passed a similar stage, the Government in this second week of the new Session standing in a better position, as far as public business is concerned, than for many years they have been accustomed to find themselves in the second month.

HOME

THE IRISH PARLIAMENTARY PARTY has, since our last issue, been holding stormy meetings, which are fully described in our "Parliament" column, on the subject of Mr. Parnell's retention of the leadership. On Tuesday this week a first stage in the controversy was reached. A division was taken on a motion made by Colonel Nolan, supported by Mr. Parnell's friends, and strenuously contested by his opponents. It was to the effect that all questions touching the Chairmanship of the Irish Party should be postponed until the members had an opportunity of personally ascertaining the views of their constituents, and until the party can meet in Dublin. It was defeated by a majority of 15, 44 votes being given against it, and 29 for it. Mr. Justin McCarthy voted with the majority, his son with the minority. An interesting episode in the still-pending controversy was an overture from Mr. Parnell, through Mr. Justin McCarthy, to the ex-Premier, Sir William Harcourt, and Mr. Morley, made with the view of showing that he was ready to sacrifice his leadership to the supposed interests of Ireland. Mr. Parnell offered to retire from public life if they would pledge themselves to include in any Home Rule Bill framed by them, in the event of their return to office, provisions vesting the control of the Irish Constabulary in an Irish executive, responsible to an Irish Parliament, and bestowing power on the latter to settle the Irish land question. The overture was rejected, and Mr. Parnell will fight to the last to retain his leadership. He appeals to the Irish people to support him. That he will find in Ireland considerable support is evident from the resolutions of confidence in him passed by numerous public bodies. One of the kind has been agreed to by the Nationalist members of the Dublin Corporation, and at the meeting of the National League held in Dublin on Tuesday, with a much larger attendance than has been known for years, a resolution was carried, with great enthusiasm, assuring Mr. Parnell of the meeting's undivided allegiance to him and to the Irish cause. On the other hand, Archbishops Walsh and Croke have, as individuals, pronounced against him.

THE SEAT for the Bassetlaw division of Notts, vacant through the calamitous death of Mr. William Beckett, is being contested by Mr. Mellor, Q.C. (G.), who has received the usual testimonial from Mr. Gladstone, and by Sir Frederick Milner (C.). Mr. Mellor was at the last General election the unsuccessful candidate for the Northern Division of Lincolnshire. Sir F. Milner is the son-in-law of the member just deceased, and was for some years M.P. for York.

AT THE ANNIVERSARY MEETING OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY on Monday, Sir William Thomson was elected President. In his address, the retiring President, Sir G. Stokes, M.P., announced that the proceeds of the Darwin Memorial Fund are to be applied bi-ennially in reward of work of acknowledged distinction—especially in biology. The award is to consist of a medal in silver or bronze, accompanied by a grant of 100*l.*, and is to be made to a British subject or to a foreigner, without distinction of sex. Sir G. Stokes also intimated that the Treasurer of the Joule Memorial Fund had handed over to the Treasurer of the Royal Society a sum of about 1,400*l.*

THE LORD MAYOR presided on Monday at the annual supper to the criminal classes, given under the auspices of the St. Giles's Christian Mission. In the report presented at a subsequent meeting of the friends of that institution reference was made to General Booth's book, and it was pointed out that for more than thirteen years the St. Giles's Mission had been working upon the lines suggested by the General, and that during recent years crime had continued to decrease.

GENERAL BOOTH visited Leeds on Monday, and 1,232*l.* was subscribed at the close of the meeting which he addressed. He has announced that he has made arrangements for the immediate appointment of a successor in the event of his death. That zealous Roman Catholic Peer the Marquis of Ripon has, like the agnostic Marquis of Queensberry, given practical encouragement to the General's action by sending him a cheque for 100*l.* Formidable critics of the scheme have appeared in Professor Huxley, Mr. Loch, the Secretary of the Charity Organisation Society, and last, but not least, the Archbishop of Canterbury. Professor Huxley criticised it chiefly from the agnostic point of view, and anticipated with apprehension the enslavement of the public mind which would result from a subjugation of the country by what he terms a "corybantic Christianity." Mr. Loch's standpoint is that of one practically conversant with the ways of the denizens of "darkest England." He lays stress on the want of permanence in the employment of those to be admitted into the General's establishments, which may be resorted to for a season by the half-employed and then deserted by them. He admits, however, that the promulgation of the General's plans may do good by their suggestion of the necessity for more concentration of effort and unity of administration among the many benevolent and beneficent agencies now at work, the action of which will be crippled by encouragement of the General's schemes. The Primate also makes this admission in a friendly letter to the General, in which, however, he points out that General Booth has erred in ignoring both the Christianising mission of the Church, and the number and usefulness of the agencies already at work for the amelioration of the condition of the poor.

NEWS has happily arrived of the safety of the missing Anchor Line steamer *Ethiopia*. On Wednesday she was heard of as off Tory Island, Ireland, with her shaft broken.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death, in his seventy-first year, of Lord Deramore, better known as the Sir Thomas Bateson who represented Londonderry from 1844 to 1857, and Devises from 1864 to 1885; at the age of eighty, of Sir Barnes Peacock, the oldest member of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council; of Sir Augustus Rivers Thompson, a distinguished Indian civilian, Chief Commissioner of British Burma in 1877, and Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal from 1882 to 1887, when he retired; in his sixty-third year, of Mr. Justice Litton, legal chief of the Irish Land Commissioners; in his eighty-fourth year, of the Rev. Sir Cavendish H. Foster, Bart.; in his eighty-ninth year, of the Right Rev. F. W. B. Collier, one of the oldest prelates of the Roman Catholic Church, formerly Bishop of St. Louis, Mauritius; in his sixty-first year, at Cairo, of the well-known Rev. E. Capel Cure, since 1884, Canon of Windsor, an eloquent preacher of the moderate High Church school, formerly

Rector of St. George's, Bloomsbury, before becoming Rector of St. George's, Hanover Square, and Prebendary of St. Paul's Cathedral; in his sixty-first year, of the Rev. Joseph Maskell, Master and Chaplain of Emanuel College, Westminster, an erudite archaeologist; in his ninety-eighth year, of the Rev. Dr. Stoddart, minister of Madbury, Perthshire, the oldest minister in Scotland; in his seventy-ninth year, of Mr. Archibald Campbell Swinton, formerly Professor of Civil Law in Edinburgh University; and in his sixty-sixth year, of Mr. George Bell, publisher, who, in conjunction with Messrs. Whittaker and Co., started the well-known "Bibliotheca Classica." After he entered into partnership with Mr. Daldy, the firm of Bell and Daldy became the purchasers and publishers of Bohn's excellent "Libraries." In 1872 his partnership with Mr. Daldy terminated, and of the new firm of George Bell and Sons he was the working head until two years ago, acquiring in the meantime the publishing business of Whittaker and Co., in which, as a young man, he had begun his London career.

CHURCH NEWS

THE PRIMATE'S JUDGMENT.—The Council of the Church Association, the *Record* understands, have definitely decided to appeal against the judgment. The Bishop of Liverpool has requested the clergy of his diocese to make no alterations in the conduct of their services at the Holy Communion, in consequence of the judgment. In the first place, Dr. Ryle says, as there is about to be an appeal to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, the case is not finally settled, and, in the second place, it appears to be legally doubtful whether, even if there be no appeal, the judgment is of any force in the Northern province.—Viscount Halifax, as President of the English Church Union, has, with the unanimous approval of the Council, issued a circular-letter, in which it was suggested that its members should, at the celebration of Communion, either last or next Sunday, make "a special act of thanksgiving for the prospects of peace," which the Primate's judgment in the Bishop of Lincoln's case "seems to secure."—The Bishop of Lincoln, officiating at St. Peter-le-Gowt's, Lincoln, the very church in which he committed the acts for which he was prosecuted, gave the Benediction with uplifted hand, but did not make the sign of the Cross, prohibited in the Primate's judgment.

THE COURT OF APPEAL have affirmed the decision of the Court below in refusing a *mandamus* to compel the Bishop of London, on grounds already fully stated in this column, to sanction the taking of proceedings in accordance with the second representation made to him against the reredos in St. Paul's. As in the case of the first "representation," there will be in this an appeal to the House of Lords.

AT THE RECENT MEETING of the Council of the Hospital Sunday Fund the report presented stated that this year the collection, amounting to 44,814*l.*, exceeded by more than 1,000*l.* any previous one. In the first year of the fund, 1873, the total was 27,700*l.* The number of contributing congregations is now 1,712, being 640 more than when the fund was first started. The largest collection this year, or, indeed, the largest ever made at any one church, was at St. Jude's, Kensington, 1,258*l.*, St. Michael's, Chester Square, and Christ Church, Lancaster Gate, coming next, with 1,016*l.* each.

THE OPERATIONS OF THE CHURCH PASTORAL AID SOCIETY are limited by its regulations to the employment of men only, whether clerical or lay. The committee intend to propose to the members an alteration of the rules, so as to bring female helpers within their scope.—The long-promised meeting of Lady Workers, to be held under the auspices of the London Congregational Union, will certainly, the *Independent* intimates, be held in a fortnight's time.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS for the memorial to the late Bishop of Durham now amount to 5,231*l.* Sir Edgar Boehm has been commissioned to execute the recumbent figure of Dr. Lightfoot to be placed on the altar-tomb in Durham Cathedral.

LEGAL

THE TRIAL OF THE SO-CALLED MRS. PEARCEY, charged with the Kentish-town murders, began on Tuesday at the Central Criminal Court before Mr. Justice Denman. She pleaded "Not Guilty." The evidence was much the same as that given before the coroner and the magistrate. The prisoner's counsel called no witnesses, and in his speech in her behalf combated the argument of the prosecution that his client had a palpable motive in killing her to get rid of Mrs. Hogg. Hogg had never, he said, promised her marriage, and in the way of marriage she had nothing to expect from him. In the absence of motive it would be very dangerous for the jury to rely on circumstantial evidence entirely. In summing-up the judge strongly reprobated the conduct of Hogg, the husband of the murdered woman. The jury found the prisoner "Guilty."

WHETHER a particular engraving was a satisfactory reproduction of a portrait of Professor Owen has been the subject of a trial before Mr. Justice Day and a special jury. Mr. Thaddeus, the defendant, painted the portrait, and Mr. Sternberg, the plaintiff, executed the engraving, for which he was to receive 120*l.*, and of this sum he did receive 40*l.* on account. The balance, 80*l.*, was refused on the ground that the work was done so unsatisfactorily as to be of no use to the defendant, who, however, had not seen the last proof. The conflict of evidence was remarkable. Art-publishers and engravers, among them Mr. Graves of the well-known firm in Pall Mall, and Mr. Robinson, mezzotint engraver to the Queen, spoke of the engraving as quite satisfactory, while Sir Frederick Leighton and Mr. McLean, of the Haymarket, condemned it. The jury almost immediately gave the plaintiff a verdict for the 80*l.* claimed.

IN A CASE, reported some time ago in this column, an action was brought for injury done to a child by the falling of a black board in the school at St. Michael's, Wood Green. The defendant was the vicar, as acting member of the Committee of Management. A jury gave a verdict against him, with 20*l.* damages, but the Judge, considering that no negligence on his part had been proved, entered a verdict for him. The plaintiff appealed, and the Court of Appeal having carefully considered the case as one seriously affecting school managers throughout the country, dismissed the appeal, holding that there had been no negligence, and that, if there had been any, the vicar was not liable.

THE HOUSEHOLDERS, some 780 in number, of the parish of St. Peter's, Deptford, disagree as to the desirability of having a peal of bells hung, of course for use, in the tower of the church. The vestry pronounced in favour of the peal, but, on a sort of poll being taken, while 212 householders approved of it, 241 declared against it, on the ground that its music would annoy them, and 327 expressed no opinion. Under these circumstances, the Chancellor of the Diocese of Rochester has refused a faculty authorising the peal applied for by the vicar and churchwardens. The petitioners, he said, in quite Johnsonian style, are seeking what may be called a luxury; the opponents apprehend a nuisance. If the faculty is refused, no parishioner will be the worse; but if the faculty is granted, a great many will be exposed to more or less annoyance.

AN ORDER has been made by Mr. Justice Stirling for the winding-up of the Lady Guides' Association, the chief object of which was to maintain a staff of ladies to act as guides for visitors to London. It was incorporated in February, 1887, with a capital of 5,000*l.* in 5,000 shares of 1*l.* each. The association did a certain amount of business, but not enough to save it from practical insolvency. One of the petitioners for the winding-up order was the manageress of the association, who was a judgment-creditor for a part of her salary.

EARLY ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS

THE subject of "Early Illustrated Newspapers" has been so ably and so exhaustively treated by Mr. Mason Jackson in his "Pictorial Press: Its Origin and Progress" that I can scarcely



MR. G. A. SALA

avoid the conviction that, even in the brief essay which I propose to write, I am undertaking a difficult and somewhat invidious task—difficult, because almost everything that could possibly be said concerning the rise and progress of pictorial journalism, not only at home, but abroad, has already been stated by the author of "The Pictorial Press;" invidious for the reason that, supposing I had never read "The Pictorial Press," it so happens that the course of my studies, the acquisition of my experience, and the bent of my tastes have presented very many points of contact with those of the writer to whom I am referring; and I could hardly have written a prolonged excursus upon early illustrated newspapers without incurring the suspicion of having borrowed a great deal of my information, and the comments and conclusions therefrom derived, from Mr. Jackson's own pages. To his exact professional knowledge of the *technique* of wood-engraving and of the modern photo-relief "processes" by which the practice of xylography is now so largely supplemented I have no pretension; but many years ago I was for a considerable period a draughtsman on wood; and Mr. Jackson has himself been so kind as to remind me (at page 312 of his book) that, so far back as 1847, I was a member of the artistic staff of the *Pictorial Times*. The recurrence of that circumstance to my mind contributed to a considerable extent to modify the nervous trepidation with which I contemplated the contingency of being accused either of knowing nothing about the history of illustrated journalism, or of having learned all that I did know from Mr. Mason Jackson's picturesque and accurate pages. On the whole, perhaps, the safest plan to adopt under exceptionally embarrassing circumstances will be to refrain from giving anything approaching a consecutive summary of the history of illustrated newspapers. I will assume that my readers are fully aware of the facts that the earliest of such productions in England were the innumerable "Mercuries" published during the Great Rebellion, and the chap-books and broadsides illustrated with the rudest of wood-cuts, which were published in such profusion during the seventeenth century, and with which that indefatigable antiquary Mr. John Ashton has made modern students of the past pleasantly familiar. I may take it for granted, again, that the revival by Thomas Bewick of the long-dormant art of wood-engraving was the direct cause of the existence of English pictorial journalism as we see, and enjoy it, now. I am old enough to have mixed with the *vieux de la vieille* of the noble army of wood-engravers—men who had been either pupils of Bewick himself, or who had been directly influenced by his school—men who could number Luke Clennell, painter as well as xylographer—"Sam" Williams draughtsman and engraver—see his wonderful effects of light and shade in his illustrations to the *Olio* and the *Partone*, and his equally puissant figure-drawing in the vignettes of the *Luxton Stage*—Thurston William Harvey, Thompson, Branston, Mason, and John Jackson. For another renowned wood-engraver of the old school, Ebenezer Landells, I drew on wood in 1846-7 the illustrations to Alfred Bunn's "Word with Punch;" and for the same worthy master of the graver and the shading-tool I made a number of architectural drawings for the *Lady's Newspaper* which Landells projected, and which was virtually the first regular weekly illustrated newspaper exclusively devoted to the interests of the fair sex. There had been plenty of periodicals adorned with engravings on copper, and issued for the special benefit of the ladies, before the appearance of the *Lady's Newspaper*. I have shelves full of these publications at home. *Ackermann's Repository*; the *Ladies' Museum*; the *Bon Ton*; the *Belle Assemblée*; the *Ladies' Pocket Book*, and so forth. Of these, *Ackermann*, of which I have a set extending over nearly twenty years of the present century, was undeniably the most important. The "fashion" plates, etched or engraved in *taille d'oe*, were, as a rule, graphically drawn and harmoniously coloured. Then there were neatly-aquatinted designs for country houses, cottage *ornes*, furniture, and upholstery. The architecture was generally in the long-exploded styles of Soane, Wyattville, Nash, and Decimus Burton; the furniture of a bastard Grecian pattern, not wholly to be abominated, since, although the foundation of the design was sham Empire, the details occasionally presented pleasing symptoms of the upholsterer's artist having studied the Elgin Marbles, which were new acquisitions then, and did for a season much good to the cause of English Art education.

Mr. Mason Jackson, in enumerating the numerous rivals which the success of the *Illustrated London News* called into existence—as a rule not a very prolonged one—has not forgotten to mention the *Illustrated Times*, which was conducted with great ability by Mr. Henry Vizetelly, who had early achieved eminence as a wood-engraver. It must have been during the Crimean War that the *Illustrated Times* was started; for I very well remember going down to Shorncliffe to witness a review of the German Legion, which had been raised as an auxiliary force to our brave army before Sebastopol, and was about to embark for the Black Sea. These Teutonic mercenaries—stalwart fellows, most of them—were under the command of Baron von Stutterheim; and the Legion was inspected by, and paraded before, H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, then freshly returned from the Tauric Chersonese. My mission was not only to write a description of the review, but to make a number of sketches illustrative of the principal events of the function. The sketches which comprised figures I drew on the wood myself; but the landscapes, which were the merest of rough memoranda of the "this is a tree, this is a windmill" order, were translated into proper light and shade and sylvan propriety by the accomplished pencil of Mr. Birket Foster. I did not make many sketches for the *Illustrated Times*, for the reason that both Mr. Henry Vizetelly and myself had found out that my proper vocation was not drawing, but writing. In fact, till I went, in 1856, to Russia, I contributed a good deal of "copy," including an extremely bad novel called "The Baddington Peerage," to the *Illustrated Times*; and I shall always remember with unmingled pleasure my affiliation to the "band of brothers" who worked with pen and pencil on the "I. T." There was worked with pen and pencil on the "I. T." There was Hablot K. Browne ("Phiz"), who illustrated that unlucky novel of promise, and Charles H. Bennett, (formerly and afterwards, too), the *Punch* staff, who was something more than a caricaturist, combining as he did much graphic grace with the keenest of satiric will, and a true poetic fancy. In Julian Portch, again, who was despatched to the seat of war at Balaklava, we had another artistic brother full of high hope. These talented men are all dead. Among the writers for the "I. T." the survivors are more numerous. Augustus Mayhew, who was our "home special" correspondent, and "did" the Manchester Art Treasures Exhibition and the Rugby Murder (in a journalistic sense), has joined the majority; but Edmund Yates, who was our "Lounge at the Clubs," lives, a prosperous

gentleman, and proprietor-editor of the *World*. Frederick Greenwood, one of our sub-editors, has become a power in the body-politic of publicists; Henry Sutherland Edwards, the first editor of *The Graphic*, was a leader-writer then, as he is now;—*que vive mil años!* I incline to the belief that writing is conducive to longevity. Edward Draper, again, a genial solicitor—I have known many genial solicitors who could sue you with a smile, and enter judgment against you with a joke—was the writer of our weekly "Law and Crime" article, and continues, I hope, to scatter broadcast copies of gracious (although slightly peremptory) invitations from Her Majesty the Queen to her faithful subjects to meet her within eight days at her Royal Courts of Justice. James Hannay, satirist, novelist, and Quarterly Reviewer, a ripe scholar, keen wit, and brilliant writer, was another "I. T." leader-writer. He died British Consul at Barcelona.

As regards your humble servant now troubling you with his reminiscences of his "Early Illustrated Newspapers," it seems to have been decreed by Fate that I should always have something to do with pictorial journalism. I believe that I was a contributor to the first, or very nearly the first number of *The Graphic*; and I was connected during many years with the *Illustrated London News*. I had a little bit of an illustrated weekly paper of my own, once. It was called *Chat: Fun, Fact, Fiction, and On Dit*, and its career lasted from 1847 to 1850. I was at first the editor—at a salary of a pound a week—of this modest little hebdomadal pennyworth; but in 1848-9 the proprietor, the late Mr. Frederick Marriott, going off at brief notice to the Californian gold-diggings—he afterwards became the founder of the *San Francisco News Letter*—left me the copyright of *Chat*. Not having any capital, I took a partner who was no more of a capitalist than I was; but he followed the calling of an advertising agent, and as he had a pretty extensive collection we enjoyed tolerable prosperity. I happened to know Professor Holloway, of bolus and unguent fame, and the pill and ointment advertisements were often as lifebelts to us. The bulk of the illustrations—one, I remember, was a view of the burning of the old original Olympic Theatre in Wych Street—I drew myself, on the wood, and very rough and ready these illustrations were; but I had a more skillful artistic coadjutor in Mr. Archibald Henning, a humorous artist of distinguished merit, who painted a large oil picture of "Celebrities of the Day" early in the Forties—comprising, among others, full-length portraits of Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, Charles Dickens, Macready, Charles Keane, Count D'Orsay, Lord Chesterfield, the Duke of Brunswick, Paul Bedford, Mr. "Coroner" Wakley, George Cruikshank, Pierce Egan, Owen Swift, Bendigo, and Jem Ward, whom the imaginative artist had depicted as listening with intense delight to one of the mock trials of the Judge and Jury Society presided over by "Chief Baron" Nicholson. This highly-fanciful work of art used to adorn the front window of a tavern in Bow Street, the "Garlick's Head," opposite old Covent Garden Theatre, of which hostelry the convivial "Chief Baron" was the landlord, and where the mock trials used to be held. It may not be generally known that the "Judge and Jury" drolleries were originally a device of the infamous Judge Jeffreys, who, when he had come home to supper after sentencing a dockful of miserable wretches to be hung, drawn, and quartered, whipped, branded, or pilloried, used to delight in having burlesque trials performed in his presence; one of his gentlemen, a certain Will Mountford, being a famous hand at mimicry of the leading lawyers of the day.

"This is all very well," I seem to hear the impatient reader exclaim, "but what has it to do with the history of early English newspapers?" My respected reader—more patient, I hope, than impatient—if you ask me for any historical information about the early newspapers in question I can only plead that Mr. Mason Jackson's carriage—I mean his book—on "The Pictorial Press" stops the way. He has read all the authorities that I have read on the subject, and consulted many more that I have not wotted of. He knows as well as I do, and better, perhaps, that the most notable continental precursor of our pictorial Press was the famous "Nuremberg Chronicle," of which a copy at the recent Cosens Library sale fetched 130*l.*, and which was published in the last years of the fifteenth century. The *Chronicon Nurembagense* contains no less than two thousand wood engravings of battles, sieges, portraits, earthquakes, cities, costumes, and monstrosities, executed by two surprisingly able and industrious artists, Michel Wohlgemuth and Wilhelm Pleydenwurff. Then there was the "Cosmography" of Sebastian Munster, of which seventeen editions were published during the seventeenth century in German, in Flemish, in French, in Italian, in Latin, and even in Bohemian. I have a huge folio at home of the "Cosmographic" order. The frontispiece has been cut out, and, indeed, at least a third of the plates have been excised; but enough of the text (which is German) remains to point to the folio having been compiled in the last half of the seventeenth century. There are numerous elaborately-engraved maps in the book; several pages of German coats of arms; a lengthy series of panoramic representations of the festivities incidental on the coronation of a German Kaiser at Frankfurt; views of shipwrecks, conflagrations, and floods, and, as a *bonne bouche*, an agreeable picture of a murderer being broken on the wheel. Another equally fascinating presentment is one of an *auto da fe* at Madrid; and there are also some lively transcripts of zoological phenomena, such as a piebald girl, a two-headed negro baby, a calf with six legs, and a young man with one eye in the middle of his forehead and one ear on his left shoulder. This folio may perhaps be accepted as a specimen of an "Early Illustrated Newspaper" which Mr. Mason Jackson has not seen. I shall be happy to show it to him if he will favour me with a call.

G. A. SALA

GERMAN JEW-BAITERS IN BERLIN are highly indignant that their chief, Dr. Stücker, should have lost his post as Court Chaplain through his anti-Semitic opinions. To show their sympathy, the party intend to build a special church—the Stöcker-Kirche—where the ex-Court preacher may still address admiring congregations.

THE ROYAL NAVAL EXHIBITION at Chelsea next year will contain numerous loans from the Queen and Royal Family. Her Majesty has promised pictures and relics from Windsor Castle, the Prince of Wales will lend all his naval curiosities, and the Duke of Edinburgh contributes his series of silver models of war-ships, dating from early ages to the present day. The Queen also takes much interest in the Hanoverian Exhibition at the New Gallery which is to be opened next January. By Royal command the display will be styled "Exhibition of Pictures and Objects of Interest connected with the Royal House of Guelph." Speaking of Royalty and exhibitions, Prince George of Wales is expected to open the coming Jamaica Exhibition.

THE INDIAN "MESSIAH," who forms the pretext of the present Indian troubles in the United States, is a handsome, intelligent man of thirty-five, named Captain Jack Wilson, who lives at Mason Valley, Esmeralda County, Nevada. He falls into trances for twelve or fourteen hours, and on recovering relates that he has been in Heaven, whence the true Messiah will shortly appear on the sacred Mount Grant, Nevada, to place the Indians in possession of the earth once more. He saw many Indians in Heaven, some wearing white men's clothing, and he advises his countrymen not to disturb the whites, for the blanket or skin with which those intruders covered the moon long ago will fall off very shortly, and then the moon, appearing in its true element as fire, will destroy the whites altogether.

SCRAPS

A PEOPLE'S PALACE on the model of the East London institution has been opened at Helsingfors, in Finland. A children's home and a school for the poorer classes form part of the scheme.

OCEAN RACES across the Atlantic by rival liners are to give place to a new arrangement far more likely to benefit the travelling public. A weekly service will be so planned next year that the fast boats of the various lines will start on a different day of the week, instead of leaving together and striving to beat each other by a few seconds.

A NEW ORDER OF CHIVALRY has been created by the Pope, to reward devout Catholics who have rendered special service to the Church. This "Order of the Servants of St. Peter" includes knights, commanders, and grand crosses, and the decoration consists of a six-pointed star in white enamel, bearing in the centre the emblem of the Holy Trinity, and surmounted by the Papal tiara and keys in gold. The star is suspended by a yellow ribbon striped with red.

THE QUEEN'S STATUE BEFORE THE ROYAL EXCHANGE is to make place for a new figure. Time and weather have ruined the likeness of Her Majesty set up to commemorate the opening of the new Exchange in 1844, so the Gresham Committee have invited six eminent sculptors to compete for the honour of producing a fresh statue at a cost of 2,000*l.* Her Majesty must, however, be represented as she appeared at the original date, not according to her present age.

FRANCE AND RUSSIA being so especially friendly just now, the coming French Exhibition in Moscow is being pushed forward with great energy. The display opens on May 1st, 1892, and the gardens are well advanced, ready to receive the luminous fountains, panoramas, theatres, captive balloon, and other attractions. A splendid Imperial pavilion will be set apart for the Czar, and a series of French operatic representations with the best Gallic artists is planned for the summer.

THE SUPPOSED INFLUENZA EPIDEMIC at Fünfkirchen, Hungary, proves to be typhus, due to impure drinking-water. The whole town is in a panic, as 10 per cent. of the population are affected, especially the children, so that the schools are closed. Children, too, are the worst sufferers in a virulent outbreak of small-pox and diphtheritis, now raging in Croatia. The little ones die off in less than two days, and as the peasants have lost their faith in the doctors, they leave their children without medical treatment.

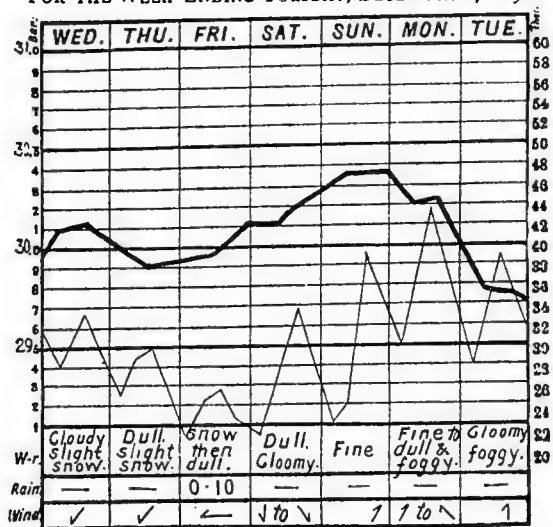
RICH GOLD-FIELDS have been found in South Africa. A belt of gold, twenty miles wide, extends over the Umfuli river region, where surveys have been made to the depth of 30 ft. by the British South Africa Company. Prospectors are overrunning the Manica country, which Portugal contests with England, so that King Mutaka has asked the Chartered Company to occupy the territory in accordance with the Treaty recently made by Mr. Colquhoun. Accordingly Mr. Selous and Captain Forbes have gone up with an escort to keep order.

STRIKES DO NOT SUCCEED IN FIJI. A native chief tried recently to introduce the tactics of the Australian malcontents, and whilst a gang of Fijians were unloading a British steamer at Suva, he persuaded them to strike for double wages. The natives left off work and began to march away, headed by their leader, who, in his triumph, jostled a Customs official. The latter gave the chief in charge for assault, and a magistrate fined him 50*l.* or six months' imprisonment. This sentence took all the energy out of the strikers, and the movement collapsed forthwith.

EMIN PASHA is very hopeful of his success in civilising the new German district in East Africa, where he has now led his expedition. He considers that in three years the occupied country will pay its own expenses, but the preliminary cost of settling the garrisons, acclimatising domestic animals, and opening up the Congo region, will reach fully 75,000*l.* He proposes to make Tabora a central station, with a garrison of 160 men, and to establish a chain of large commercial stations on Lake Tanganyika and extending northwards, each garrisoned by 100 soldiers, while numerous stations of second rank would receive a guard of sixty men. The ivory tribute would pay the expense of settlement.

WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1890



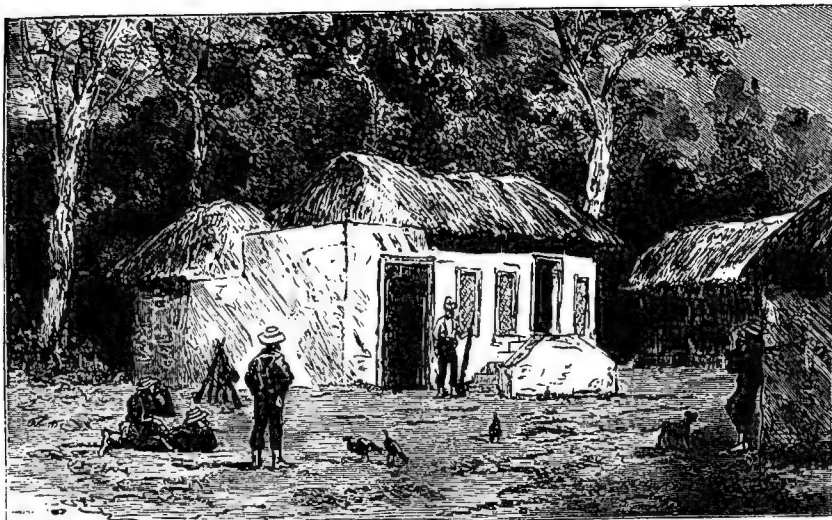
EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Tuesday midnight (2nd inst.). The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The wintry weather, which set in so sharply towards the close of last week has continued with more or less severity over the Southern part of Great Britain almost throughout the period now under notice. In the course of Saturday and Sunday (29th and 30th ult.), however, a distinct change to a South-Westerly type of weather spread down the Country from the Northward, and at the close of the time had become pretty general. During the first part of the week pressure was highest to the Northward, and lowest to the Southward of our Islands, and gradients for fresh North-Easterly breezes were chiefly prevalent, accompanied by frequent snow showers and severe frosts in many parts of the United Kingdom. The frost, which was particularly intense for the early season, was unusually severe along our South Coasts, the minima ranging from 15° to 17°; even in the Channel Islands (Jersey), a reading as low as 16° was recorded on Saturday morning (29th ult.). In a few places maxima did not rise to the freezing point for a day or two, and during the daytime on Friday (28th ult.) in London, the thermometer stood at 25° only. In the course of Saturday (29th ult.) the mercury began to fall in the North, and by the following morning (30th ult.) a large depression was shown off our Northern Coasts. This caused strong South-Westerly winds or hard gales over our Northern and Western Coasts, with a distinct rise in temperature, and rain in those localities. Subsequently the frost gave way pretty generally, and dull, unsettled weather was experienced in most places. Temperature was much below the average in all parts of the country.

The barometer was highest (30°33 inches) on Sunday (30th ult.); lowest (29°75 inches) on Tuesday (2nd inst.); range 0°63 inch.

The temperature was highest (44°) on Monday (1st inst.); lowest (21°) on Friday and Saturday (28th and 29th ult.); range 23°.

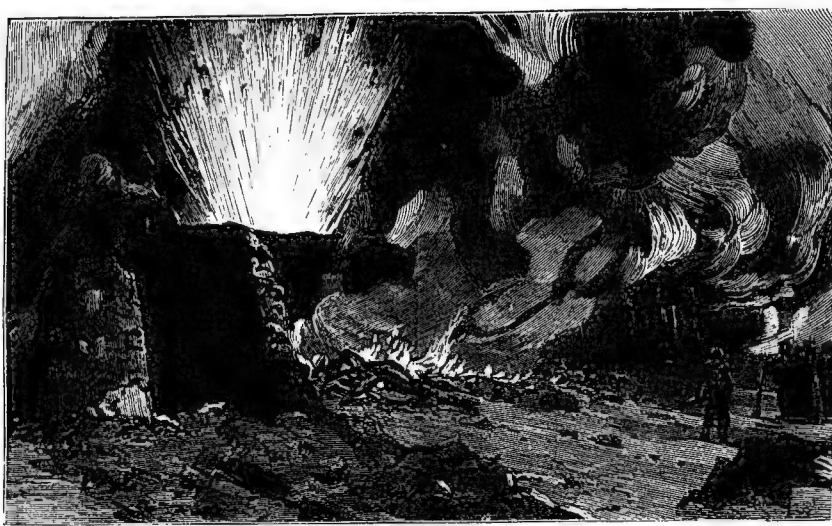
Rain fell on one day. Total amount 0°10 inch. Greatest fall on any one day 0°10 inch on Friday (28th ult.).



THE PALACE OF SULTAN FUMO-BAKARI



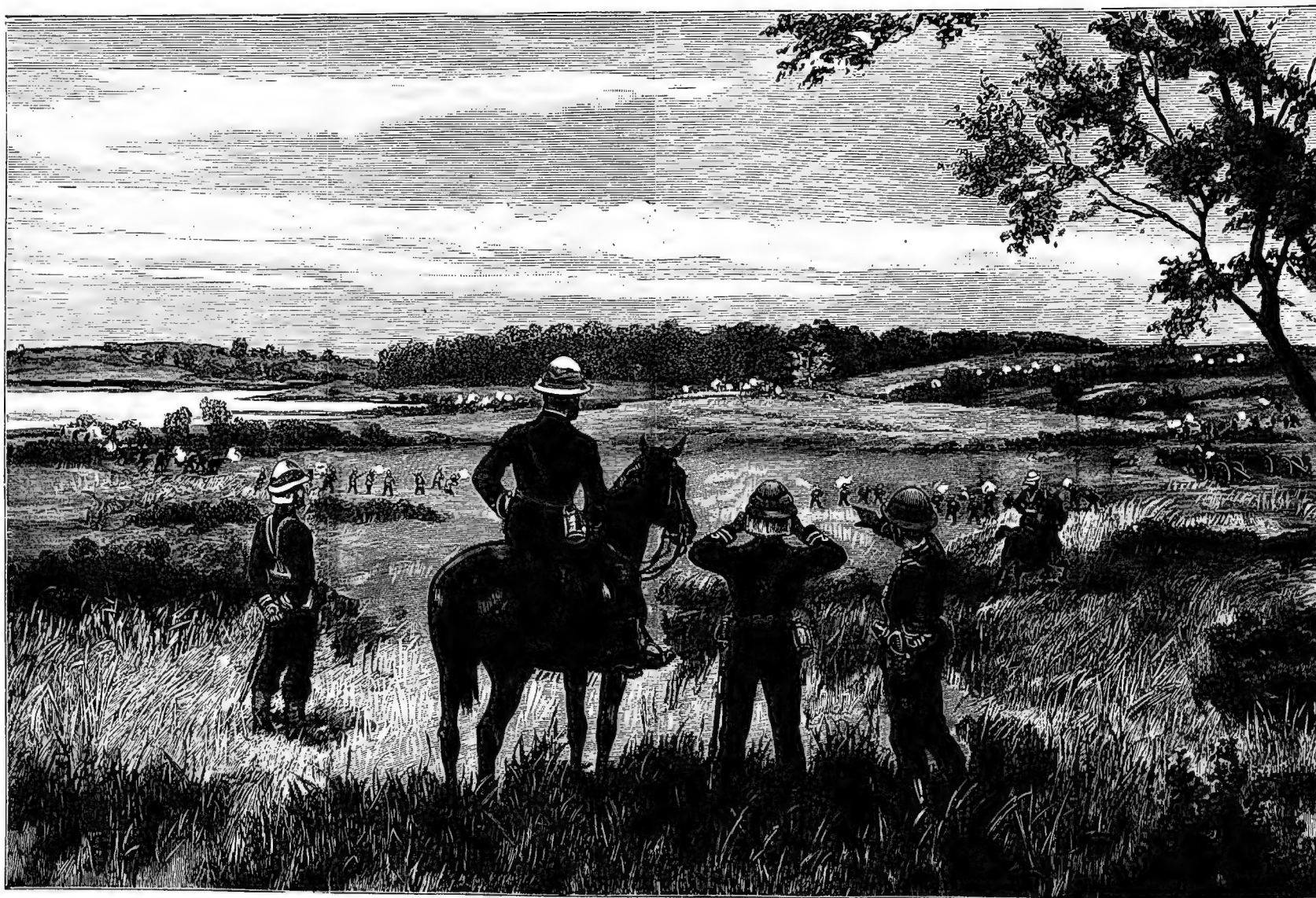
BLUEJACKETS DEMOLISHING THE GATEWAY



THE TORPEDO PARTY DESTROYING FUMO-BAKARI'S PALACE



THE BURNING OF THE VILLAGE OF WITU



THE SKIRMISH OUTSIDE THE VILLAGE OF WITU

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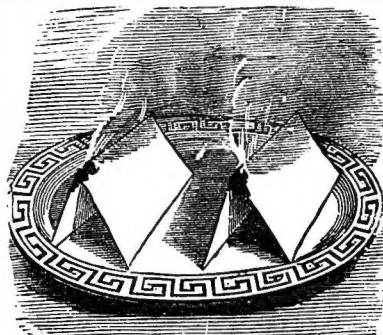
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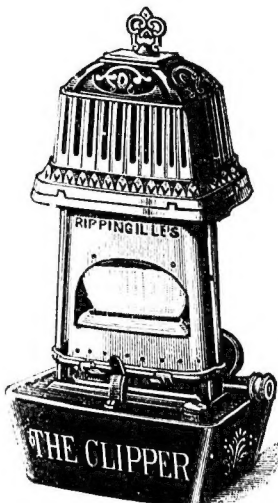
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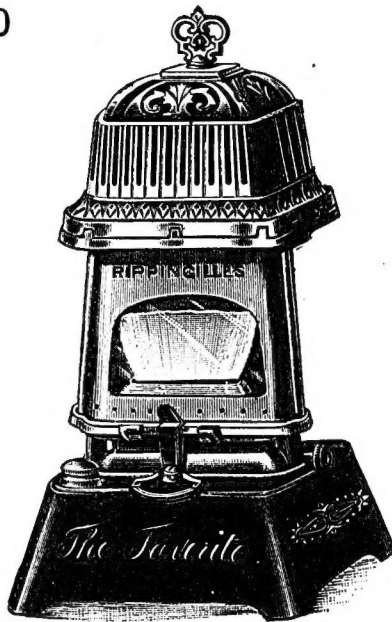
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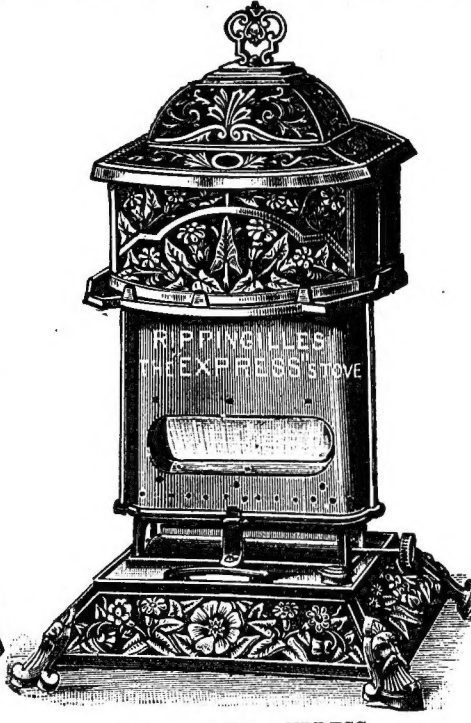
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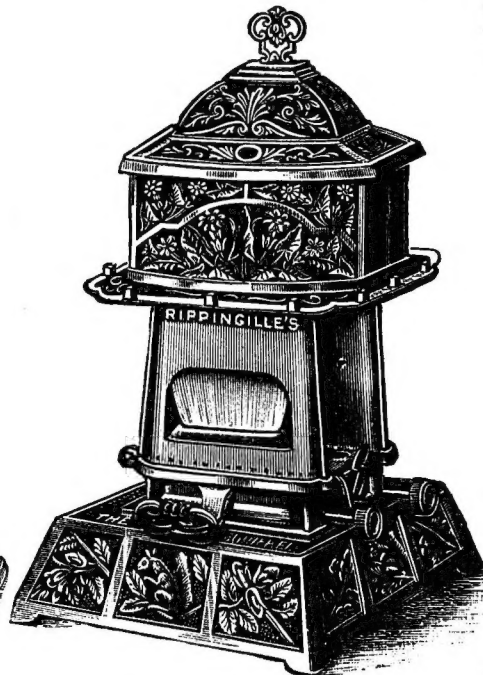
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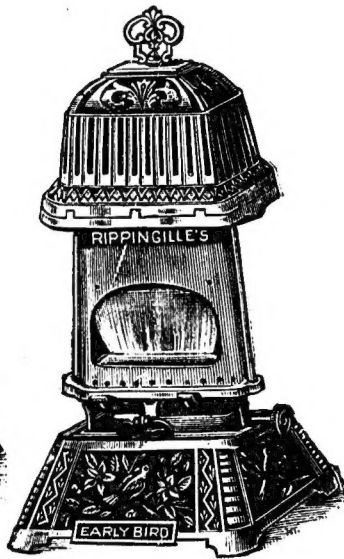
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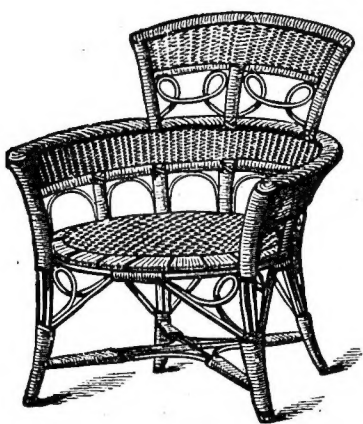
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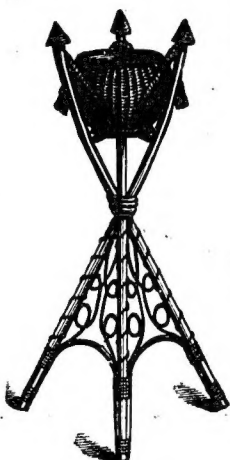
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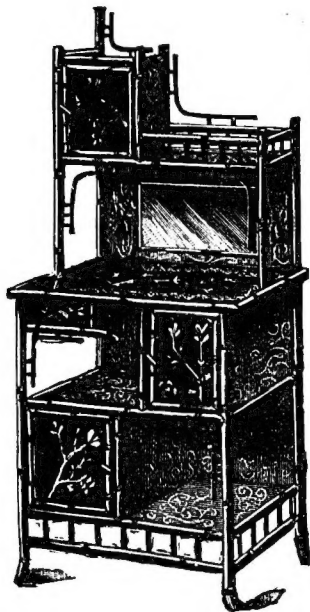
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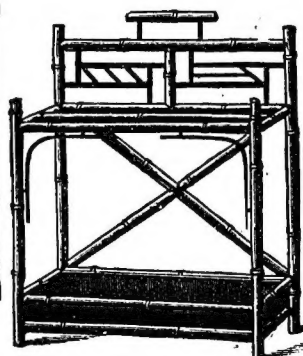
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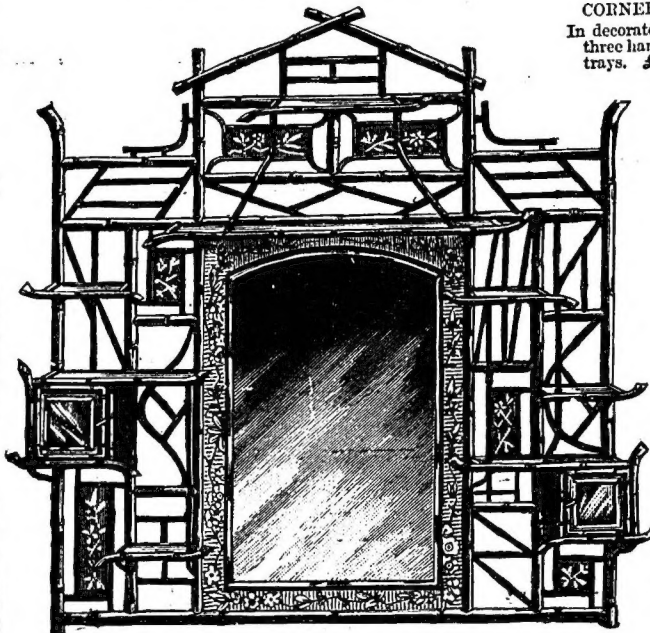
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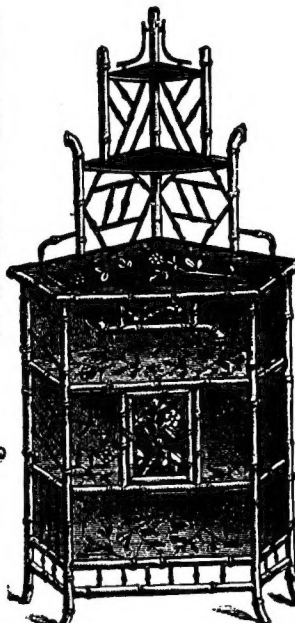
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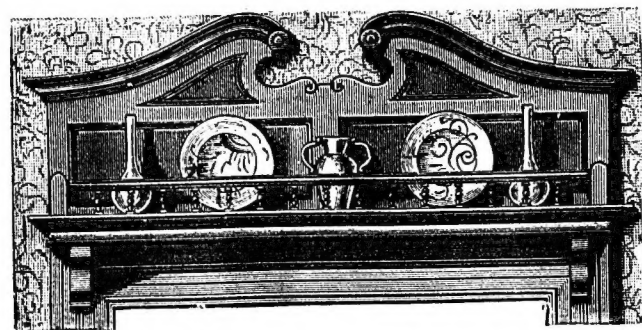


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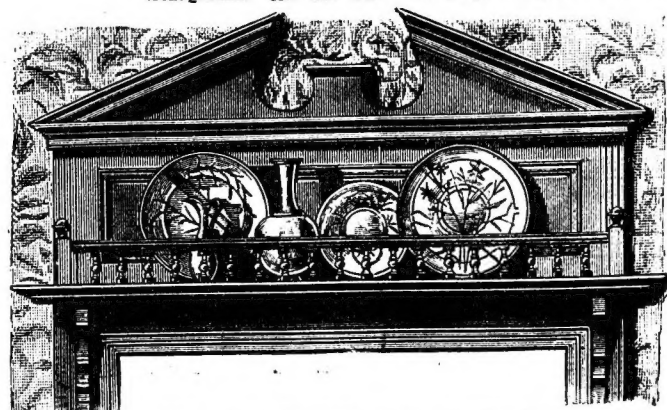


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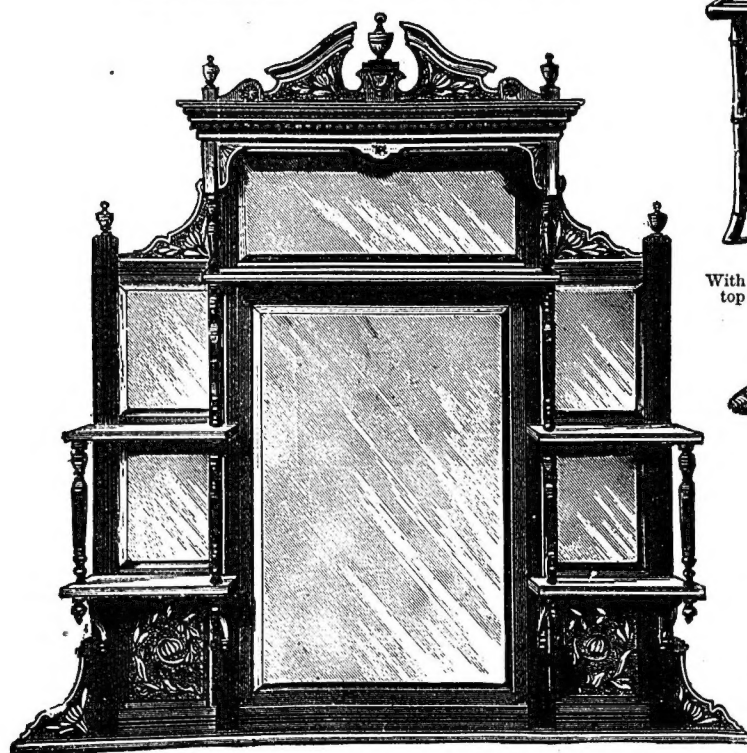


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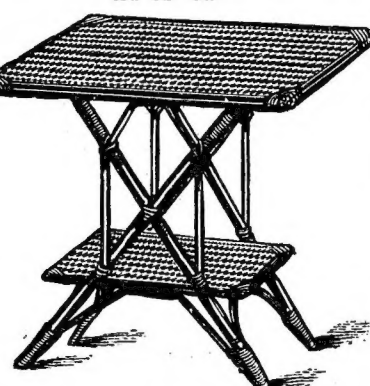


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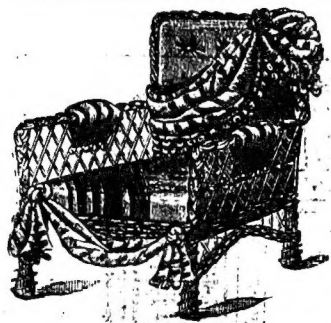
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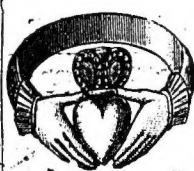
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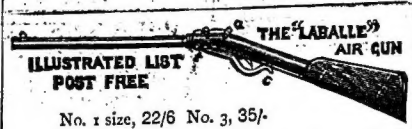
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